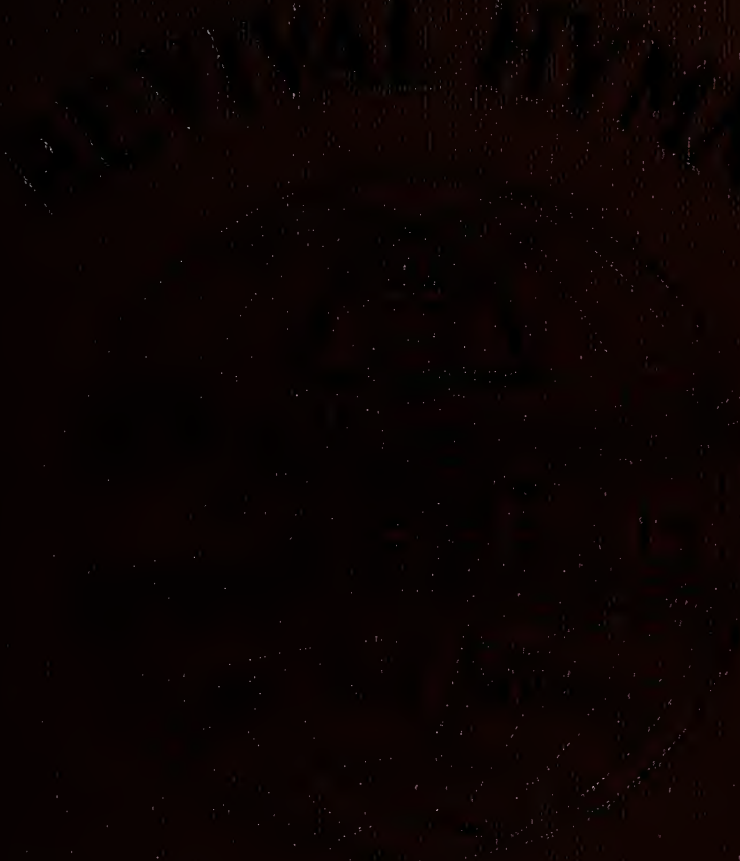
WORLD-WIDE NAVAL ARMS



UNITED STATES

P. K. Bergman

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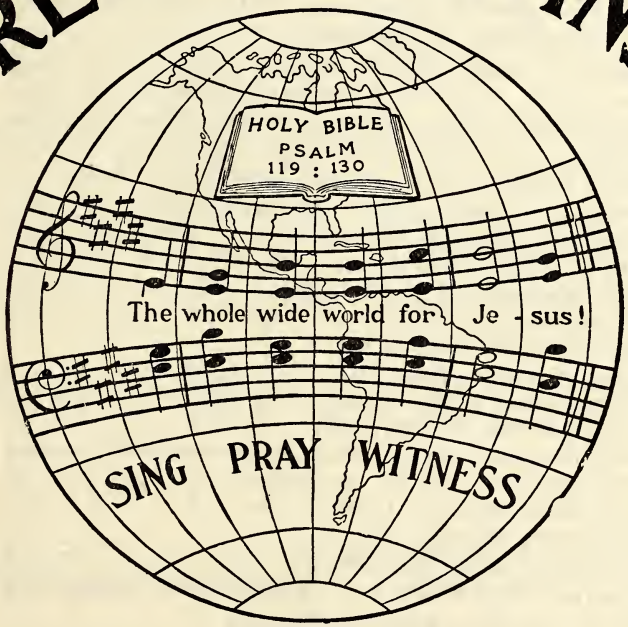
WORLD-WIDE REVIVAL HYMNS



UNTO THE LORD

W. ELMER BAILEY PUBLISHER
FINDLAY, OHIO

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Preface.

All praise belongs to our Heavenly Father for the appearing of this new song book, WORLD-WIDE REVIVAL HYMNS.

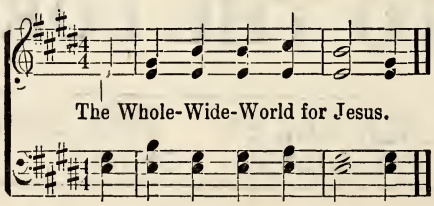
We acknowledge the help of many suggestions from experienced authors, compilers and publishers, and thank them.

Please notice the many selections on prayer. There are many strong missionary hymns. The Church is awaking and praying for His coming, and this new book has many strong, new hymns to encourage the believers to be ready.

The book contains 288 pages and is compiled in sections as follows:

1. Miscellaneous selections from No. 1 to 106, inclusive.
2. Solos and Choruses from No. 107 to 143, "
3. Devotional Hymns from No. 144 to 184, "
4. Children's Songs from No. 185 to 196, "
5. Prayer from No. 197 to 211, "
6. Holy Spirit from No 212 to 221, "
7. Cleansing from No. 222 to 230, "
8. Invitation from No. 231 to 248, "
9. Consecration from No. 249 to 262, "
10. Altar Services and Inquiry Meetings from No. 263 to 277, inclusive.
11. Praise from No. 278 to 287, inclusive.
12. Missionary from No. 288 to 303 "
13. Heaven from No. 304 to 321, "
14. Doxologys from No. 322 to 324, "

We pray for a World-Wide Revival. May WORLD-WIDE REVIVAL HYMNS be owned of the Master to aid in taking



Humbly in His Name,

W. ELMER BAILEY.

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World-Wide Revival Hymns.

No. 1. Joy to the World.

Isaac Watts. C. F. Handel.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
2. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ing flow Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness, And won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His love, And won-ders, and won - ders of His love.

And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.

No. 2. Just When I Need Him Most.

Rev. Wm. Pool.

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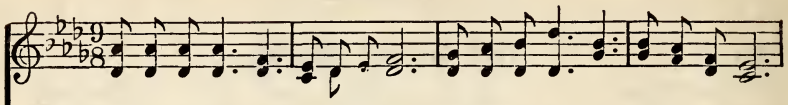
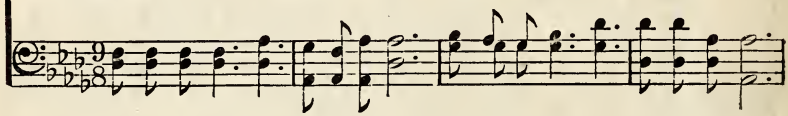
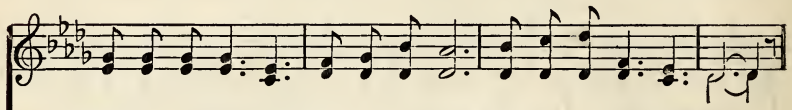
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

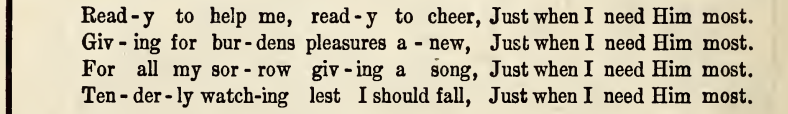


1. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Just when I fal-ter, just when I fear;
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak-ing all the way thro';
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is strong, Bearing my bur-dens all the day long;
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-on Him I call;

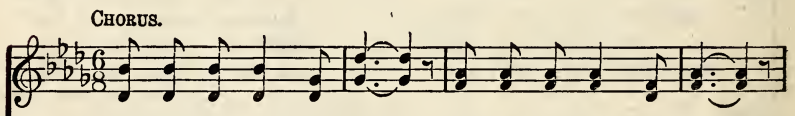




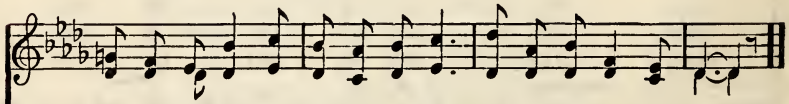
Read-y to help me, read-y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
Giv-ing for bur-dens pleasures a-new, Just when I need Him most.
For all my sor-row giv-ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.



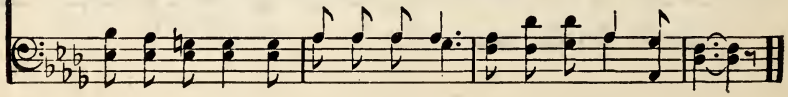
CHORUS.



Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;



Je-sus is near to com-fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.



No. 3. Jesus Will!

Ina Duley Ogdon. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. BIEDERWOLF. B. D. Ackley.

DUET.

1. Who will o - pen mer-cy's door? Je-sus will! Je-sus will!
2. Who can take a - way my sin? Je-sus will! Je-sus will!
3. Who can conquer doubts and fears? Je-sus will! Je-sus will!
4. Who will be my dear-est Friend? Je-sus will! Je-sus will!

As for par - don I im - plore? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Make me pure, with-out, with - in? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Share my joys and dry my tears? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Love and keep me to the end? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!

CHORUS.

Je - sus will, Je - sus will! Yes, your lov - ing Sav - ior will;
sure - ly will;

He will each and ev - 'ry need ful - fill, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!

No. 4 Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'Tis bound-less and deep as the sea; And
2. I know He is ev-er be-side me! E - ter - ni - ty on - ly will prove The
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor - row, or shadow, or sun; And
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To

best of it all, it is dai - ly Grow-ing sweet-er and sweeter to me.
height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in - fi - nite love.
tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me!

CHORUS.

Sweet - er and sweeter to me, ... Dear - er and
Sweet-er to me, grow - ing sweet-er to me, Dear-er each day,

dear - er each day; . . . Oh, won - - der - ful love of my
grow - ing dear-er each day; Oh, won-der-ful love, love of my

Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - - er each step of my way!
Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - er and dear - er each step of my way!

No. 5. I Have the Glory in My Soul.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. ELMER BAILEY. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. You ask me how it is I know That Je-sus saves and makes me whole;
2. I knelt one day at Calv'ry's cross, And felt the bur-dens off me roll;
3. The storms of life oft threaten ill, But Je-sus doth my bark con-trol;
4. When faith has been exchanged for sight, And Jordan's waves behind me roll,

He wit-ness bears His grace to show, And puts the glo - ry in my soul.
He took a-way my sin-ful dross, And gave me glo - ry in my soul.
With peace He doth my bos-om fill, And gives me glo - ry in my soul.
I'll sing in yon-der realms of light Of rich-er glo - ry in my soul.

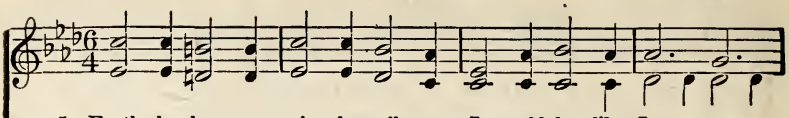
CHORUS.

I have the glo - - - ry in my soul, ... I have the glo - - ry in my soul; His pres - ence makes my heav - en here, And gives me glory in my soul. (in my soul.)

It is be-cause I have the glo-ry, have the glo-ry in my soul, It is be-cause I have the glory, have the glo - ry in my soul; His pres-ence makes a constant heaven here,

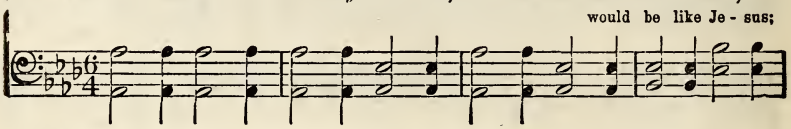
No. 6. I Would Be Like Jesus.

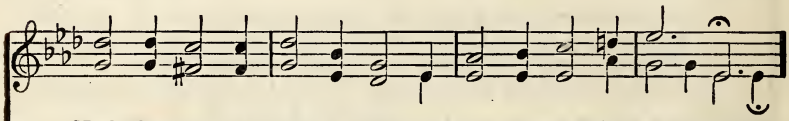
James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. B. D. Ackley.



1. Earth-ly pleas-ures vain-ly call me; I would be like Je - sus;
2. He has bro-ken ev-'ry fet-ter, I would be like Je - sus;
3. All the way from earth to Glo-ry, I would be like Je - sus;
4. That in Heav-en He may meet me, I would be like Je - sus;

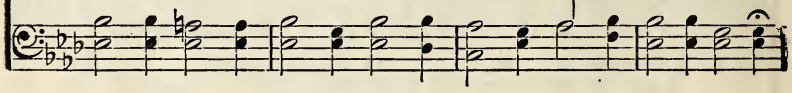
would be like Je-sus;



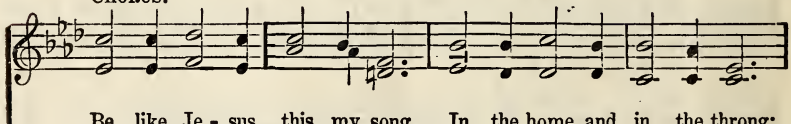


Noth-ing world-ly shall en-thrall me; I would be like Je - sus.
That my soul may serve Him bet-ter, I would be like Je - sus.
Tell-ing o'er and o'er the sto-ry, I would be like Je - sus.
That His words "Well done" may greet me, I would be like Je - sus.

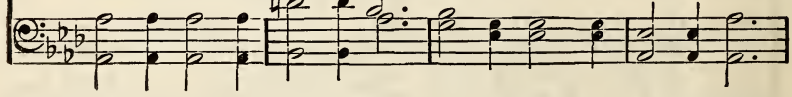
would be like Je-sus.

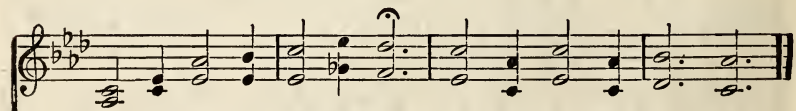


CHORUS.

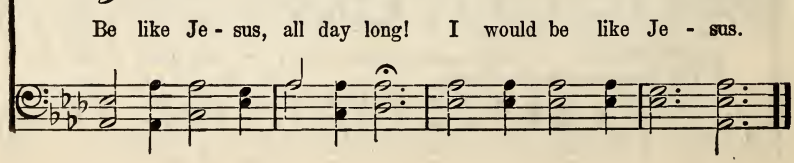


Be like Je-sus, this my song, In the home and in the throng;





Be like Je-sus, all day long! I would be like Je - sus.



No. 7. My Father Holds My Hand.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. ELMER BAILEY. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

SOLO.

1. My Fa - ther holds my hand, My Lord who loves me so;
2. Se - cure in Him I trust My all from day to day;
3. His love can nev - er fail; His mer - cy knows no end;
4. He knows the way I take; My life by Him was planned;

His grace en - a - bles me to stand; He will not let me go. . .
'Mid good or seem-ing ill I rest, Be - cause He knows the way. . .
Tho' tempt-ed oft, I shall pre-vail; He will my soul de - fend. . .
Tho' friends may fail and earth-ties break, He still will hold my hand. . .

CHORUS.

My Fa-ther holds my hand; . . No fear my heart shall know; . .
My Heav'n-ly Fa - ther holds my hand; shall know;

He'll bring me safe to Glo - ry - land, He will not let me go. . .

No. 8. Love That Abides.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. ELMER BAILEY. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Won-der-ful love of my Sav-ior and King! Out of my full heart its
2. Love that en-dures tho' I stum-ble and fall; Love that still heeds tho' so
3. Love that is dear-er than sil-ver or gold, Last-ing when sun, moon and

prais-es I sing; Round the whole world let the glad chorus ring—Love that a-
oft-en I call; Of-fered so full-y and free-ly to all, Love that a-
stars shall grow cold, When as a scroll shall the heavens be rolled, Love that a-

CHORUS. *Tenderly.*

bides, love that a-bides. Won-der-ful love . . that would give His dear Son!
bides, love that a-bides.
bides, love that a-bides.

Wonderful, wonderful love that would give His dear Son!

rit

Won-der-ful love . . of the cru-ci-fied One! . . Won-der-ful love! . .

Won-der-ful, won-der-ful love of the cru-ci-fied One! Won-der-ful love!

f

mar-vel-ous love! . . Love that a-bides, . . yes, love that a-bides.

mar-vel-ous love! Love that a-bides, yes, love that a-bides.

No. 9. Is it Worth While?

Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Henry P. Morton.

1. Is it worth while to fight the hard fight? Is it worth while to stand for the right? Odds are so great and strength is so slight,
2. Is it worth while the task He has set? Can it be sure He will not for - get? Will it bring aught but wear - y re - gret?
3. Are they worth while, these few fleeting years? Are they worth while, the joys and the tears? This is the word the quest'ning heart hears—

CHORUS.

Is it worth while, is it worth while? Is it worth while to keep the heart pure? Is it worth while to strive and en - dure? Heav-en is watch - ing and vict'ry is sure, Christ and the an-gels count it worth while.

No. 10. At the Beautiful Gate.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. H. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

1. At the beau - ti - ful gate of the pure and blest, Where Je - sus is
2. At the beau - ti - ful gate when the day shall break, And clothed in its
3. At the beau - ti - ful gate of our home, sweet home, Where strangers and
4. At the beau - ti - ful gate of the pure and blest, Where a - ges to

call - ing the wear - y to rest, How the dear ones we love, that have
brightness our spir - its shall wait, Then the veil will be rent and our
pil - grims no lon - ger we roam, At the feet of our Lord we will
a - ges are tell - ing of rest, We will join the glad songs in the

gone be - fore, Are look - ing and long - ing to greet us once more.
eyes be - hold A vi - sion whose splen-dor can nev - er be told.
praise His name, While num-ber-less mil - lions His mer - cy pro-claim.
realms of peace, The song of re - demp-tion that nev - er shall cease.

CHORUS.

At the beau - ti - ful gate will the loved ones wait, And watch for my

com - ing their glo - ry to share; O the joy it will be, our Re-

At the Beautiful Gate.

rall. . . . . .

deem-er to see, And praise Him for-ev - er In the Cit - y so fair.

No. 11. God's Way is Best.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. In hum - ble faith at Je-sus' feet, O, may I learn a les-son sweet,
2. His way may lead thro, sun-ny vales, O'er rock-y steeps, 'mid stormy gales;
3. He nev - er bids me go a-lone; His lov - ing arms a-round me thrown,
4. So, step by step, in faith and love, I'll walk the path that leads a-bove;

That wheth-er sun or rain I see, God's way is al-ways best for me.
The truest course His eye can see; God's way is al-ways best for me.
My guide, my keep-er, He will be; God's way is al-ways best for me.
Till day shall break, and shadows flee, God's way is al-ways best for me.

CHORUS.

God's way is best for you, for me; O, may we all more trust - ful be,

Un - til, be-yond the part-ing sea, I'll sing, God's way was best for me.

No. 12 Somebody Cares.

Irene Durfee. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY THE PRAISE PUB. CO., PHILA., PA. W. Stillman Martin.

1. Nev-er a-lone in this earth-ly way, Some-bod-y cares, Some-bod-y cares;
2. When I am singing a hap-py song, Some-bod-y cares, Some-bod-y cares;
3. When I am weary and long for rest, Some-bod-y cares, Some-bod-y cares;

I have a Help-er each bus-y day; Somebody cares, 'tis Je-sus:
When I am fight-ing a-gainst the wrong, Somebody cares, 'tis Je-sus:
When by the tempt-er I'm sore-ly pressed, Somebody cares, 'tis Je-sus:

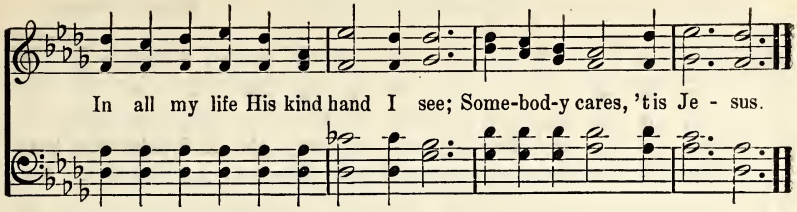
Somebody cares when the clouds hang low, Cares when my heart is o'er whelmed with woe,
Some-bod-y cares when I stand a-lone, Cares when the pleasures of earth are gone,
Some-bod-y cares, and what-e'er be-tide, Walks ev'ry hour by the Chris-tian's side;

Cares and is mark-ing my path be-low; Somebody cares, 'tis Je-sus.
Cares when my false hopes with wings have flown; Somebody cares, 'tis Je-sus.
Love so a-maz-ing will e'er a-bide; Somebody cares, 'tis Je-sus.

REFRAIN.

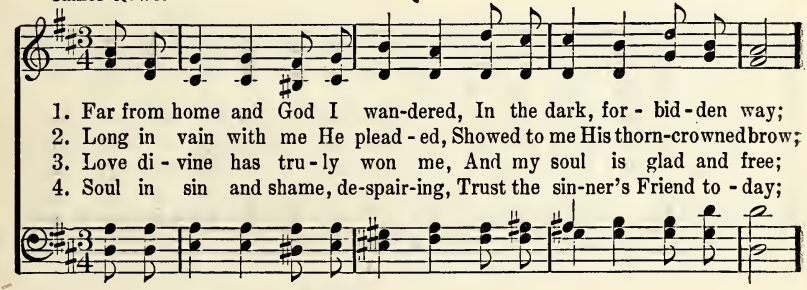
Some-bod-y cares for me, Some-bod-y cares for me;
Some-bod-y cares, yes, cares for me, Some-bod-y cares, yes, He cares for me;

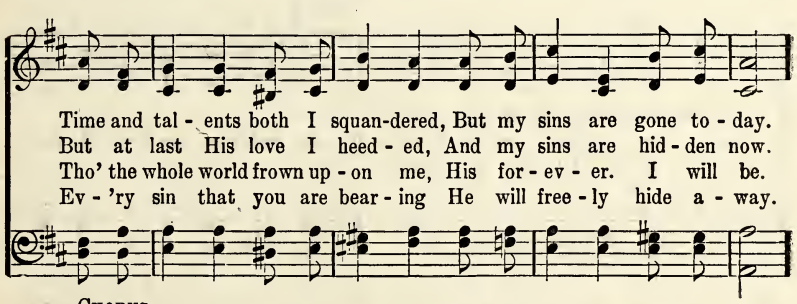
Somebody Cares.

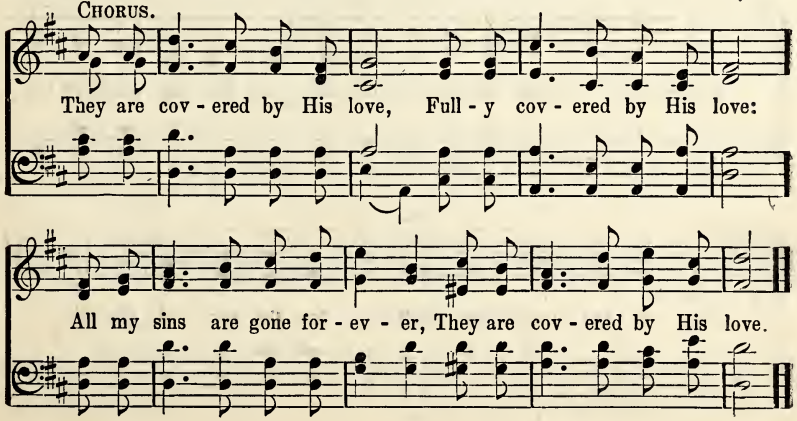


No. 13. Govered By His Love.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. H. MARSH. Jean Howard.







No. 14. Can it Be?

Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Henry P. Morton.

1. Can it be that our Fa - ther in heav - en Re - mem - bers a
2. Can it be that He watch - es my strug - gle, And helps when temp-
3. Can it be that such pow'r and such pit - y Are linked in the

creat - ure like me, He who mar-shals the stars in their cours-es, And
ta - tion is near? Can it be that He cares for my sor-row? My
Help - er di - vine? Can it be that thro' in - fi - nite mer - cy, This

CHORUS.

meas-ures the bounds of the sea?
fal - ter - ing pray'r can He hear? He who watch-es the flight of the
in - fi - nite Help - er is mine?

song - bird O'er mount-ain and des - ert and wild, He who watch-es the

flight of the song - bird, Will care for the soul of His child.

No. 15. O House of Many Mansions.

E. Norman Gunnison. COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. O house of man - y man - sions, Thy doors are o - pen wide, And dear are all the fa - ces Up - on the oth - er side. Thy por - tals they are gold - en, And those who en - ter in Shall know no more of sor - row, Of wear - i - ness and sin.

2. O house of man - y man - sions, My wear - y spir - it waits And longs to join the ran-somed With-in thy pearl - y gates; Who en - ter thro' thy por - tals, The man-sions of the blest; Who come to thee a- wear - y, And find in thee their rest.

3. O house of man - y man - sions, O house not made with hands, I sigh for thee while wait - ing With-in these bor - der-lands. I know that but in dy - ing, The thresh-old is crossed o'er; There shall be no more sor - row In thy for - ev - er-more.

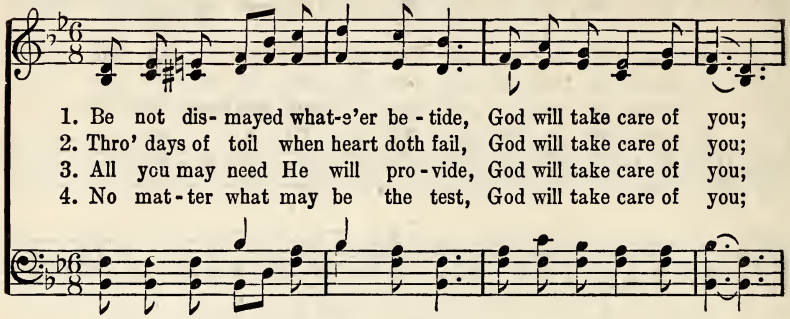
REFRAIN.

O house of man-y man-sions, Thy doors are o - pen wide, And dear are all the fa - ces Up - on the oth-er side.

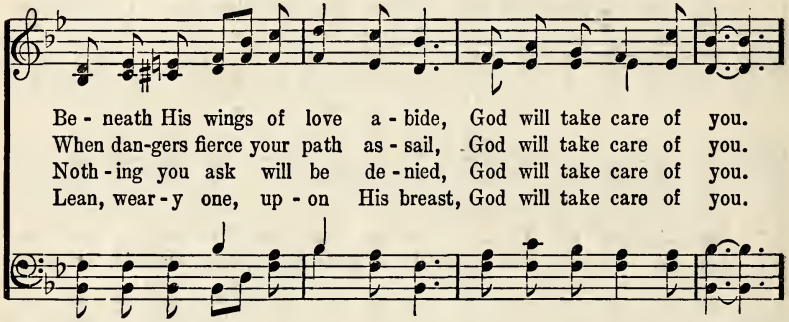
No. 16. God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

C. D. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS.
USED BY PERMISSION. W. S. Martin.

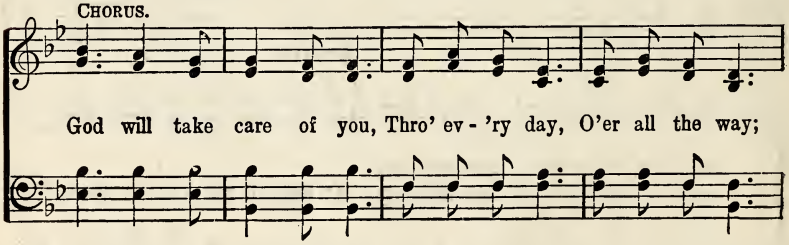


1. Be not dis- mayed what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

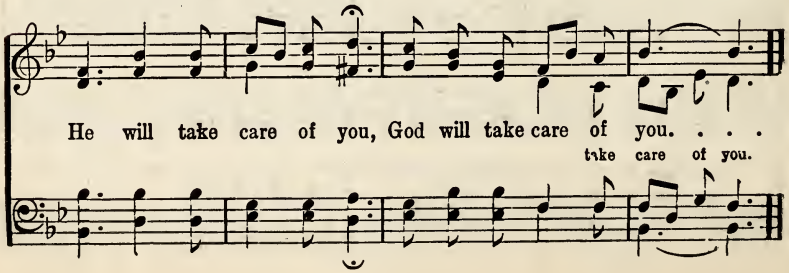


Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear - y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.

CHORUS.



God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;



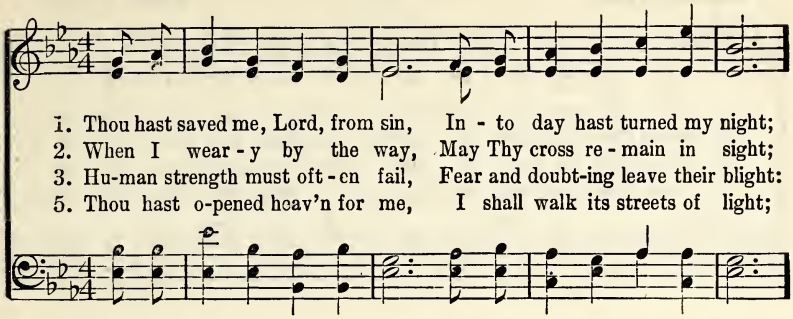
He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . .
take care of you.

No. 17. Keep Me White.

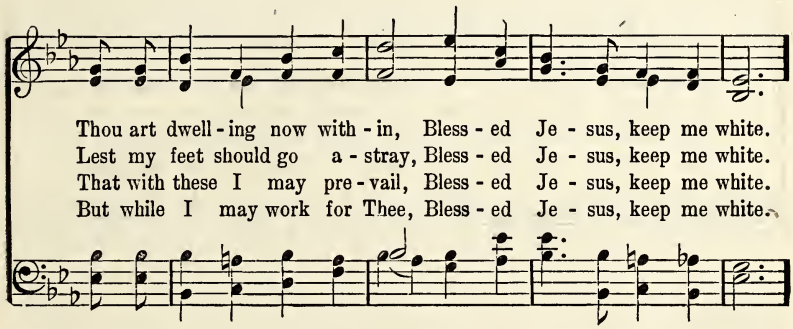
Rev. Wm. C. Pool.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

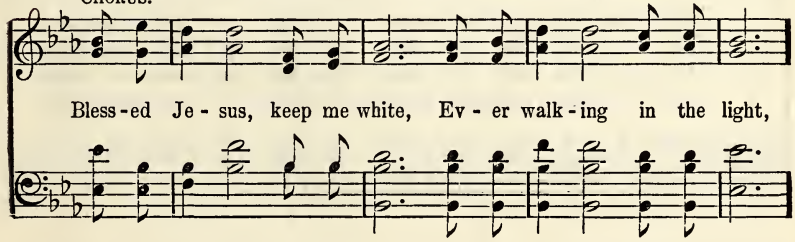


1. Thou hast saved me, Lord, from sin, In - to day hast turned my night;
2. When I wear - y by the way, May Thy cross re - main in sight;
3. Hu-man strength must oft - en fail, Fear and doubt-ing leave their blight:
5. Thou hast o-pened heav'n for me, I shall walk its streets of light;

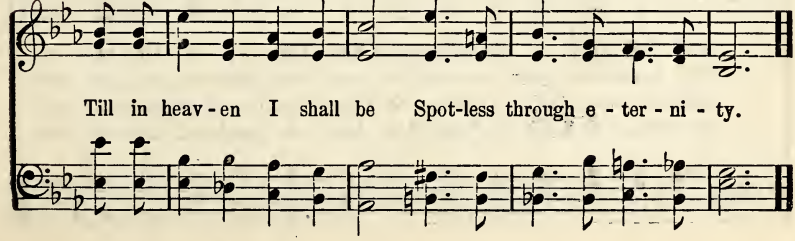


Thou art dwell - ing now with - in, Bless - ed Je - sus, keep me white.
Lest my feet should go a - stray, Bless - ed Je - sus, keep me white.
That with these I may pre - vail, Bless - ed Je - sus, keep me white.
But while I may work for Thee, Bless - ed Je - sus, keep me white.

CHORUS.



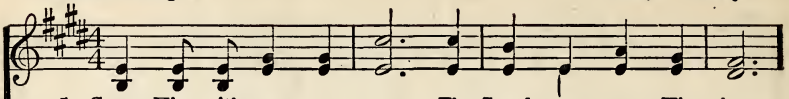
Bless - ed Je - sus, keep me white, Ev - er walk - ing in the light,



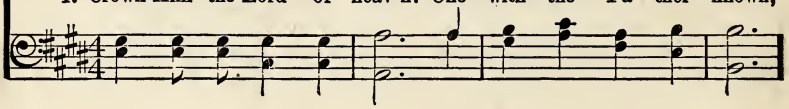
Till in heav - en I shall be Spot-less through e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 18. Crown Him With Many Crowns.

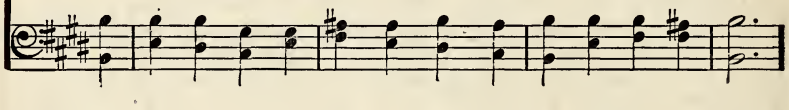
Matthew Bridges. **George J. Elvey.**



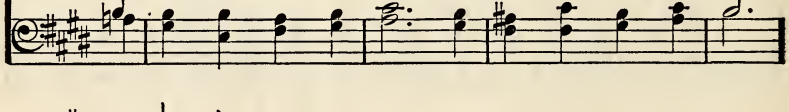
1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2. Crown Him the Lord of love! Be - hold His hands and side,—
3. Crown Him the Lord of life! Who tri-umphed o'er the grave;
4. Crown Him the Lord of heav'n! One with the Fa - ther known,



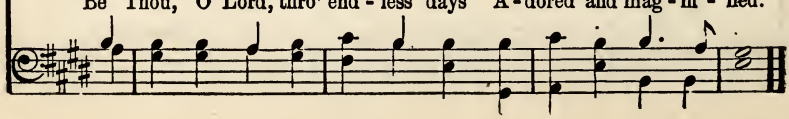
Hark! how the heav'nly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own!
Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied:
Who rose vic - to - rious to the strife For those He came to save:
One with the Spir - it thro' Him giv'n From yon - der glo - rious throne!



A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee;
No an - gel in the sky Can full - y bear that sight,
His glo - ries now we sing, Who died and rose on high;
To Thee be end - less praise, For Thou for us hast died;

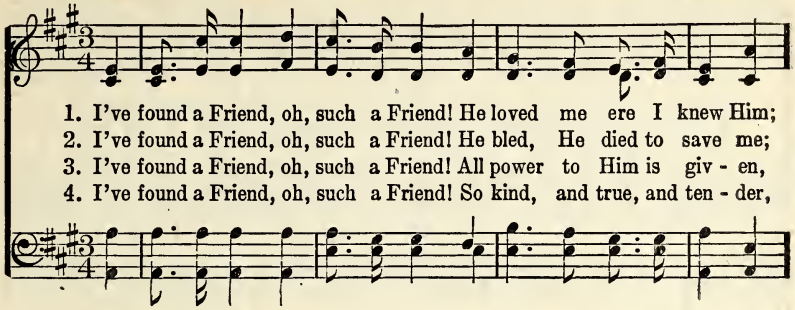


And hail Him as thy match - less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
But down-ward bends his won-d'ring eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.
Who died e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.
Be Thou, O Lord, thro' end - less days A - dored and mag - ni - fied.

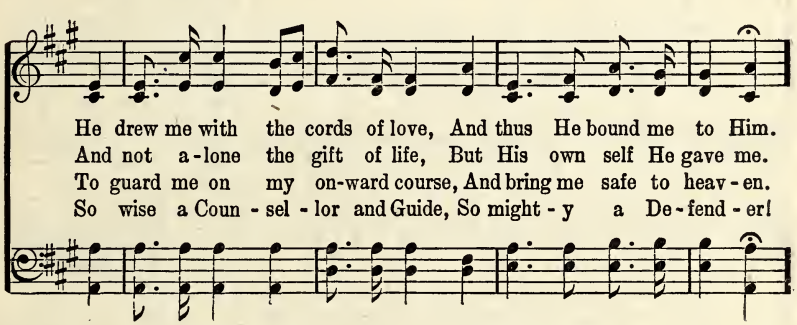


No. 19. I've Found a Friend.

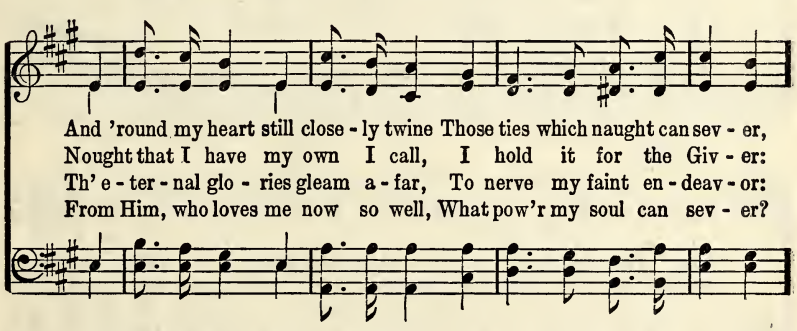
J. G. Small. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.



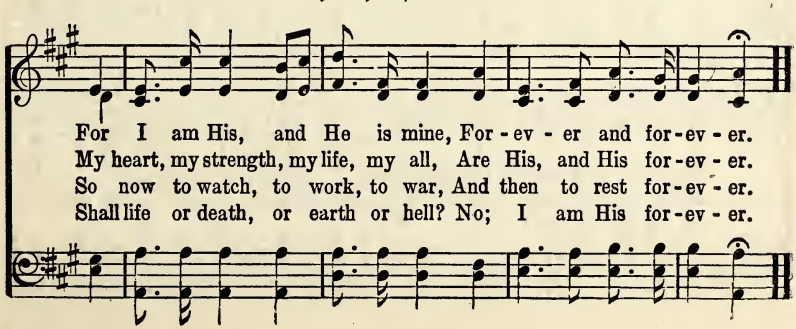
1. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! All power to Him is giv - en,
4. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,



He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And not a-lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
To guard me on my on-ward course, And bring me safe to heav - en.
So wise a Coun - sel - lor and Guide, So might - y a De - fend - er!



And 'round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er,
Nought that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er:
Th' e - ter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far, To nerve my faint en - deav - or:
From Him, who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul can sev - er?



For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for - ev - er.
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for - ev - er.

No. 20. More Like the Master.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. More like the Mas - ter I would ev - er be, More of His meek-ness,
2. More like the Mas - ter is my dai - ly prayer; More strength to car-ry
3. More like the Mas - ter I would live and grow; More of His love to

more hu - mil - i - ty; More zeal to la - bor, more cour-age to be
cross - es I must bear; More earn-est ef - fort to bring His king-dom
oth - ers I would show; More self - de - ni - al, like His in Gal - i-

rit.

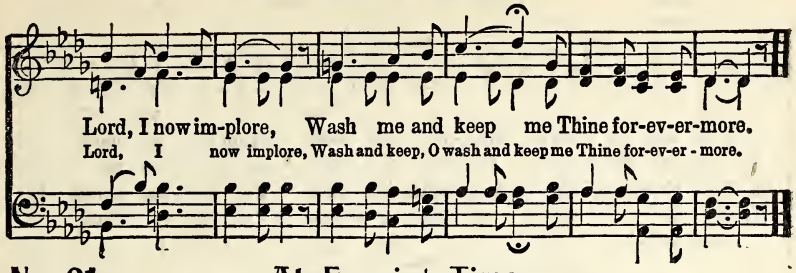
true, More con - se - cra - tion for work He bids me do.
in; More of His Spir - it, the wan-der - er to win.
lee, More like the Mas - ter I long to ev - er be.

CHORUS.

Take Thou my heart, . . I would be Thine a - lone; . . Take Thou my
Take my heart, O take my heart, I would be Thine a - lone; Take my heart, O

heart . . and make it all Thine own; . . Purge me from sin, . . O
take my heart and make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev - 'ry sin, O

More Like the Master.

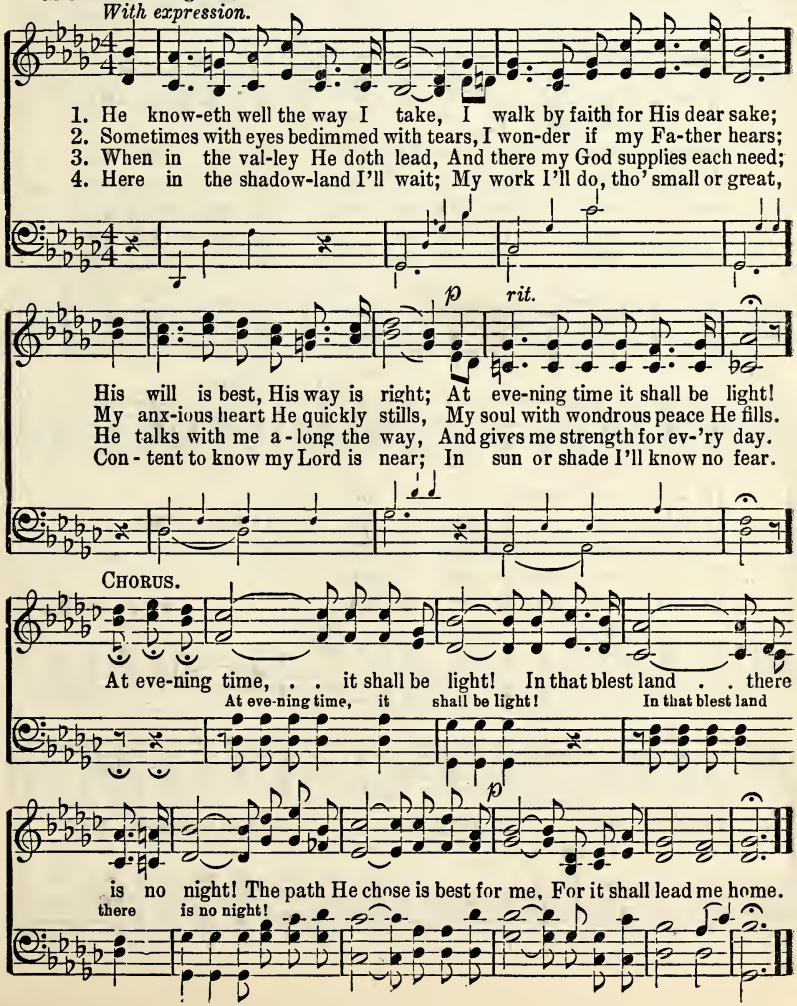


No. 21. At Evening Time.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY THE PRAISE PUBLISHING CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Mrs W. B. Dingman. W. A. Post.

With expression.



No. 22. Ye Limit Me.

H. T. Fisher. COPYRIGHT, 1914 BY W. ELMER BAILEY. M. M. Snyder.

Andante.

1. Ask, and re - ceive what-e'er you need; From lov-ing hand on man-na feed; God's ev-'ry gift He of - fers free:
2. Bring all the tithes in - to My store, And prove Me as I bless-ings pour From Heav-en's win - dows o - pened free:
3. The plen-teous har - vest waits in vain For will-ing hands to reap the grain; Pray Him that reap - ers sent may be:
4. If two or three on earth a - gree On an - y - thing to ask of Me, It shall be giv'n— the prom-ise see:
5. What-e'er ye ask in Je - sus' name, He wills to give, the bless-ing claim; Ask what ye will, nor - faith - less be:

CHORUS.

"Ye ask not," and ye lim - it Me.
Ye bring not, and ye lim - it Me. Ye lim-it Me, . .
Ye pray not, and ye lim - it Me.
Ye ask not, and ye lim - it Me.
Ye ask not, and ye lim - it Me. Ye lim - it Me.

Ye lim - it Me, . . "Ye ask not, . . and ye lim - it Me;"
Ye lim - it Me, "Ye ask not,

Ye Limit Me.

ritard.

Lord, help me now my sin to see, I ask not, and I lim - it Thee.

No. 23. In That Land of Light.

J. H. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. ELMER BAILEY. Jean Howard.

1. We shall have a new name in that Land, And for - ev - er rest at
2. We shall sing of Christ who faith-ful - ly Bore the cru - el cross on
3. We shall o'er and o'er His name re - peat, Tell of His re-demp-tion

God's right hand; With the hosts of His redeemed we'll stand, In that Land of Light.
Cal - va - ry, Paid the price of sin so will - ing - ly,— In that Land of Light.
so com-plete, Cast our starry crowns at His pierc'd feet, In that Land of Light.

CHORUS.

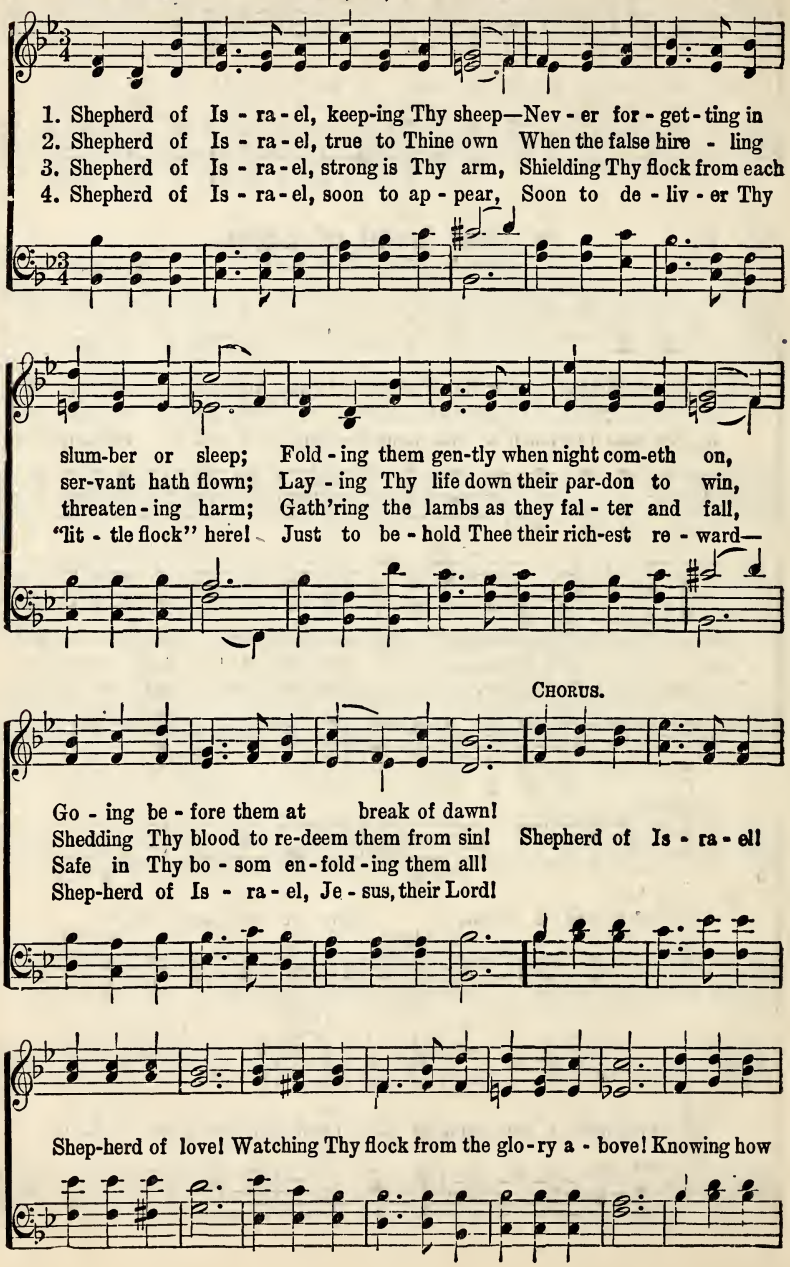
In that Land of Light, Glo - ri - ous and bright,

of Light, and bright,

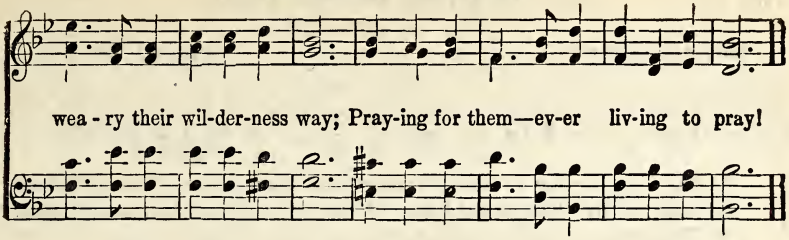
We shall have a new name in that Land, In that Land of Light.

No. 24. Shepherd of Israel.

Adelaide Pollard. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. Geo. C. Stebbins.



Shepherd of Israel.

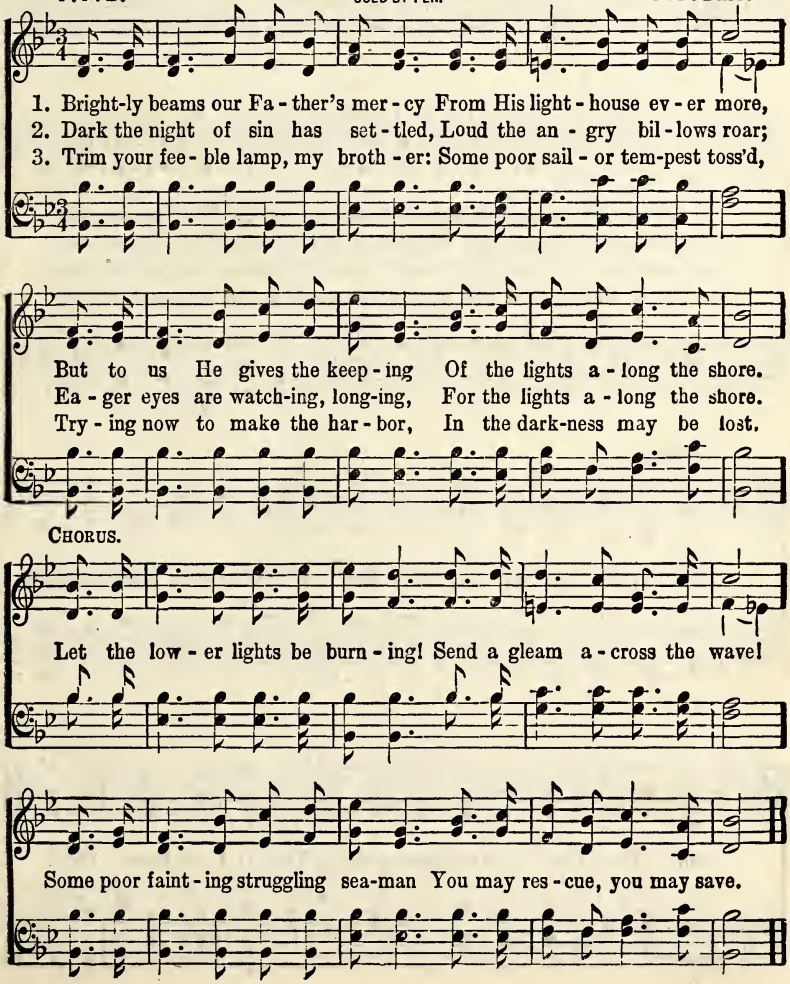


No. 25. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PER.

P. P. Bliss.



No. 26. Day is Dying in the West.

COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. H. VINCENT.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and wor-ship while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
2. Lord of life beneath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gather us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en-fold-ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
4. When for-ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter-nal morn-ing rise, And shadows end.

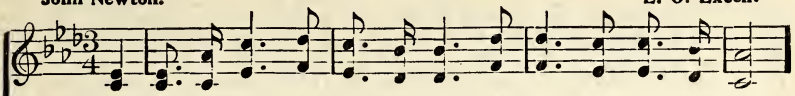
REFRAIN.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are prais-ing Thee, O Lord Most High!

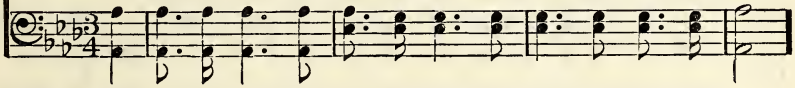
No. 27. What Wondrous Love.

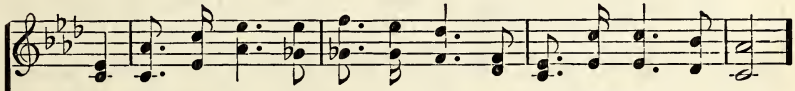
COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.

John Newton. E. O. Excell.

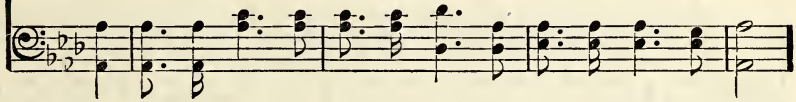


1. I saw One hang - ing on a tree, In ag - o - ny and blood;
2. Sure, nev - er, till my lat - est breath, Can I for - get that look:
3. My conscience felt and owned the guilt, And plunged me in de - spair;
4. A - las! I knew not what I did,—But now my tears are vain:
5. A sec - ond look He gave, which said, "I free - ly all for - give:

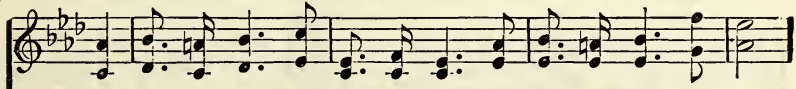




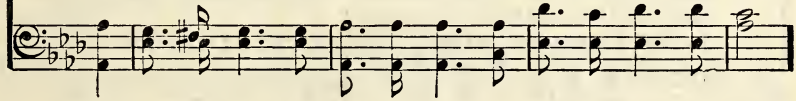
He fixed His lan - guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
I saw my sins His blood had spilt And helped to nail Him there.
Where shall my trem-bling soul be hid? For I the Lord have slain.
This blood is for thy ran - som paid, I die that thou may'st live."

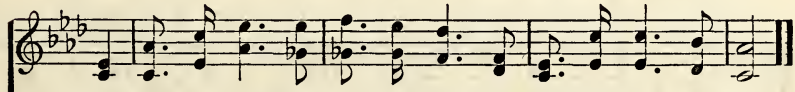


CHORUS.

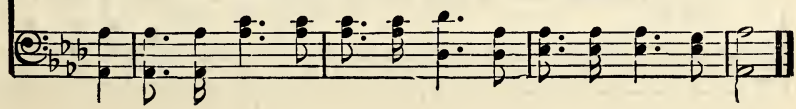


What wondrous love! Thy life to give That I might ran-somed be;



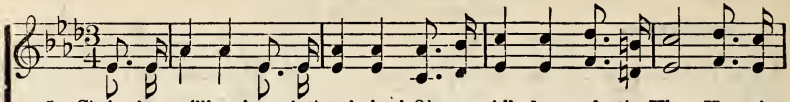


Had I a thou-sand lives to live I'd live them all for Thee.

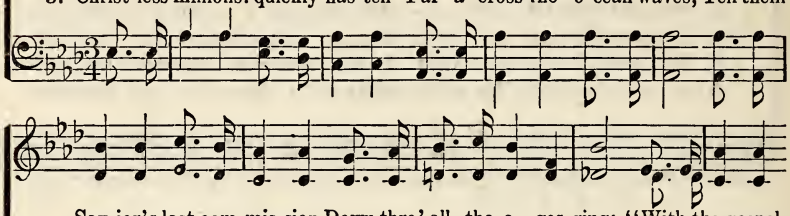


No. 28. Christless Millions.

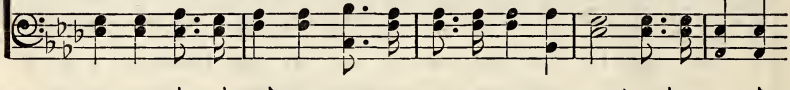
Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. ELMER BAILEY. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



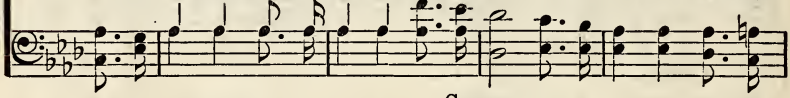
1. Christ-less millions! catch the vi-sion! Oh, ye chil-dren of the King, Hear the
2. Christ-less millions! still be-hold them Bowing down to wood and stone, While the
3. Christ-less millions! quickly has-ten Far a-cross the o-cean waves; Tell them



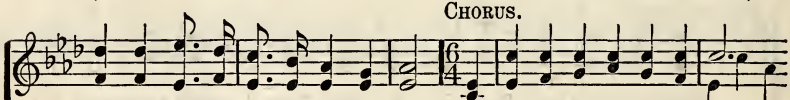
Sav-ior's last com-mis-sion Down thro' all the a - ges ring: "With the gospel
Lord, their rightful Sov'reign, Waits to claim them as His own: Purchased by the
of a God who loves them, Tell them of a Christ who saves. May the sto-ry



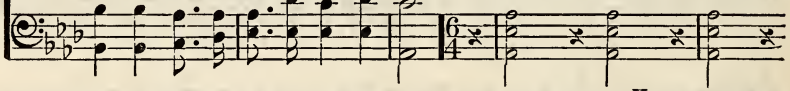
of sal-va-tion, Go ye in-to all the world, Let the glorious blood-stained
blood of Je-sus, They are pre-cious in His sight; Think you He will hold us
of sal-va-tion Soon in all the world be known, Ev-'ry tribe of ev-'ry



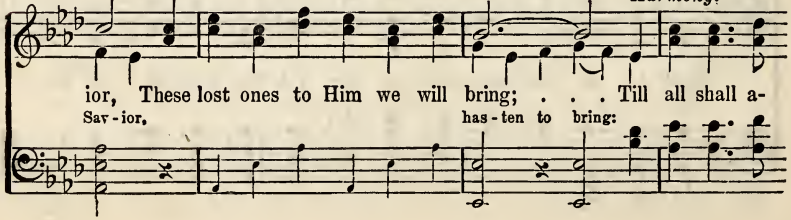
CHORUS.



ban-ner, Be in ev-'ry land un-furled." We'll win them for Jesus our Sav-
guilt-less If we still with-hold the light? glo-ri-ous
na-tion Worship God and Him a-lone.

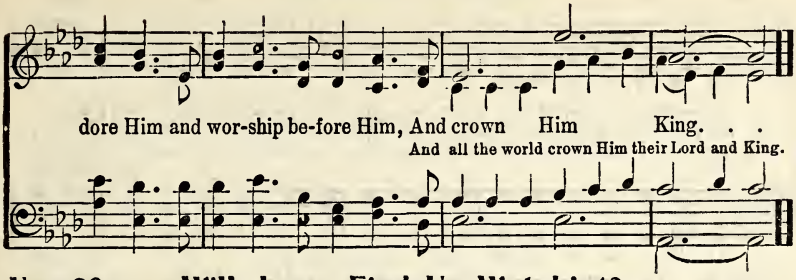


Harmony.



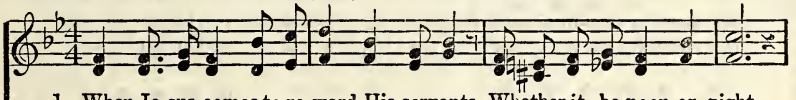
ior, These lost ones to Him we will bring; . . . Till all shall a-
Sav-ior, has-ten to bring:

Christless Millions.

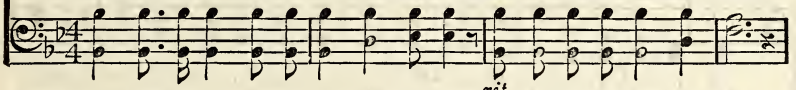


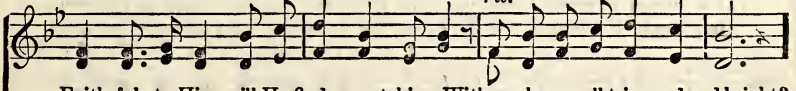
No. 29 Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY W. H DOANE. RENEWAL. W. H. Doane.

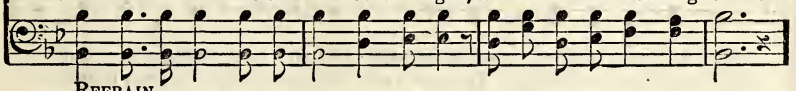


1. When Je-sus comes to re-ward His servants, Whether it be noon or night,
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morning, He shall call us one by one,
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best?
4. Blessed are those whom the Lord finds watching; In His glory they shall share;





Faith-ful to Him, will He find us watching, With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
When to the Lord we re-store our tal-ents, Will He answer thee, "Well done?"
If in our hearts there is naught condemns us, We shall have a glorious rest.
If He shall come at the dawn or midnight, Will He find us watch-ing there?



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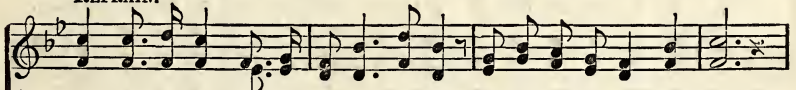
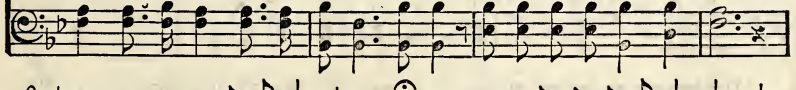
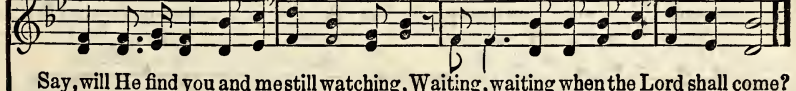
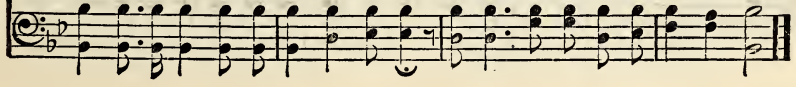


Oh, can we say we are read-y, brother? Ready for the soul's bright home?



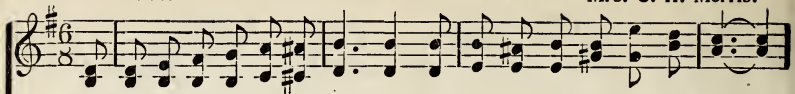


Say, will He find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

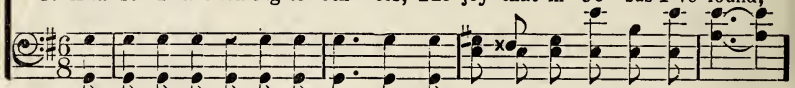


No. 30. So Happy in Jesus.

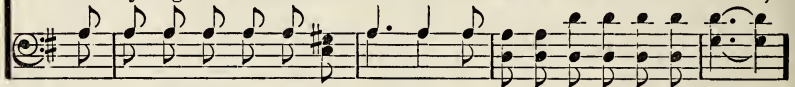
Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. ELMER BAILEY. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



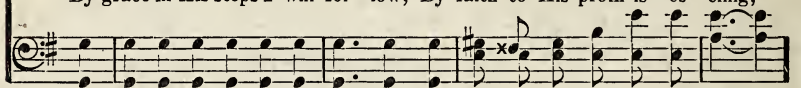
1. I'm hap-py, so hap-py in Je - sus, My bless-ed Re-deem-er and King,
2. His pres-ence to me is like Heav-en, His smile like the sun-shine so bright,
3. And so I am tell-ing to oth - ers, The joy that in Je - sus I've found,



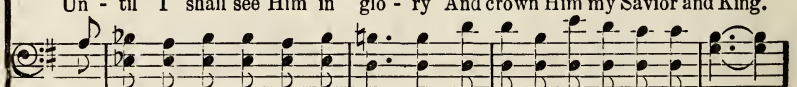
My heart o - ver-flows with His prais-es, His goodness I'm longing to sing;
His voice like the sweet-est of mu - sic, His will a per-pet-ual de - light;
And try - ing in this world of dark - ness To scat-ter the sunshine a - round;



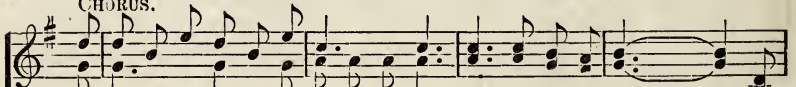
My sins by His grace are re-mit - ted, His blood makes me per-fect-ly whole,
U - ni-ted in mys-ti-cal un - ion, E'en as is the branch to the vine,
By grace in His steps I will fol - low, By faith to His prom-is - es cling,



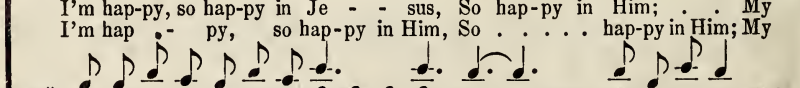
My all un - to Him I've com-mit-ted, And glo - ry is flood-ing my soul.
I'm joined un - to Him, my Be - lov - ed, And know that this Savior is mine.
Un - til I shall see Him in glo - ry And crown Him my Savior and King.



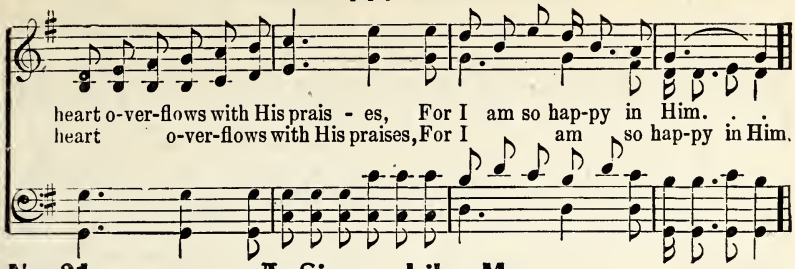
CHORUS.



I'm hap-py, so hap-py in Je - - sus, So hap-py in Him; . . My
I'm hap - py, so hap-py in Him, So . . . . . hap-py in Him; My

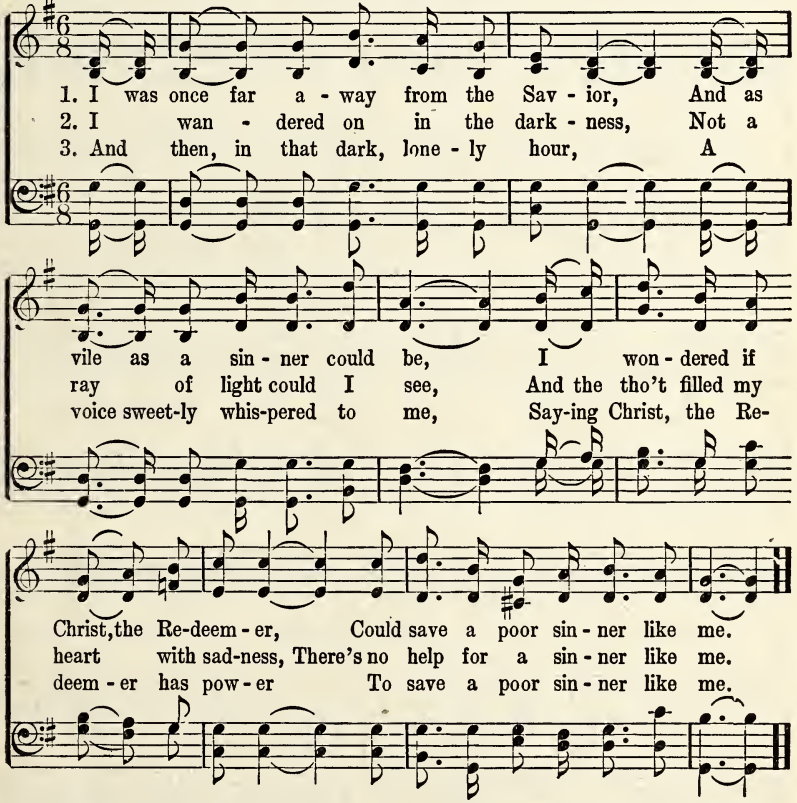


So Happy in Jesus.



No. 31. A Sinner Like Me.

C. J. B. USED BY PERMISSION. C. J. Butler.



4 I listened, and lo! 'twas the Savior
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried, I'm the chief of sinners,
Oh, save a poor sinner like me.

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus;
And oh, what a joy came to me!
My heart was filled with His praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me,
And now unto others I'm telling
How He saved a poor sinner like me.

7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Savior shall see,
I'll praise Him forever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

No. 32. You Need Jesus, Brother.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. ELMER BAILEY.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.
Melody in Chorus by Molloy.

1. Wound-ed and help-less, wear-y, sick with sin, Sore-ly be-set by
2. He knows the way your wear-y feet must take; He knows and cares when
3. Great Bur-den-bear-er! He your load would share; Lean on His bos-om,
4. Would you be saved? then why not come to-day, Just as you are – there

foes with-out, with-in; Back to the fold of grace He'll take you in; Oh, my
hearts with anguish break; Precious His promise, "I will ne'er forsake;" Oh, my
rest from ev-'ry care; Henceforth to trust Him full-y, will you dare? Oh, my
is no oth-er way? Come, there is death and dan-ger in de-lay, Oh, my

CHORUS. *Unison.*

broth-er, you need Je-sus. You need Jesus, brother, all a-long life's way,

As your guide for-ev-er, as your staff and stay; He will safe-ly keep you,

Harmony.

to the journey's end; He a-bove all oth-ers is your dear-est Friend.

No. 33. Nobody Told Me of Jesus.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Would you care if some friend you have met day by day Should nev - er be
2. Care you not if one soul of the chil-dren of men Should nev - er be
3. Would you care if your crown should be star-less-ly dim, Be - cause you led
4. Then be si - lent no lon - ger! but ear - nest-ly pray For grace to the

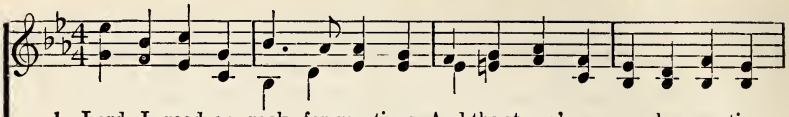
told a-bout Je - sus? Are you will - ing that He in the judgment shall say,
bro't un - to Je - sus? Or would say in that day when He com - eth a - gain,
no one to Je - sus? Make it true that some heart shall not an-swer to Him,
tell - ing of Je - sus, So that no one can say on that great judgment day,

CHORUS.

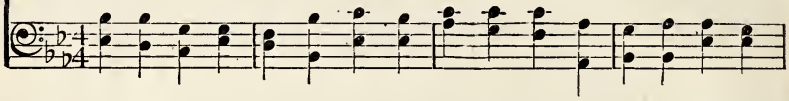
"No one ev - er told me of Je - sus." No - bod - y told me of
Je - sus, No - bod - y told me of Je - sus; So man-y I have met—
but they seemed to for - get To tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus.

No. 34. God's Heart is Love.

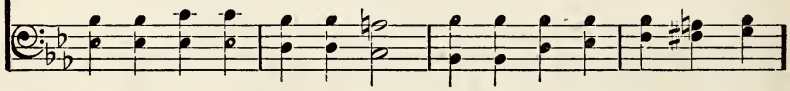
Sherman G. Pitt. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. MARSH. Chas. H. Marsh.



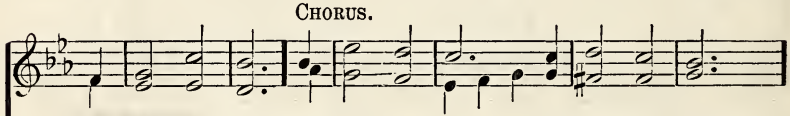
1. Lord, I read on rock for-ma-tions, And the storm's re - ver - ber - a - tions,
2. In Thy prov - i - den - tial deal-ings We can know Thy wondrous feel-ings;
3. See the great, the glo - rious Mas-ter! What was wrong that such dis - as - ter
4. Now we catch the glo - rious vi - sion Of the won - der - ful pro - vi - sion



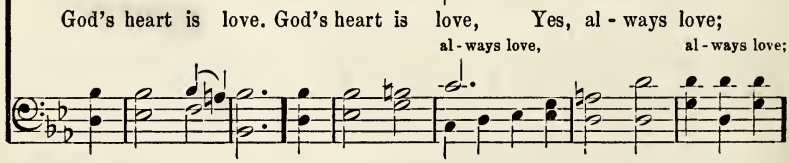
In the life that swims the seas, In the birds and beasts and trees,
And tho' read as in a glass, Yet we catch the truths that pass:
Should o'er-take Him on the tree? Oh, 't was sin. God set us free:
God has made for us on high, Who for Christ will live and die:



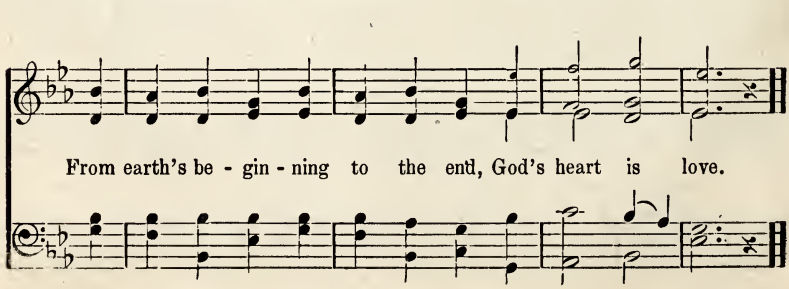
CHORUS.



God's heart is love. God's heart is love, Yes, al - ways love;
al - ways love, al - ways love;

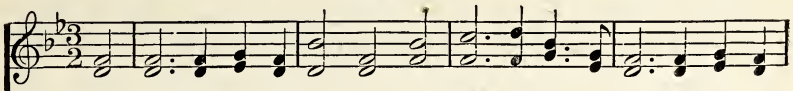


From earth's be - gin - ning to the end, God's heart is love.

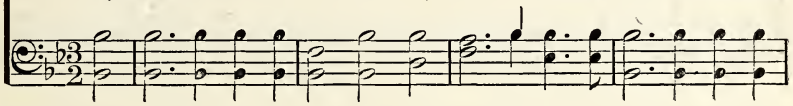


No. 35. One More Day's Work for Jesus.

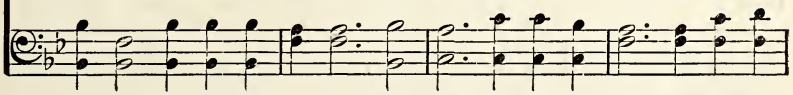
Anna B. Warner. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY. USED BY PERMISSION. Rev. Robert Lowry.



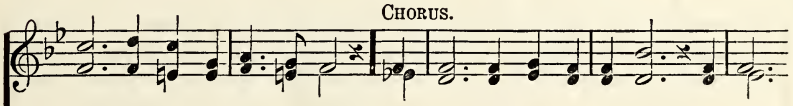
1. One more day's work for Je - sus; One less of life for me! But heav'n is
2. One more day's work for Je - sus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the
3. One more day's work for Je - sus; Oh, yes, a wear-y day; But heav'n shines
4. Oh, bless - ed work for Je - sus! Oh, rest at Je-sus' feet! There toil seems



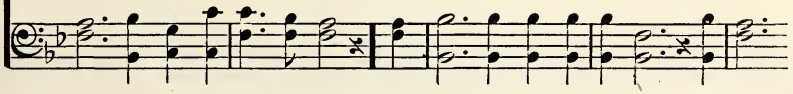
near - er, And Christ is dear - er, Than yes - ter - day to me; His love and
sto - ry, To show the glo - ry, When Christ's flock enter in! How it did
clear - er, And rest comes near-er, At each step of the way; And, Christ in
pleas-ure, My wants are treas-ure, And pain for Him is sweet. Lord, if I

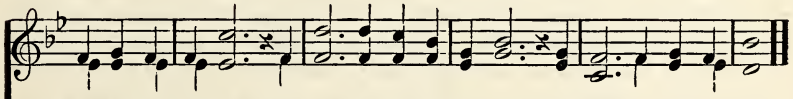


CHORUS.

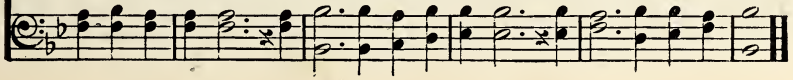


light Fill all my soul to-night.
shine In this poor heart of mine! One more day's work for Je-sus, One more
all, Be - fore His face I fall.
may, I'll serve an-oth - er day.



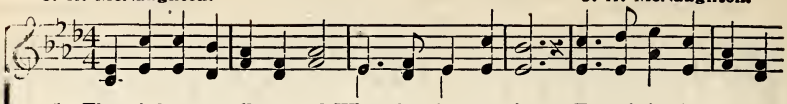


day's work for Je-sus, One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me!

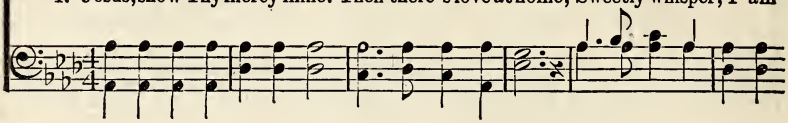


No. 36. Love At Home.

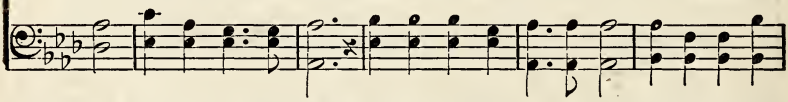
J. H. McNaughton. J. H. McNaughton.



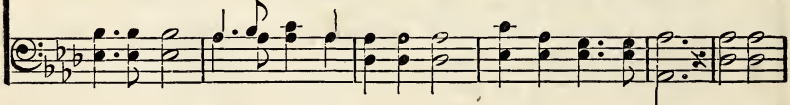
1. There is beau-ty all a-round When there's love at home; There is joy in ev-'ry
2. In the cottage there is joy When there's love at home; Hate and envy ne'er an-
3. Kind-ly Heaven smiles above When there's love at home; All the earth is filled with
4. Jesus, show Thy mercy mine: Then there's love at home; Sweetly whisper, I am



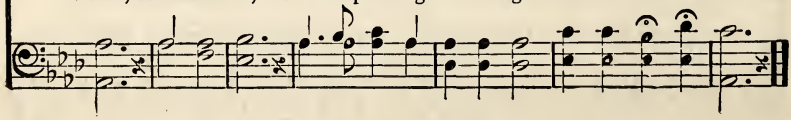
sound When there's love at home. Peace and plenty here a-bide, Smiling sweet on
noy When there's love at home. Ro-ses blos-som 'neath our feet, All the earth's a
love When there's love at home. Sweeter sings the brooklet by, Brighter beams the
Thine: Then there's love at home. Source of love, Thy cheering light Far exceeds the



ev-'ry side; Time doth softly, sweetly glide When there's love at home. Love at
garden sweet, Making life a bliss complete, When there's love at home. Love at
azure sky—O there's One who smiles on high—When there's love at home. Love at
sun so bright—Can dispel the gloom of night: Then there's love at home. Love at

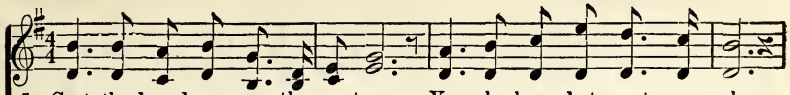


home, love at home; Time doth softly, sweetly glide When there's love at home.
home, love at home; Mak-ing life a bliss complete, When there's love at home.
home, love at home; O there's One who smiles on high—When there's love at home.
home, love at home; Can dis-pel the gloom of night: Then there's love at home.

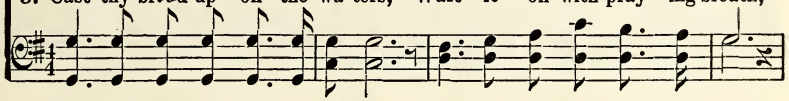


No. 37. Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters.

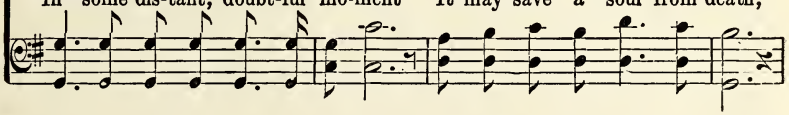
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, IN RENEWAL.



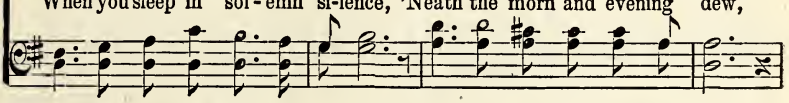
1. Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters, Ye who have but scant sup - ply,
2. Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters, Poor and wea - ry, worn with care,—
3. Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters, Ye who have a - bun - dant store;
4. Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters, Far and wide your treas-ures strew,
5. Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters, Waft it on with pray - ing breath,



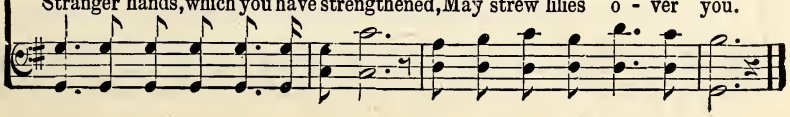
An - gel eyes will watch a - bove it;— You shall find it by and by!
Oft - en sit - ting in the shad-ow, Have you not a crumb to spare?
It may float on many a bil - low, It may strand on many a shore;
Scat-ter it with will - ing fin - gers, Shout for joy to see it go!
In some dis-tant, doubt-ful mo-ment It may save a soul from death;



He who in His right-eous bal-ance Doth each hu - man ac - tion weigh;
Can you not to those a-round you Sing some lit - tle song of hope,
You may think it lost for - ev - er, But, as sure as God is true,
For if you do close - ly keep it, It will on - ly drag you down;
When you sleep in sol - emn si-lence, 'Neath the morn and evening dew,



Will your sac - ri - fice re-mem-ber, Will your lov - ing deeds re - pay.
As you look with long - ing vis - ion Thro' faith's mighty tel - e - scope?
In this life or in the oth - er, It will yet re - turn to you.
If you love it more than Je - sus, It will keep you from your crown.
Stranger hands, which you have strengthened, May strew lilies o - ver you.

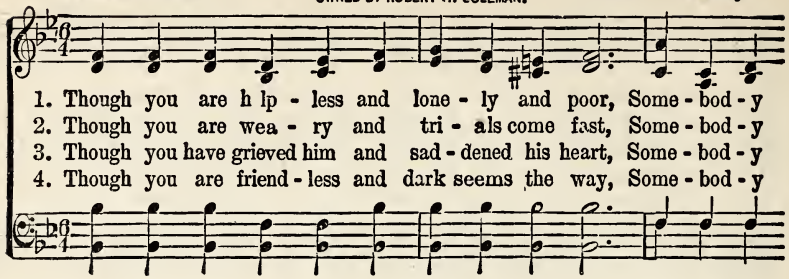


No. 38 Somebody Loves You: 'Tis Jesus.

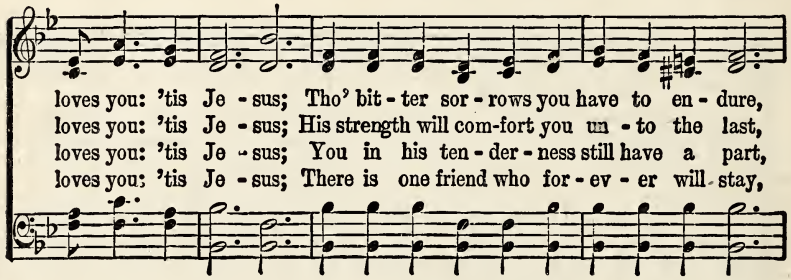
Laurene Highfield.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY S. W. BEAZLEY.
OWNED BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Samuel W. Beazley.

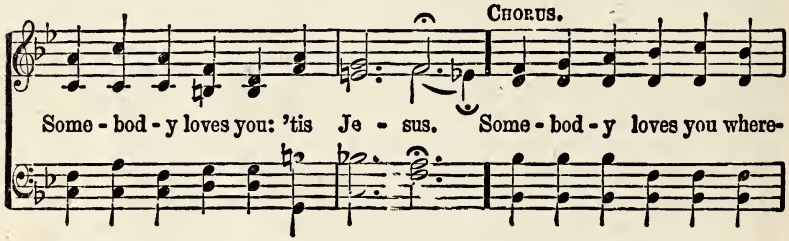


1. Though you are h lp - less and lone - ly and poor, Some - bod - y
2. Though you are wea - ry and tri - als come fast, Some - bod - y
3. Though you have grieved him and sad - dened his heart, Some - bod - y
4. Though you are friend - less and dark seems the way, Some - bod - y

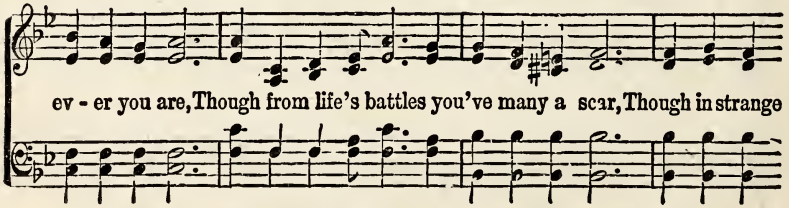


loves you: 'tis Je - sus; Tho' bit - ter sor - rows you have to en - dure,
loves you: 'tis Je - sus; His strength will com-fort you un - to the last,
loves you: 'tis Je - sus; You in his ten - der - ness still have a part,
loves you: 'tis Je - sus; There is one friend who for - ev - er will stay,

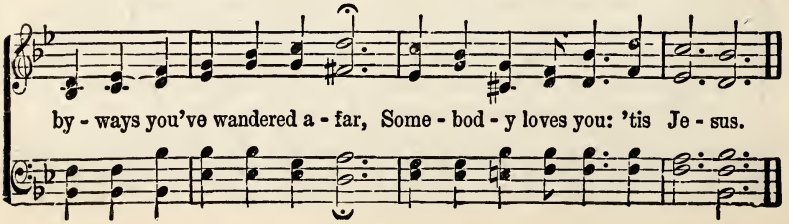
CHORUS.



Some - bod - y loves you: 'tis Je - sus. Some - bod - y loves you where-



ev - er you are, Though from life's battles you've many a scar, Though in strange

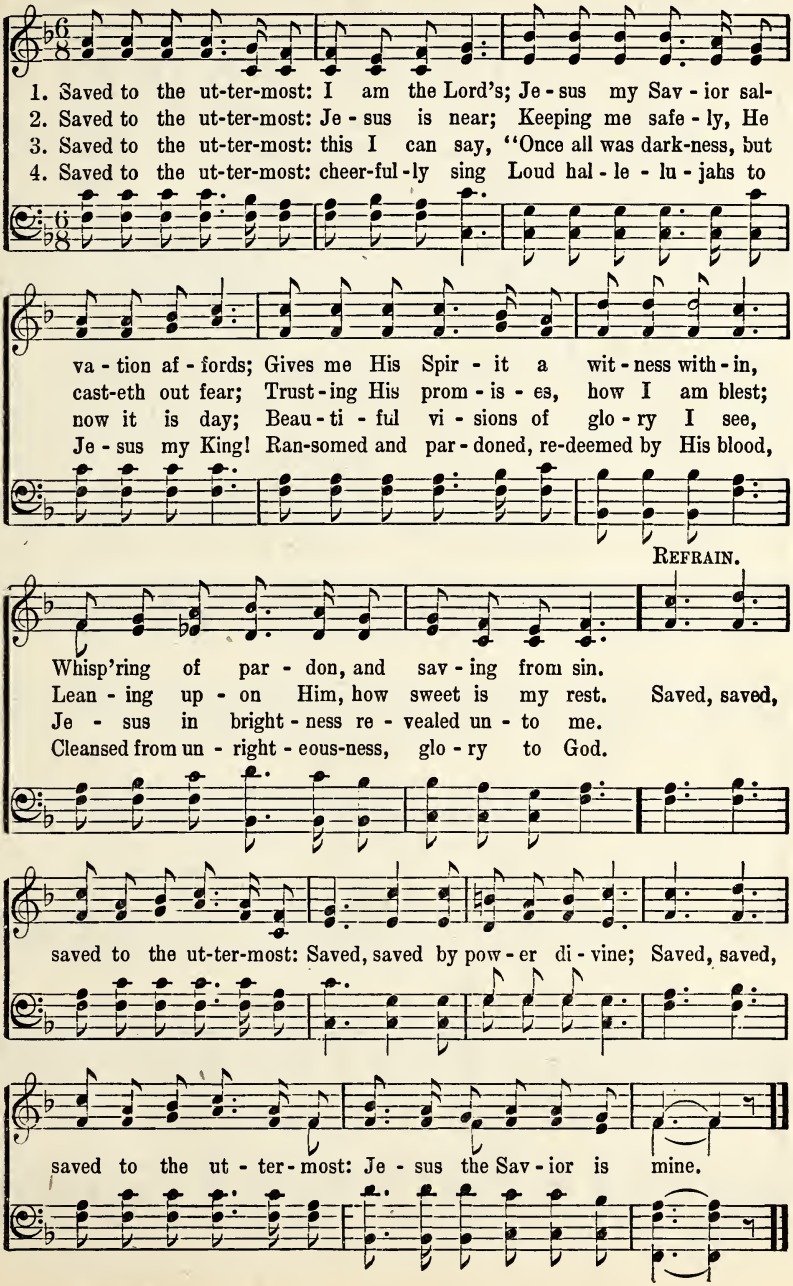


by - ways you've wandered a - far, Some - bod - y loves you: 'tis Je - sus.

No. 39. Saved to the Uttermost.

COPYRIGHT, 1875 AND 1903, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



No. 40. We Walk By Faith.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1885 AND 1913, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

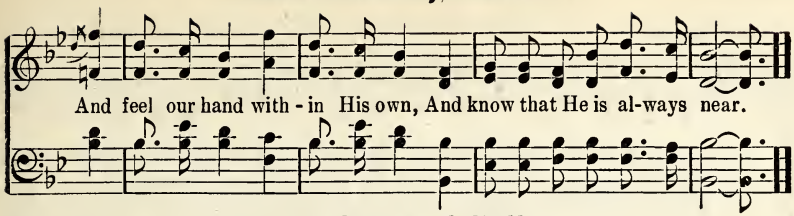
1. We walk by faith,..... and O how sweet..... The flow'rs that grow..... beneath our feet,..... And fragrance breathe... a-long the
2. We walk by faith, ... he wills it so,..... And marks the path ..... that we should go;..... And when at times..... our sky is
3. We walk by faith,..... di-vine-ly blest,..... On Him we lean,..... in Him we rest;..... The more we trust..... our Shepherd's
4. We walk by faith,..... till life shall end,..... We'll walk with Him,..... our dear-est Friend;... Till safe we tread..... the fields of way..... That leads the soul..... to end-less day.....

dim,..... He gen-tly draws..... us close to Him.....
care,..... The more His love ..... 'tis ours to share.....
light, ... Where faith is lost..... in per-fect sight. .....

CHORUS. *express.*

We walk by faith, but not a-lone, Our Shepherd's tender voice we hear,

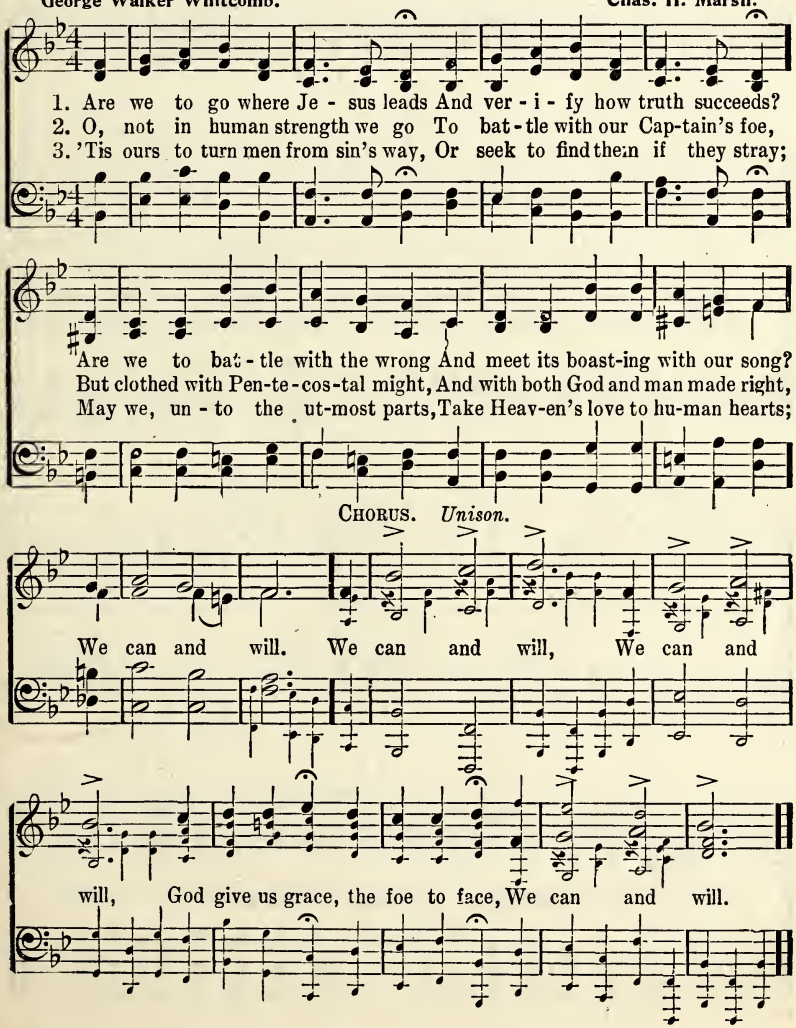
We Walk By Faith.



No. 41. We Can and Will.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. MARSH.

George Walker Whitcomb. Chas. H. Marsh.



No. 42. How You Will Love Him!

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

E. E. Rexford. B. D. Ackley.

1. Ye who wander, of sin grown wear-y, Lonely and far from the safe home-fold,
2. Come, and coming, find peace and pardon Waiting for you at the place of prayer;
3. You should know of this love so tender, Love that is steadfast, and deep, and true;
4. Come, and find that you cannot fath-om Love like Christ's till you taste and see;

Come and learn what the love of Christ is, Love whose gladness can ne'er be told.
Kneel and ask for a soul for-giv-en,—Christ is yearn-ing to meet you there.
Come and share in its sweetness with me, Come, and find that my Christ loves you.
Heights and depths of the love of Je-sus No man knows till it sets him free.

CHORUS.

O, how you'll love Him when you know Him! Know the Christ who died to set you free;
to set you free.

rit.

On Calv'ry's cross His heart was broken, Bro-ken there for you, for me!

No. 43. Only a Smile.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. B. D. Ackley.

1. On - ly a smile, that is cheer - y and bright, Pierc-ing the gloom like a ray in the night; Some one will wel-come its warmth with de - light,
2. On - ly a smile. but some soul in dis-tress, Needs just the joy of its lov - ing car - ess; Naught can its sweet in - spi - ra - tion re - press,
3. On - ly a smile, but a heart that de-spaired Gathered new hope when it found some one cared, Eas - ing the bur - den that no one had shared,
4. On - ly a smile, but it brings a re-ward—It is not vain if we smile for the Lord; So keep your heart and your smile in ac - cord,

CHORUS.

On - ly a smile, on - ly a smile. On - ly a smile will make sunshine your own; On - ly a smile, lets its glo-ry be shown; On - ly a smile, help His love to make known, On-ly a smile, on - ly a smile.

On - ly. on - ly a smile. a smile.

No. 44 Since I Found My Savior.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY JOHN R. SWENEY.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Life wears a dif - f'rent face to me, Since I found my Sav - ior;
2. He sought me in His wondrous love, So I found my Sav - ior;
3. The pass - ing clouds may in - ter-vene, Since I found my Sav - ior,
4. A strong hand kind - ly holds my own, Since I found my Sav - ior;

Rich mer - cy at the cross I see, My dy - ing, liv - ing Sav - ior.
He brought sal-va - tion from a - bove, My dear, al-might - y Sav - ior.
But He is with me, tho' un - seen, My ev - er - pres - ent Sav - ior.
It leads me on - ward to the throne; O there I'll see my Sav - ior.

CHORUS.

Gold - en sun-beams 'round me play, Je - sus turns my night to day,

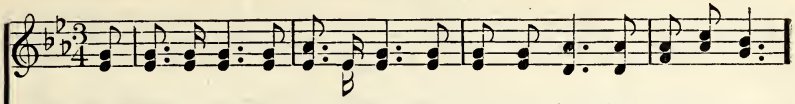
Heav - en seems not far a - way, Since I found my Sav - ior.

No. 45. Eternity!

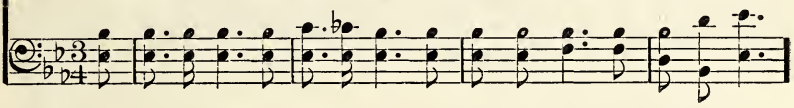
H. T. Fisher.

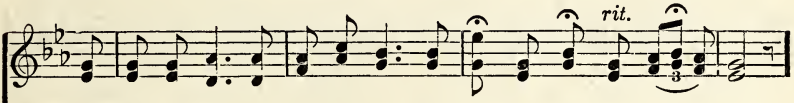
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY H. T. FISHER.
W. ELMER BAILEY, OWNER.

M. M. Snyder.

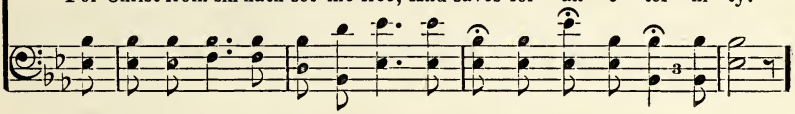


1. E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty! When day and night shall cease to be,
2. E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty! The Judgment shall thy wit-ness be,
3. E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty! When saved or lost my soul shall be;
4. E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty! Thy ter - rors turn to vic - to - ry,

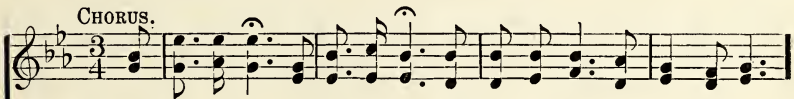




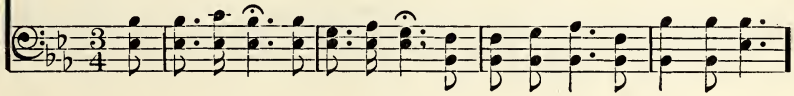
And time is swal-lowed up in thee, How long, how long, e - ter - ni - ty!
When God shall fix the just de-cree To stand thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
Lord, help me now my guilt to flee, And help me for e - ter - ni - ty.
For Christ from sin hath set me free, And saves for all e - ter - ni - ty.

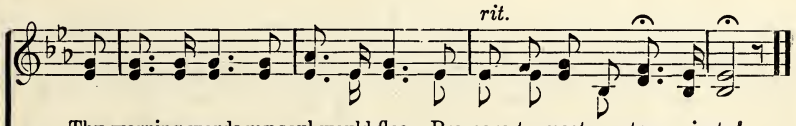


CHORUS.

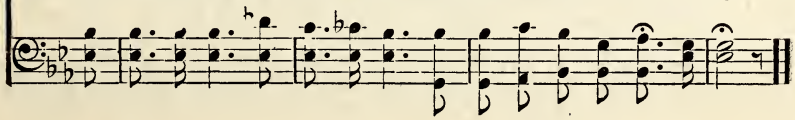


E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty! Dread day of death and doom to be;
Last verse. E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty! Thro' Christ I find the vic - to-ry;



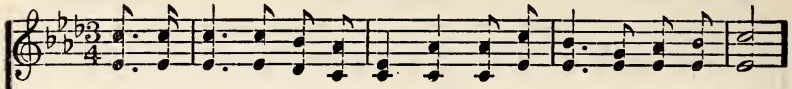


Thy warning words my soul would flee—Pre-pare to meet e - ter - ni - ty!
He saves me now and sets me free, Praise Him for all e - ter - ni - ty!

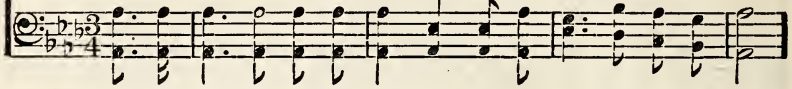


No. 46. All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

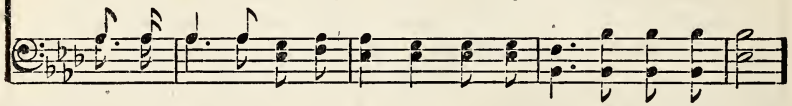
Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL USED BY PERMISSION. Robert Lowry.



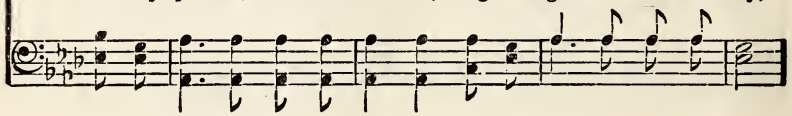
1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, Cheers each wind-ing path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; O the ful-ness of His love!

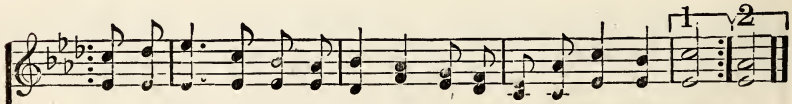


Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my Guide?
Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread;
Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove:

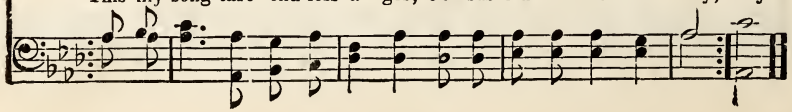


Heav'nly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Tho' my wear-y steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spir-it, clothed im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,





For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well; well.
Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see; see.
This my song thro' end-less a-ges, Je-sus led me all the way; way.



No. 47. O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E O EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in-fin-ite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-

beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-ior, I know,

Rit. - - - - - - - - - CHORUS.

Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me . . O that will be
O . . . . . that will

glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; . . . .

rit. > > > >

I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me.

No. 48. Jesus On the Cross.

Ina Duley Ogdon.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

1. A vi - sion goes be - fore me, day by day, Je - sus, bless - ed
2. And when I see Him there in ag - o - ny, Je - sus, bless - ed
3. For me He came from glo - ry to the grave, Je - sus, bless - ed
4. Hence-forth that I my grat - i - tude may prove, Je - sus, bless - ed

Je-sus on the cross! It keeps me in the straight and nar - row way,
Je-sus on the cross! I mar - vel at His sac - ri - fice for me,
Je-sus on the cross! To save my soul His life for me He gave,
Je-sus on the cross! I con - se-crate to Him my heart of love,

REFRAIN.

Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus on the cross! I see my lov-ing Sav-ior thro' my

tears; (thro' my tears;) His mem-o-ry I cher-ish all the years; (all the years;) My heart no

lon-ger fears, since His sac-ri-fice ap-pears, Je-sus, blessed Je-sus on the cross!

No. 49.

He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. So pre-cious is Je - sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the day long
2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait - ed
3. I stand on the moun-tain of bless - ing at last, No cloud in the heav-ens
4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in

with rap - ture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
an en-trance to gain; What shame that so long He en - treat - ed in vain,
a shad - ow to cast; His smile is up - on me, the val - ley is past,
His won - der - ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,

CHORUS. *Faster.*

For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to

pre-cious to me, so pre-cious to me;
me, . . . For He is so pre-cious to me; . . . 'T is heaven be-

rit. - - -

low My Re-deem - er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me.

No. 50. Gount Your Blessings.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. — COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. — E. O. Excell.

1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem-pest - tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the conflict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis-

couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y blessings, name them one by
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev - 'ry doubt will
promised you His wealth un-told; Count your man-y blessings, mon-ey can not
couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y blessings, an - gels will at-

CHORUS.

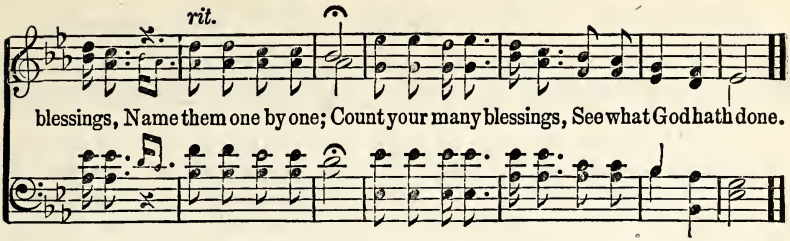
one, And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.
fly, And you will be singing as the days go by. Count your blessings, Name them
buy Your reward in heaven, nor your home on high.
tend, Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.

Count your many blessings,

one by one; Count your blessings, See what God hath done; Count your

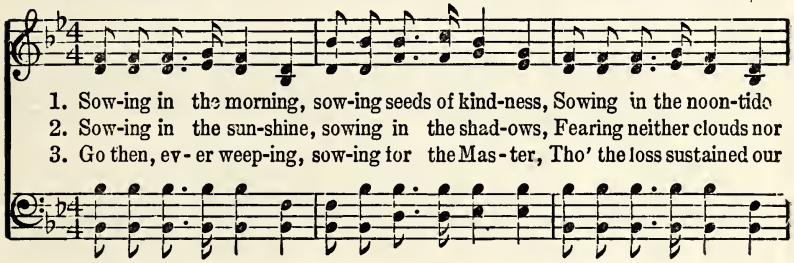
Name them one by one. Count your many blessings. See what God hath done; Count your many

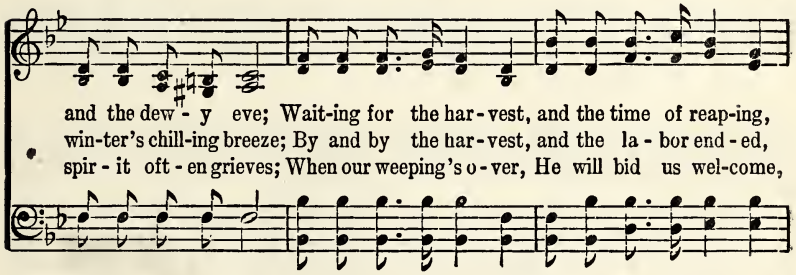
Count Your Blessings.

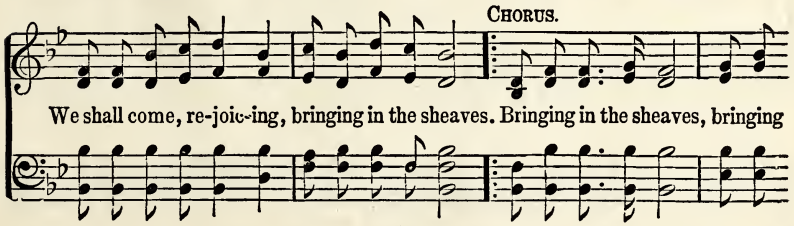


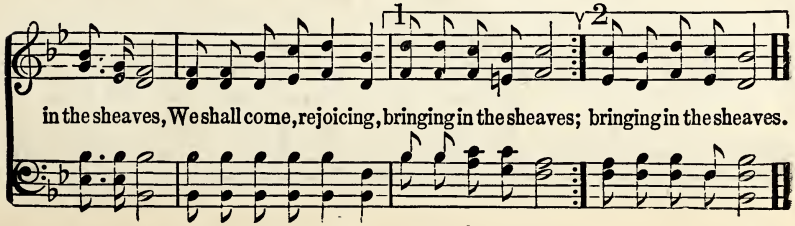
No. 51 Bringing In the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.









No. 52. Jesus Saves.

Priscilla J. Owens. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, IN RENEWAL. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

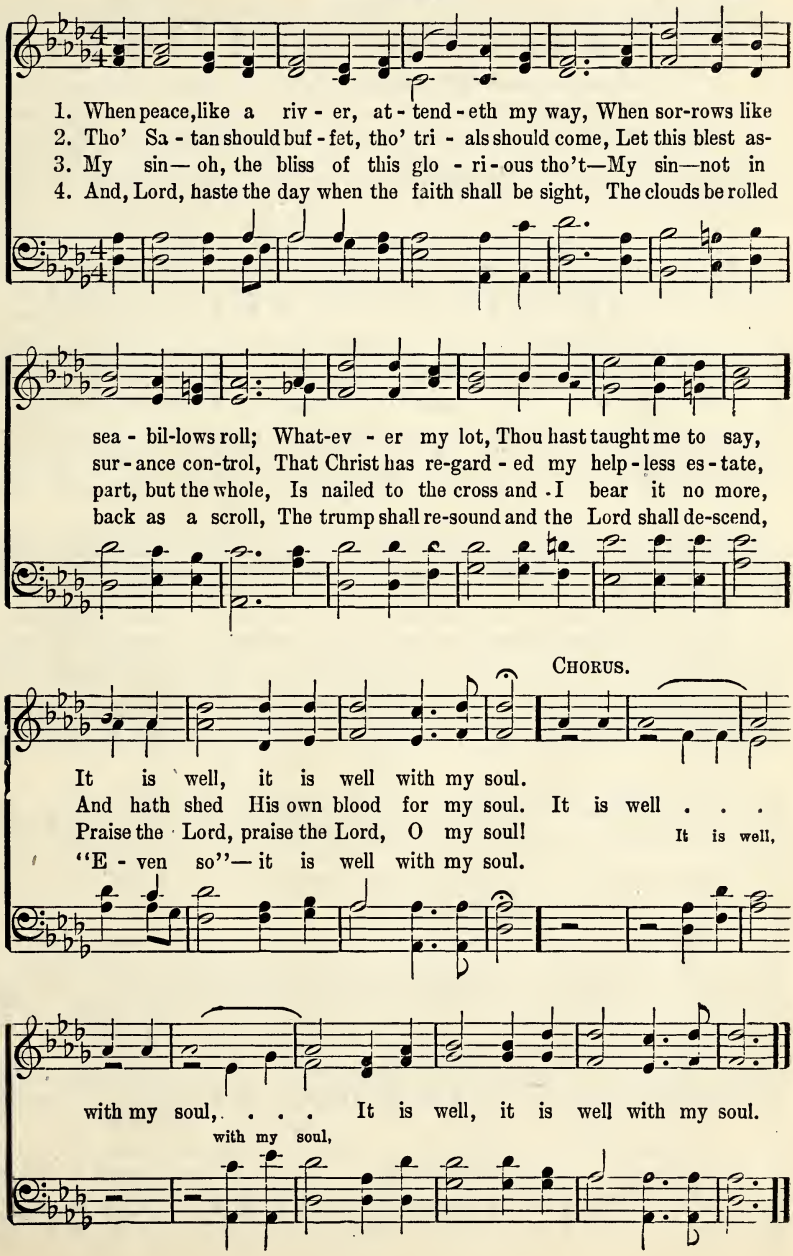
Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Let the na - tions now re - joice,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea; Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;

On - ward!—'tis our Lord's com - mand; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

No. 53. It Is Well With My Soul.

H. G. Spafford. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.



No. 54 Over and Over Again.

Floy S. Armstrong. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. How man-y times has He lightened our cares, O-ver and o-ver a - gain! How
2. He ne'er re - fus-es to hear, tho' we call O - ver and o-ver a - gain, Sends
3. Tho' we may wander in by-ways of sin, O - ver and o-ver a - gain, The

many times has He answered our prayers, Over and over a - gain! Then tell of His
show'rs of blessings so freely on all, O-ver and o - ver a - gain; Oh, why are you
heart of Je-sus will bid us come in, O-ver and o - ver a - gain; Then let us be

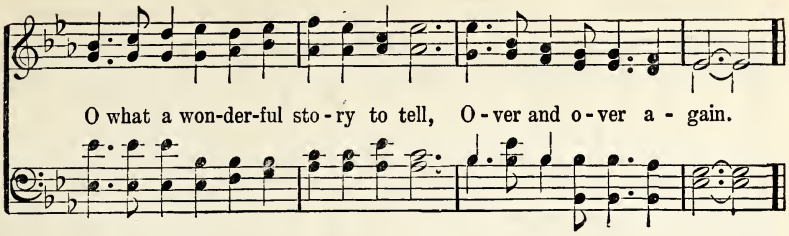
good-ness to thee and to thine, And tell of His mercies to me and to mine, Re-
si - lent so often, so long, When telling the story will turn them from wrong? Then
will - ing, wher-ev-er the place, To tell of His kindness, His pardon, His grace, And

peat the old sto-ry of par-don di - vine, O - ver and o-ver a - gain. . . . .
tell it, O tell it in praise or in song,
some day in glory we'll look on His face, O - - ver and o-ver a - gain.

CHORUS.

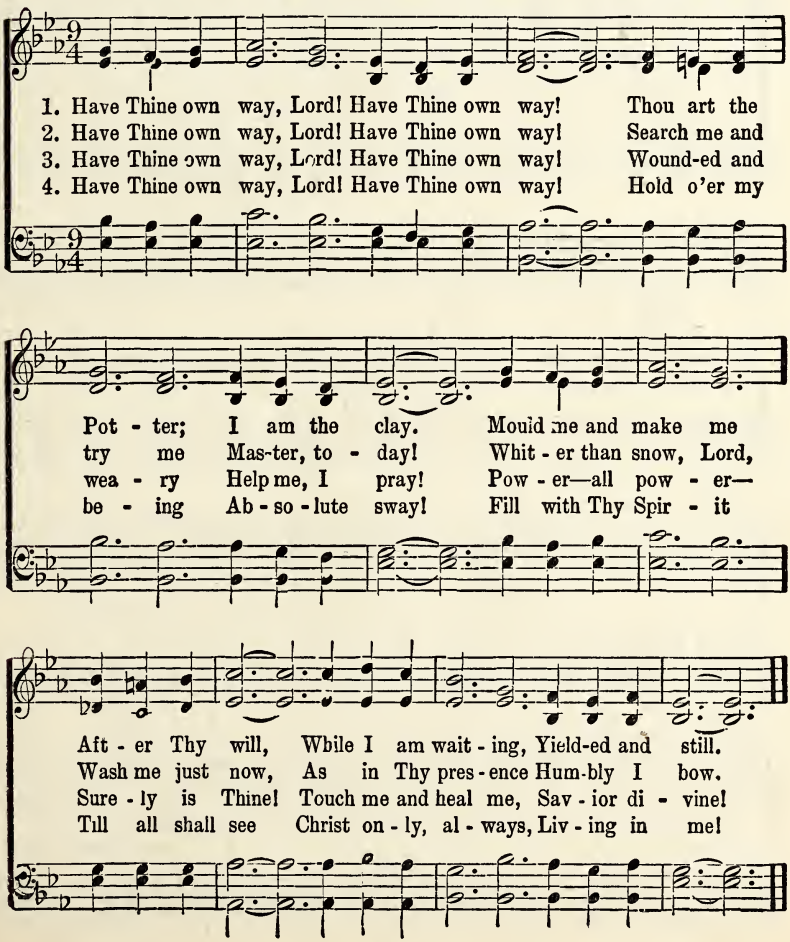
O - ver and o-ver a - gain, . . . O - ver and o-ver a - gain, ...
and o - ver a - gain, and o - ver a - gain,

Over and Over Again.



No. 55. Have Thine Own Way, Lord!

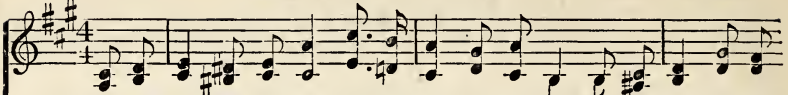
A. A. P. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY GEORGE C. STEBBINS. Geo. C. Stebbins.



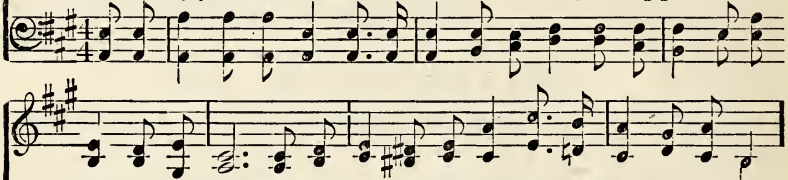
No. 56. Will There Be Any Stars?

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

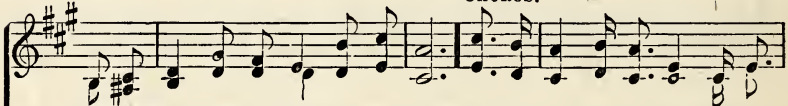
E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.



1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His

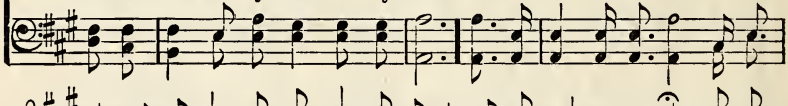


sun go-eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav-ior I stand,
win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day,
feet to lay down; It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit-y of gold,

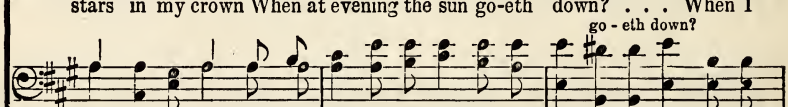


CHORUS.

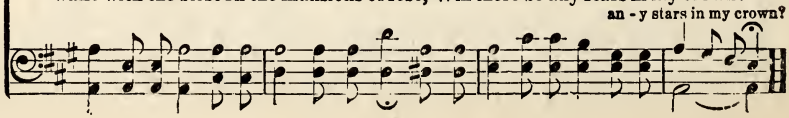
Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
When His praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. Will there be an-y stars, an-y
Should there be an-y stars in my crown.



stars in my crown When at evening the sun go-eth down? . . . When I
go-eth down?

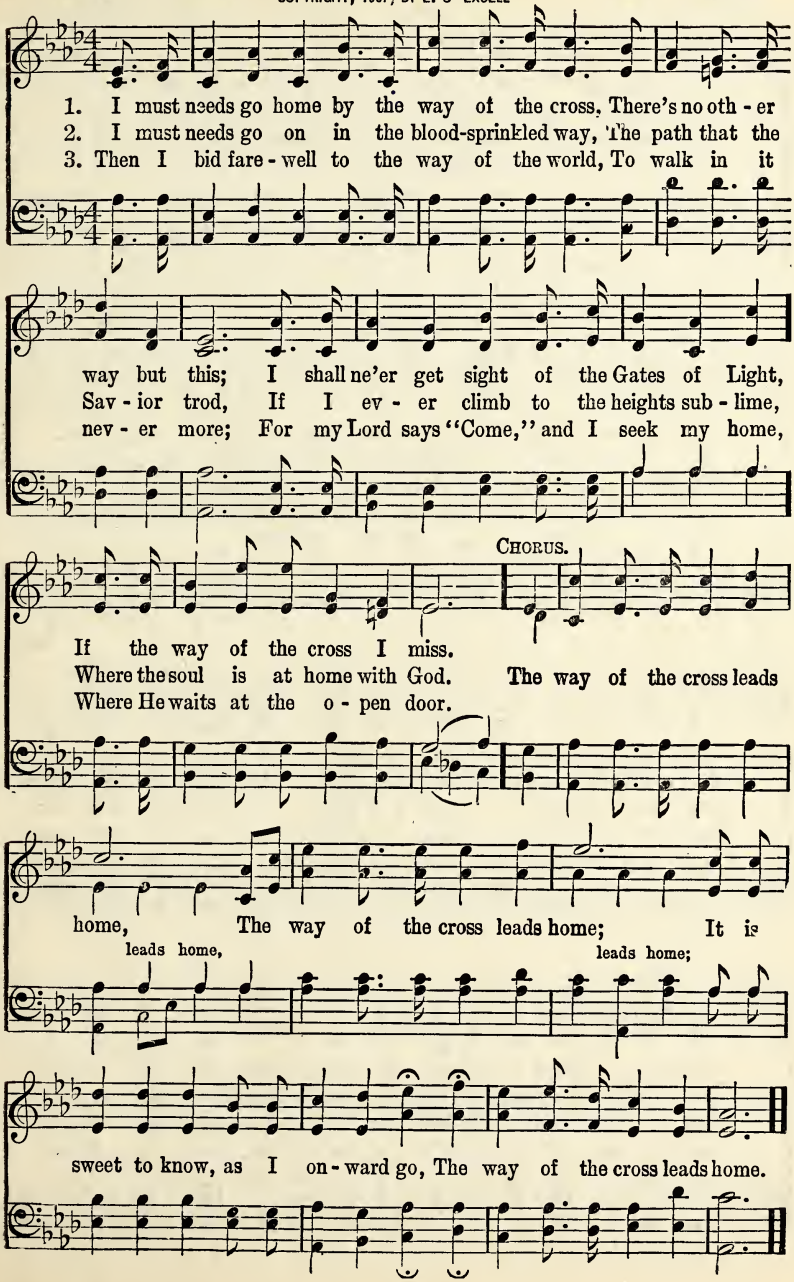


wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be any stars in my crown?
an-y stars in my crown?



No. 57. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O EXCELL Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 58. Jesus is All the World to Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WILL L. THOMPSON, EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;

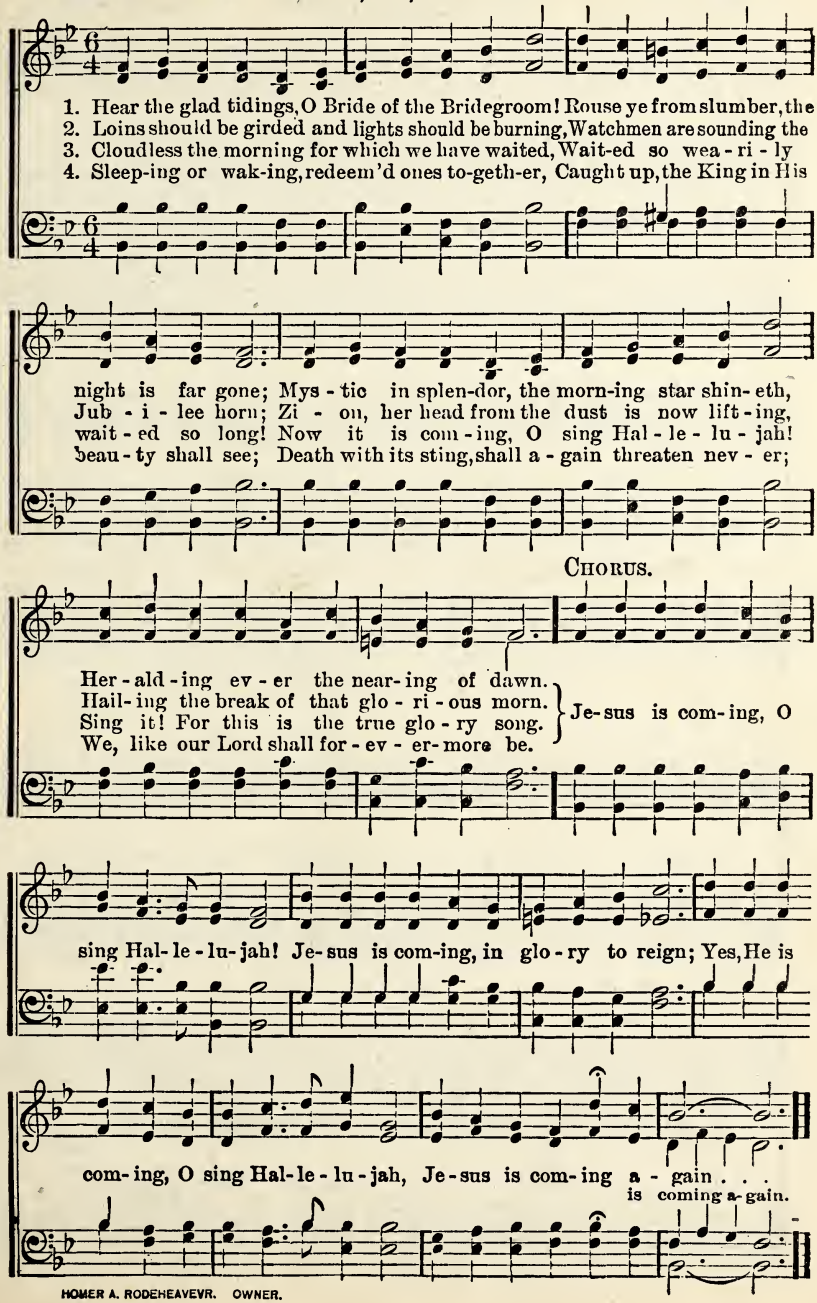
He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this Friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.

When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so; When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my Friend.
He sends the sun - shine and the rain, He sends the har - vest's gold - en grain; Sun-shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my Friend.
Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, He watch - es o'er me day and night; Fol-low-ing Him, by day and night, He's my Friend.
Beau - ti - ful life with such a Friend; Beau - ti - ful life that has no end; E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my Friend.

f *pp*

No. 59. Jesus is Coming.

Rev. Ford C. Ottman. Copyright, 1913, by B. D. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.



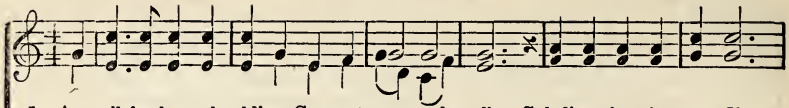
HOMER A. RODEHEAVEVR. OWNER.

No. 60. As a Volunteer.

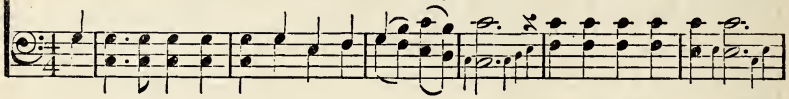
W. S. Brown.

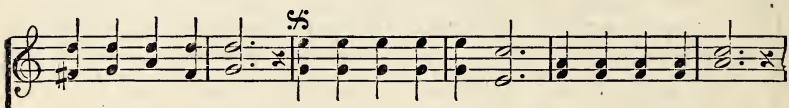
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

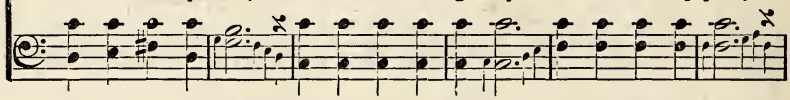


1. A call for loy-al soldiers Comes to one and all; Sol-diers for the con-flict,
2. Yes, Jesus calls for soldiers Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve Him
3. He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won, When the true and faith-ful



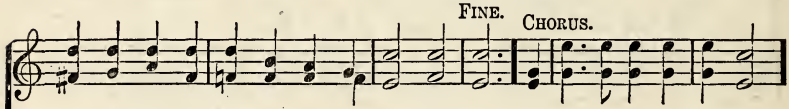


Will you heed the call? Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read-y cheer,
Ev-'ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near;
Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in ac-cents clear,
Gath-er one by one, He will crown with glo-ry All who there ap-pear;

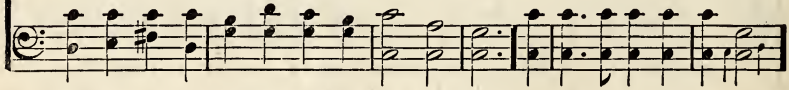


D. S.—*Je-sus is the Cap-tain, We will nev-er fear;*

FINE. CHORUS.

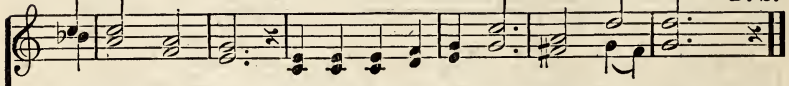


Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A vol-un-teer for Je-sus,



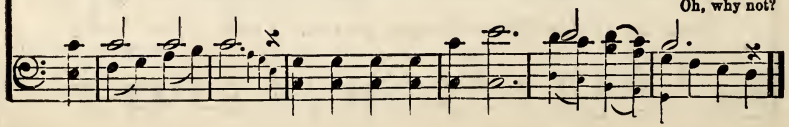
Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer?

D. S.



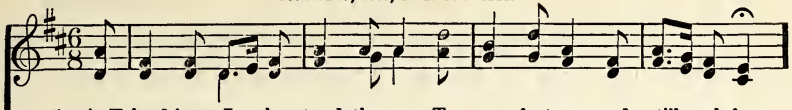
A sol-dier true! Oth-ers have en-list-ed, Why **not you?**

Oh, why not?

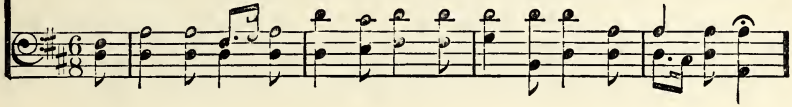


No. 61. Whom, Having Not Seen, I Love.

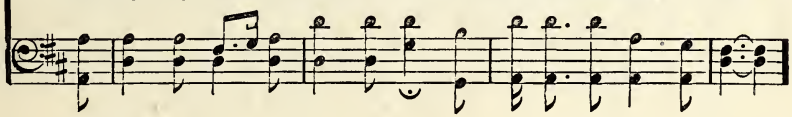
Maud Frazer. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.



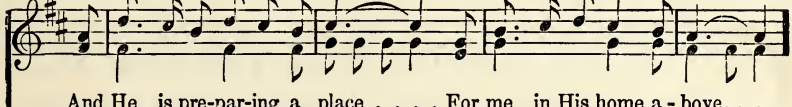
1. A Friend have I who standeth near, To com-fort me and still each fear;
2. In vain may fan - cy strive to trace My Sav-ior's beauty and His grace;
3. The pre-cious hope I have each day Il - lu-mines all my earth-ly way,
4. With that fair man-sion e'er in view, My pil-grim jour-ney I pur-sue,



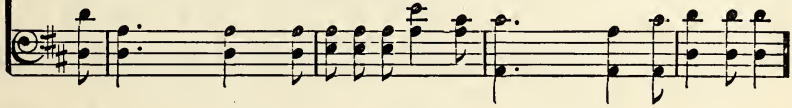
It is my Lord and Sav - ior dear, Whom, hav-ing not seen, I love.
More fair than I can dream, His face, Whom, hav-ing not seen, I love.
That He will take me home to stay, Whom, hav-ing not seen, I love.
And try my Sav - ior's will to do, Whom, hav-ing not seen, I love.

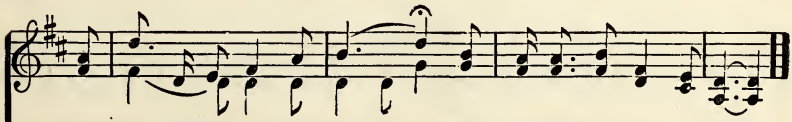


CHORUS.

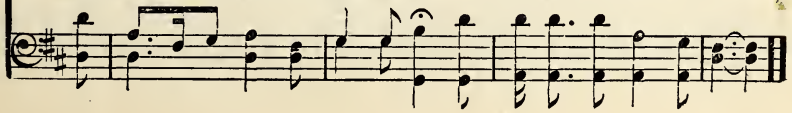


And He is pre-par-ing a place . . . . For me in His home a - bove, . . .
And He is pre - par-ing a place For me in His home a-bove,





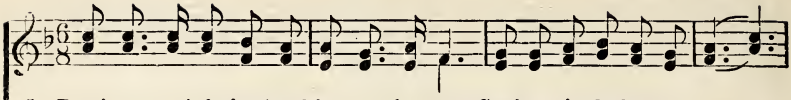
Where I shall be-hold His face, ... Whom, having not seen, I love.
Where I . . . . . shall be - hold His face,



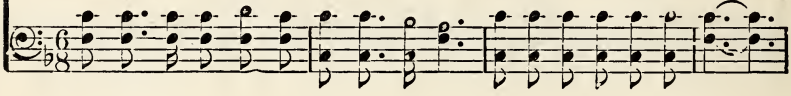
No. 62. Reach Out a Helping Hand.

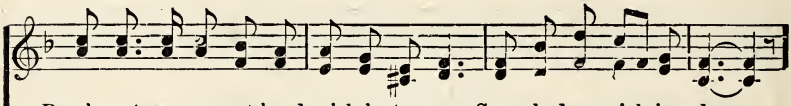
COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY R. KELSO CARTER.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.

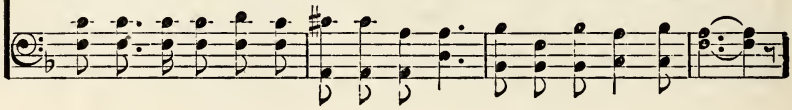


1. Reach out a help-ing hand in - to the wave, See how the dark waters frown;
2. Reach out a help-ing hand to those you meet, Tramping about in the town;
3. Reach out a help-ing hand with Heaven's light, Point out the way to the crown;
4. Reach out a help-ing hand, stop not to think, Quick, or an-oth-er will drown!

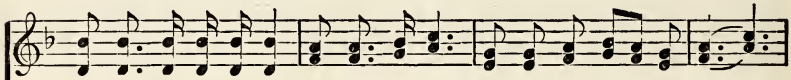




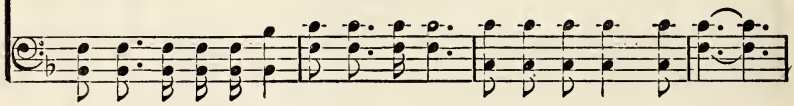
Reach out an ear-nest hand quick-ly to save, Some-bod-y's sink-ing down.
Wan-d'ring and lost in the pit - i-less street, Some-bod-y's sink-ing down.
Where 'neath the cross in the strain of the fight, Some-bod-y's sink-ing down.
While you are wait-ing right o - ver the brink, Some-bod-y's sink-ing down.

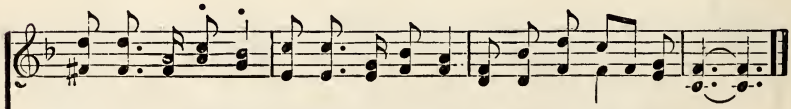


CHORUS.

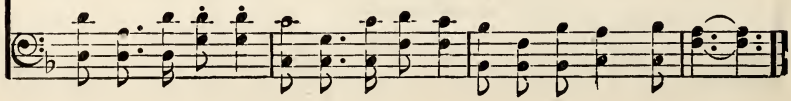


Reach out a help-ing hand in - to the wave! Some-bod-y's sink - ing down;





Reach out a quick hand, reach out a kind hand, Somebody's sink - ing down.



No. 63. Work in the Valley.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. ELMER BAILEY. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. With Christ on the moun-tain of bless-ing a - lone, En - rap-tured our
2. To ran - som lost sin - ners He died on the tree, Then back to the
3. Shrink not from the task, tho' your du - ty may lay Where shades in the
4. With love for the Sav - ior, your heart all a - glow, Come down from the

spir - its would stay, But du - ty points down to the val - ley be - low, And
glo - ry - land sped; The work He's com-mit-ted to you and to me, Am-
val - ley are deep; The Mas-ter has gone ev - 'ry step of the way, And
moun-tain of prayer, In high-ways and hedges to fear-less - ly go And

CHORUS.

we must be swift to o - bey.
bas-sa-dors here in His stead. Go down in the val-ley with Je - sus,
He close be-side you will keep.
seek for the wan-der-ing there.

the val - ley with Je - sus,

Go down in the val - ley with Je - - sus, The lost ones to

the val - ley with Him,

p rit.

find, the mained and the blind, Go down in the val - ley with Je - sus.

No. 64. He is the King of Love.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. B. D. Ackley.

1. For serv - ice I am set a-part, Changed by His love, my wayward heart,
2. I do not fear the dawn of day Shall fill my soul with deep dis-may;
3. His matchless splendor shall un-fold The pearl-y gates, the streets of gold,

No oth - er friend can life im-part, For He is the King of Love.
"Fear not, my child" I hear Him say, For He is the King of Love.
The glo - ry of that world untold, For He is the King of Love.

In ten-drest tones He speaks to me, "I have revealed my-self to thee,
I do not ask to rule and reign, To cher-ish pride or seek to gain;
When I shall see His lov - ing face, The au - thor of re-deem-ing grace,

Go tell the world to come and see," For He is the King of Love.
The friend-ship of the world is vain, For He is the King of Love.
How sweet will be the King's embrace, For He is the King of Love.

CHORUS.

He is the King, He is the King,
He is the King of Love. He is the King of Love,
He is the King, is the King of Love, He is the King of

He is the King of Love.

1

Glo-ry and hon-or be to Him on earth and in heav'n a - bove,
Love, on earth and in heav'n a-bove,

2

Glo - ry and hon - or be to Him For He is the King of Love.
Love,

No. 65. I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. USED BY PERMISSION. S. C. Foster.

1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm; Gone are my sins and
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er-more, and by His grace I know The
doubts and fears within; Once was a - fraid to trust a lov - ing God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

D. S.—*Because He first loved me, And*

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow.
now my guilt is washed a-way in Je - sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world the peace that He a-lone can give.

purchased my sal-va - tion On Calv'ry's tree.

No. 66. His Plan.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. ELMER BAILEY. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

Sopranos & Tenors.

Altos & Basses.

1. There's on - ly one way that this lost world can know That Je - sus for sin - ners hath died: . . To spread the glad tidings He's bid-den us go,
2. If Christ's first dis - cip - les had si - lent - ly gone, And been to their great trust un - true; . . God's plan of sal-va-tion we could not have known—
3. Tell oth - ers what Je - sus has done for your soul, Of sins thro' His blood washed a-way; . . And bid them on Him ev - 'ry bur-den to roll,
4. Dear Mas - ter, we has - ten the sto - ry to tell, And pass on the life - giv - ing word; . . Then they must tell oth-ers, and they, oth-ers still,

CHORUS.

And no oth-er way doth pro - vide. .
His mer - cy for me and for you. .
And taste His sal - va - tion to - day. .
Till all the glad mes-sage have heard. .

He's counting on us the sto - ry to tell, His scheme of re-demp-tion for man; . . He's count-ing on you, He's counting on me, The Mas-ter has no oth-er plan.

for man;

No. 67. We Have an Anchor.

COPYRIGHT, 1882 AND 1910, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Priscilla J. Owens. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Will your an - chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un-
2. It is safe - ly moored, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well se-
3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of fear, When the break-ers
4. It will sure - ly hold in the floods of death, When the wa - ters
5. When our eyes be - hold thro' the gath - 'ring night The cit - y of

fold their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca - bles strain,
cured by the Sav-ior's hand; And the ca-bles, passed from His heart to mine,
have told the reef is near, Tho' the tempest rave and the wild winds blow,
cold chill our la - test breath, On the ris - ing tide it can nev - er fail,
gold, our har - bor bright, We shall an - chor fast by the heav'nly shore,

REFRAIN.

Will your an - chor drift, or firm re - main?
Can de - fy the blast, thro' strength di-vine.
Not an an - gry wave shall our bark o'erflow. We have an an - chor that
While our hopes a - bide with - in the veil.
With the storms all past for - ev - er - more.

keeps the soul Steadfast and sure while the bil - lows roll, Fastened to the

Rock which can-not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Sav - ior's love.

No. 68. Steady and True.

Katharine A. Grimes. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.

1. Stead-y and true in the up-ward way, Nev-er to fal-ter, or
2. Stead-y and true thro' the sun-ny days, Help-ing my broth-er to
3. Stead-y and true when the dark-ness falls, Fol-low-ing Christ as my

faint, or fear; So would I trav-el from day to day, Know-ing my
rise and smile; Scat-ter-ing joy in some lone-ly way, Cheer-ing some
bea-con light, Keep-ing the path where His dear voice calls, Wheth-er 'tis

rit.

CHORUS.

Lord is near. (my Lord is near.)
heart the while. (some heart the while.) Stead-y and true as the
noon or night. ('tis noon or night.)

stars that shine, So would I keep this heart of mine, Fit for a

gift to my Lord di-vine; Stead-y, stead-y and true.....
Stead-y, stead-y, stead-y and true.

No. 69. I Shall Dwell Forever There.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO.
HOMER RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. When the night is o'er and the shad-ows past, And e - ter - nal dawn dis-
2. Tho' my sky be filled with the clouds of time, And my soul is burdened
3. How my heart will sing when I see the King, For there is no sovereign

pels the gloom of earth - ly care, In the home of God I shall
with fore-bod-ings of de - spair, Yet, my heart is cheered, for the
that with Je - sus can com - pare; So the sac - ri - fice of a

rest at last, In the land of E - den I shall dwell for - ev - er there.
hope is mine, If I trust in Je - sus I shall dwell for - ev - er there.
life I'll bring, And with Him in glo - ry I shall dwell for - ev - er there.

CHORUS.

I shall walk the streets of the Cit - y of God With its Tree of Life so bright, so fair;

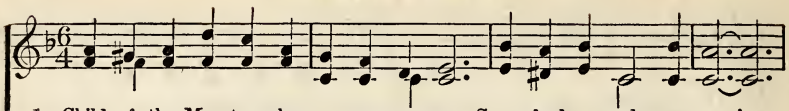
There will be no night—Je - sus is the Light,—I shall dwell for-ev - er there.

No. 70. Somebody Needs You.

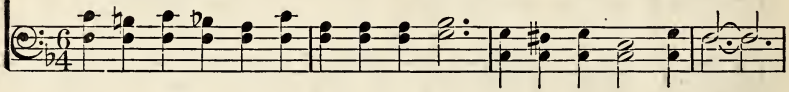
E. E. Hewitt.

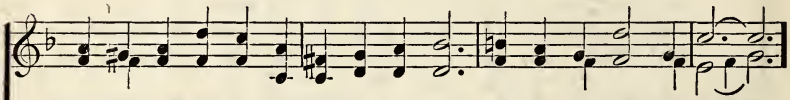
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

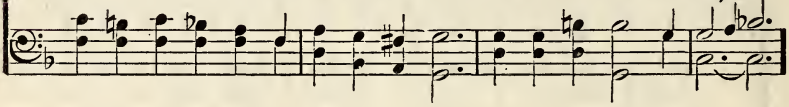


1. Child of the Mas-ter, wher-ev - er you are, Some-bod-y needs your care!
2. Shine for the Mas-ter with deeds of good cheer, Some-one is in the night;
3. Sing of your Sav-ior with heart all a-glow, Some-bod-y needs your song;
4. Then, when you enter the Cit - y of gold, Some-one will meet you there;

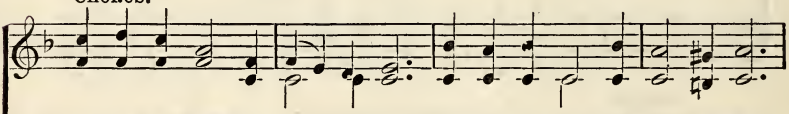




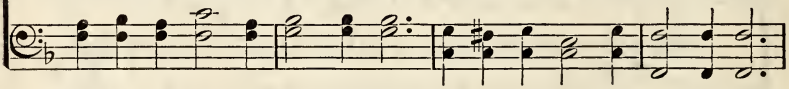
Some-one at home or a wand'rer a - far— Some-bod-y needs your prayer.
Send out the beams that will shine bright and clear, Some-bod-y needs your light.
Bless - ing will fol - low the heart's o-ver-flow, Brighten the way a - long.
Some-one to whom the glad sto - ry you told, Some-one your joy will share.

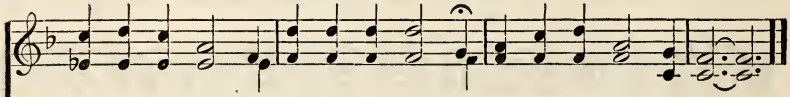


CHORUS.

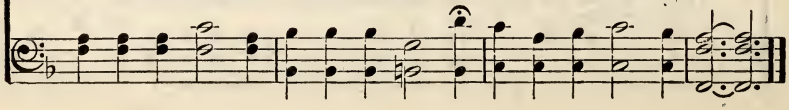


Some-bod - y needs you, needs your love, Seeking a bless - ing from a-bove;





Some-bod - y needs you, some-bod-y needs you, Some-bod-y needs your love.



No. 71. Is It the Growning Day?

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY PRAISE PUBLISHING CO., PHILA., PA.
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George Walker Whitcomb. Charles H. Marsh.

1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I would
2. I may go home to - day, Glad day! Glad day! Seem-eth I
3. Why should I anx - ious be? Glad day! Glad day! Lights ap-pear
4. Faith-ful I'll be to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I will

see my Friend; Dan - gers and troub - les would end If
hear their song; Hail to the ra - di - ant throng! If
on the shore, Storms will af - fright nev - er - more, For
free - ly tell Why I should love Him so well, For

CHORUS.

Je-sus should come to-day.
I should go home to - day.
He is "at hand" to - day.
He is my all to - day.

Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown-ing

day? I'll live for to - day, nor anx - ious be, Je-sus, my Lord, I

rit.

soon shall see; Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown-ing day?

No. 72. I Will Not Forget Thee.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1889. BY E. O. EXCELL
WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Sweet is the promise—"I will not forget thee," Nothing can mo-lest or
2. Trust-ing the promise—"I will not forget thee," Onward will I go with
3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am standing, All my trib-u-la-tions,

turn my soul a-way; E'en tho' the night be dark with-in the val-ley,
songs of joy and love; Tho' earth de-spise me, tho' my friends forsake me,
all my sorrows past, How sweet to hear the bless-ed proc-la-ma-tion,

CHORUS.

Just be-yond is shining one e-ter-nal day.
I shall be remembered in my home above. I . . . . . will not forget thee or
"Enter, faithful servant, welcome home at last!" I will not forget thee, I will nev-er

leave thee; In my hands I'll hold thee. in my arms I'll fold thee; I. . . . . will
leave thee; I will not for-get

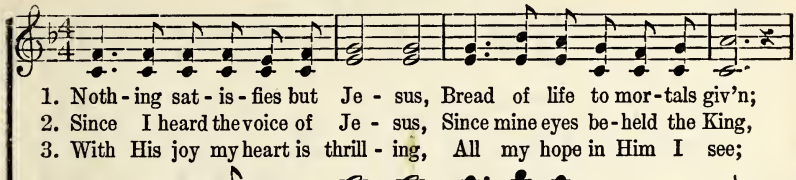
not for-get thee or leave thee; I am thy Re-deem-er, I will care for thee.
thee, for-get

No. 73. Nothing Satisfies but Jesus.

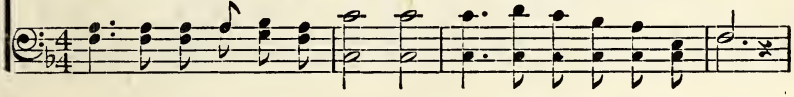
C. H. M.

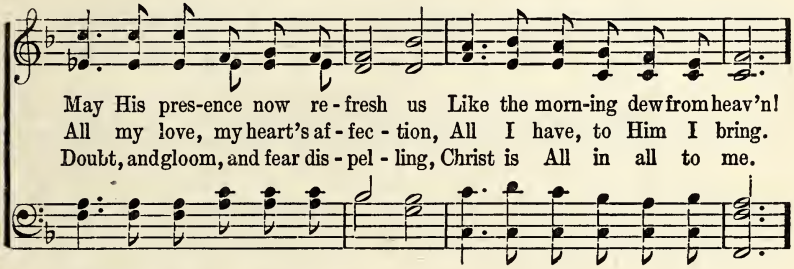
WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.



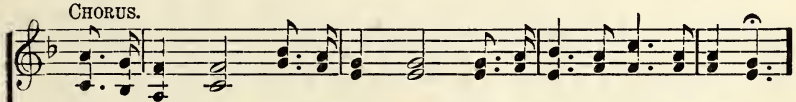
1. Noth - ing sat - is - fies but Je - sus, Bread of life to mor - tals giv'n;
2. Since I heard the voice of Je - sus, Since mine eyes be - held the King,
3. With His joy my heart is thrill - ing, All my hope in Him I see;





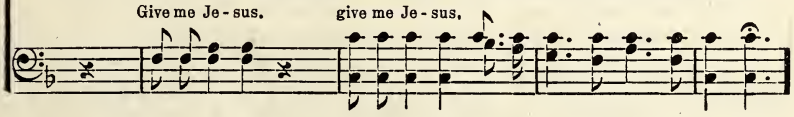
May His pres-ence now re - fresh us Like the morn-ing dew from heav'n!
All my love, my heart's af - fec - tion, All I have, to Him I bring.
Doubt, and gloom, and fear dis - pel - ling, Christ is All in all to me.

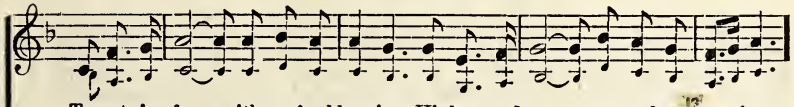
CHORUS.



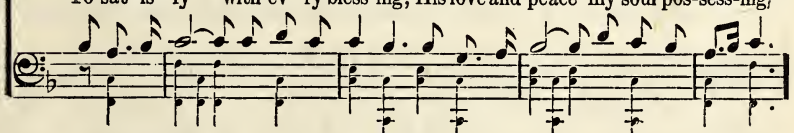
Give me Je - sus, give me Je - sus, Take the world, but give me Je - sus,

Give me Je - sus. give me Je - sus.

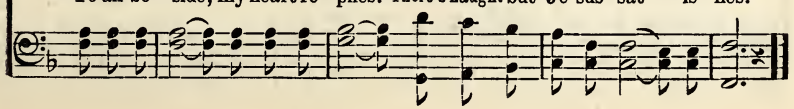




To sat - is - fy with ev-'ry bless-ing, His love and peace my soul pos-sess-ing;



To all be - side, my heart re - plies: There's naught but Je-sus sat - is - fies!



No. 74. The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E O EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Flora H. Cassel.

1. I am a stran-ger here, with-in a for-eign land; My home is far a-way, up-on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor to be of realms be-yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.

2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev-'ry-where, Re-pent and turn a-way from sin's se-duc-tive snare; That all who will o-bey, with Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the

3. My home is bright-er far than Shar-on's ro-sy plain, E-ter-nal life and joy thro'-out its vast do-main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how mor-tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.

CHORUS.

mes-sage that I bring, A message angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye reconciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God."

No. 75. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF W. H. DOANE.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. H. Doane.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care,
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;

CHO.—*Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,*

FINE.

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can-not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

D. C. for Chorus.

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears!
Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold-en shore.

No. 76. My Father Watches Over Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Rev. W. C. Martin. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I trust in God wher-ev-er I may be,.....Up-on the land or
2. He makes the rose an ob-ject of His care,.....He guides the ea-gle
3. I trust in God, for, in the li-on's den,..... On bat-tle-field, or
4. The val-ley may be dark, the shadows deep, ... But O, the Shep-herd

on the roll-ing sea, For, come what may, From day to day, My heav'nly
thro' the pathless air, And surely He....Remembers me,—My heav'nly
in the pris-on pen, Thro' praise or blame, Thro' flood or flame, My heav'nly
guards His lonely sheep; And thro' the gloom He'll lead me home, My heav'nly

rit.

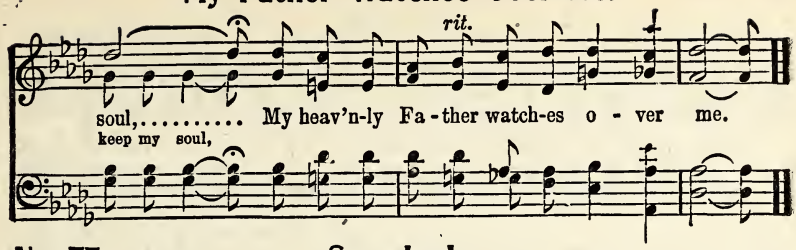
CHORUS.

Fa-ther watches o-ver me. I trust in God,—I know He cares for

me,..... On mountain bleak or on the storm-y
He cares for me, On mount-ain bleak or on the

sea;..... Tho' bil-lows roll,..... He keeps my
sea, the storm-y sea; tho' bil-lows roll. He

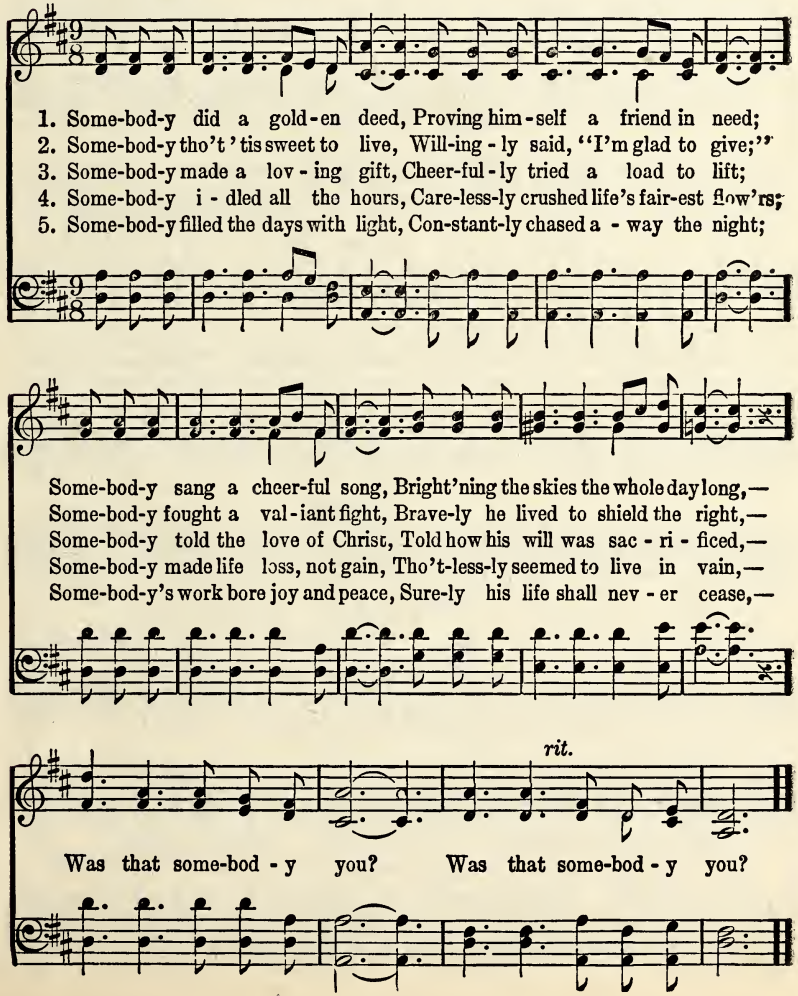
My Father Watches Over Me.



No. 77. Somebody.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. S. WEEDEN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

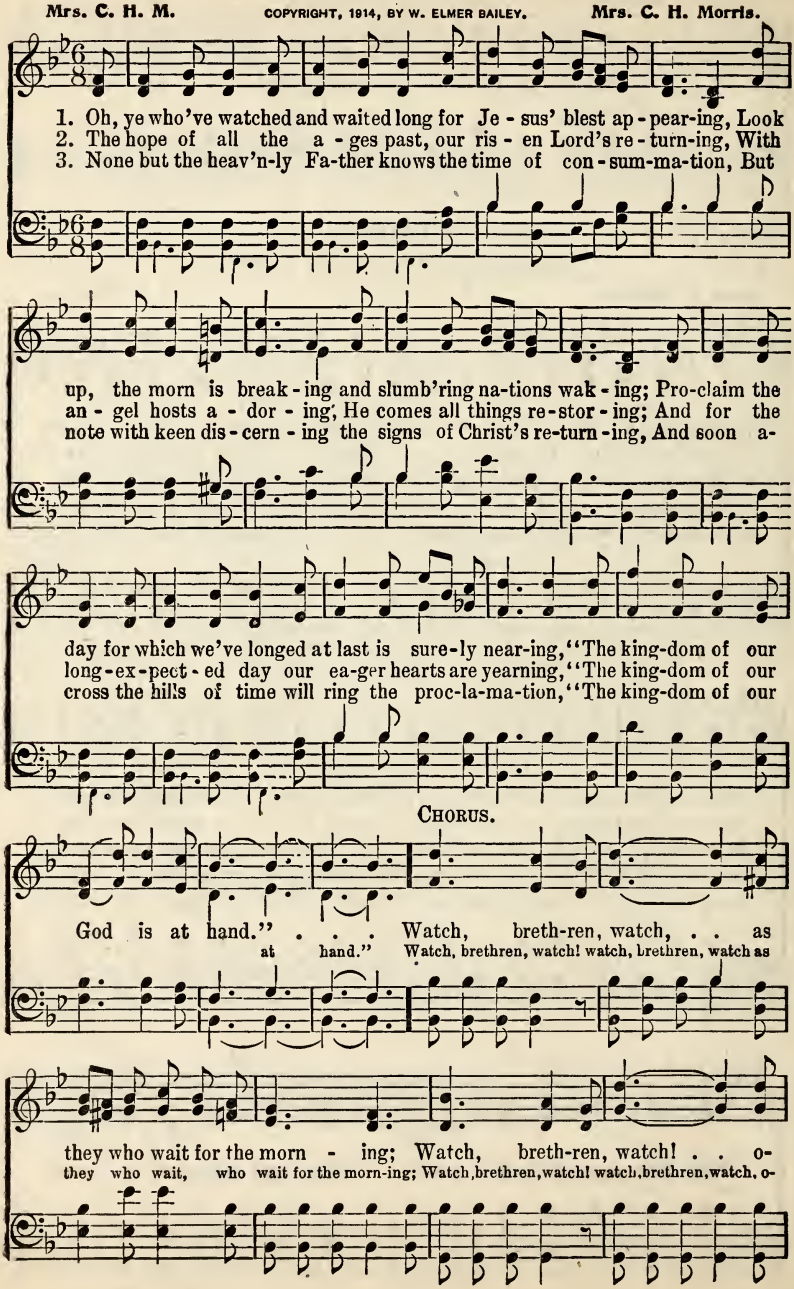
John R. Clements. W. S. Weeden.



No. 78. Watch, Brethren, Watch!

MATT. 24: 42.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. ELMER BAILEY. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



Watch, Brethren, Watch!

bey-ing the Master's com-mand; Night has been long, but light is the
bey - - ing the Master's command; The night has been long, has been long, but light

hill-tops a - dorn - ing, Day soon will dawn, "The kingdom of God is at hand."
is the hill-tops a - dorn-ing,

No. 79. Close to Thee.

BY PERMISSION.

Fanny J. Crosby. Silas J. Vail.

1. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me;
2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;

𝄋 FINE.

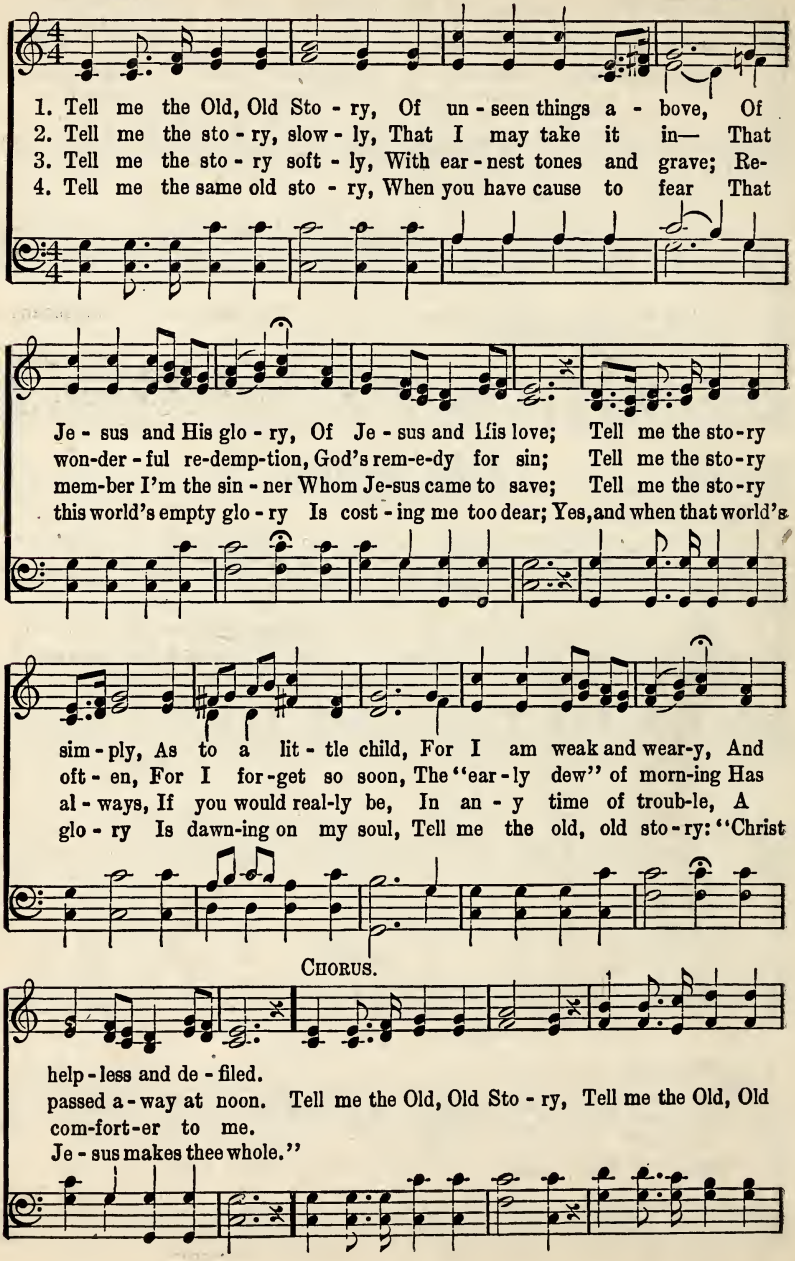
D. S.—All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
D. S.—Glad-ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
D. S.—Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May ī en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

REFRAIN. D. S.

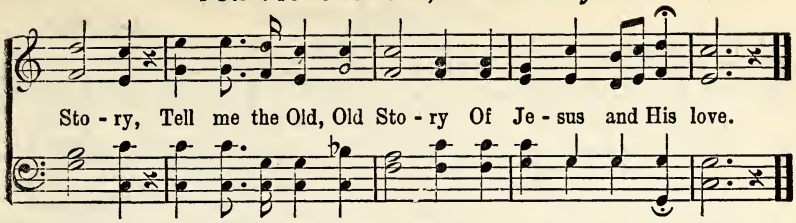
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;

No. 80 Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Kate Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION. W. H. Doane.

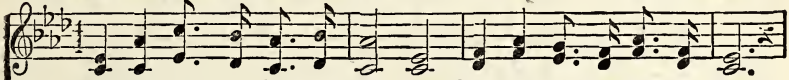


Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

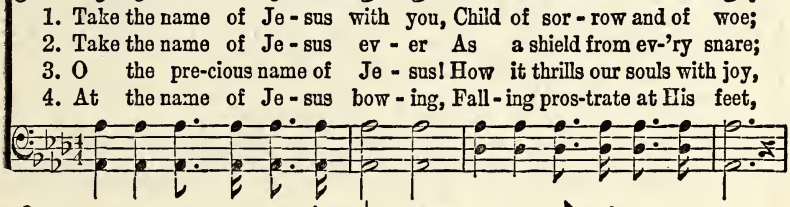


No. 81 Take the Name of Jesus With You.

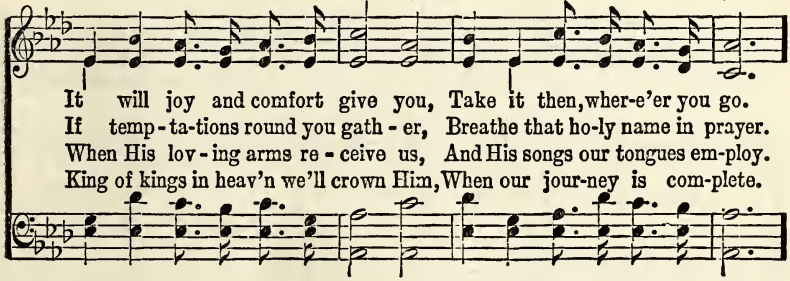
Mrs. Lydia Baxter. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL. W. H. Doane.



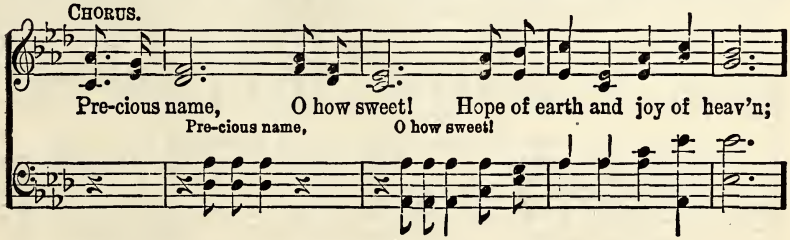
1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. O the pre-cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros-trate at His feet,

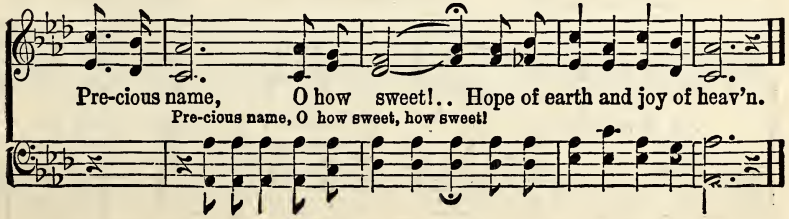


It will joy and comfort give you, Take it then, wher-e'er you go.
If temp - ta-tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho-ly name in prayer.
When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues em-ploy.
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.



CHORUS.





No. 82. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

B M. J.

J. M. BLACK. OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. USED BY PER.

J. M. Black.

1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
When the saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore,

2. On that bright and cloud - less morn - ing when the dead in Christ shall rise,
When His chos - en ones shall gath - er to their home be - yond the skies,

3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun,
Then when all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done,

1 2

And the morn - ing breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair;
And the (*Omit.*) . . . . . roll is called up
And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share;
And the (*Omit.*) . . . . . roll is called up
Let us talk of all His won - drous love and care;
And the (*Omit.*) . . . . . roll is called up

D. S.—*roll is called up*

FINE. CHORUS.

yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll . . . . . is called up
When the roll is called up

yon - der, I'll be there.

yon - - - - - - - der, When the roll . . . . is called up yon - - - - -
yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be

D. S.

der, When the roll . . . . . is called up yon - der, When the
there, When the roll is called up yon - der, When the

No. 83. In the Cleft of the Rock.

Lizzie DeArmond.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.

1. High as the mountain tho' the bil - lows roll, In Je - sus' keep-ing
2. O soul, be faith - ful; to the end en - dure, Trust-ing His prom - is-
3. When thro' the Jor-dan I must take my way, His staff will com - fort

I will trust my soul; He can the rag - ing seas and wind con - trol,
es for - ev - er sure; Kept in the fort - ress of His love se - cure,
me and be my stay; O - ver the riv - er there is end - less day,

REFRAIN.

In the cleft of the Rock He will hide me. Hide . . . me, safe-ly

Hide me, safe - ly hide,

hide me, Hide . . me, safe-ly hide me,

hide . . . . me, safe-ly hide, ... Hide . . . . me, safe-ly

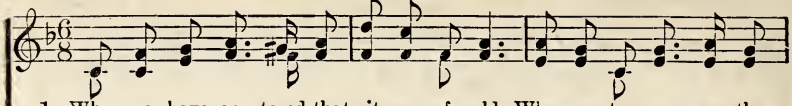
hide me, safe-ly hide, Hide me, safe-ly hide, hide me in the Rock.

Hide . . . me from all dan-ger, In the Rock that was cleft for me.

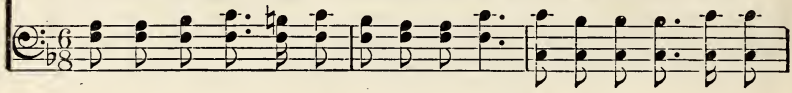
Hide me from all dan-ger, from all dan - ger,

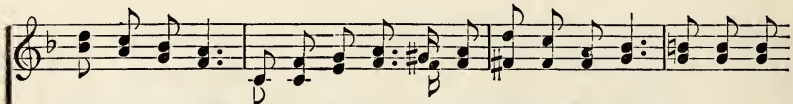
No. 84. We Shall Be Like Him.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. ELMER BAILEY. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

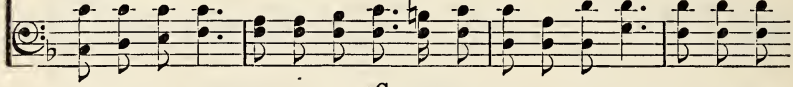


1. When we have en - tered that cit - y of gold; When eye to eye we the
2. We shall be like Him whom an-gels a-dore; Vic - to-ry crowned, we shall
3. Love con - de-scend - ing to mor-tals revealed! Blood all a - vail - ing the

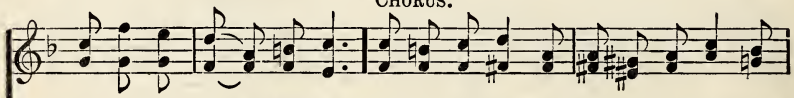




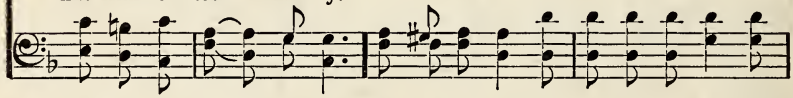
King shall be-hold; When we in glo - ry with Him shall ap - pear, We shall be
sor - row no more; Then ev-'ry foe shall be un - der our feet, And in Christ
promise hath sealed; Cleansed from all sin if by grace here are we, We shall be

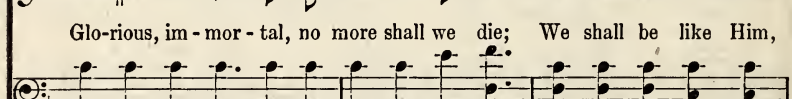


CHORUS.

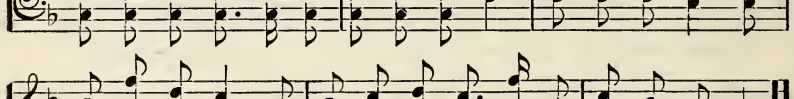


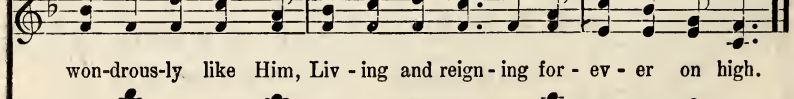
like Him, His im - age shall bear.
Je - sus our tri-umph complete. We shall be like Him, won-drous-ly like Him,
like Him e - ter - nal - ly.



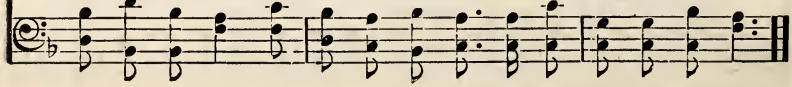


Glo-rious, im - mor - tal, no more shall we die; We shall be like Him,





won-drous-ly like Him, Liv - ing and reign - ing for - ev - er on high.



No. 85. You May Have the Joybells.

J. Edw. Ruark. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. You may have the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je-sus in its ful-ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri-als as you jour-ney home, Grace suf-fi-cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je-sus ev-'ry day, Own His right to

from you nev-er will de-part; Walk the straight and narrow way, Live for
those a-round you sweet-ly show; Words of kindness al-ways say, Deeds of
He will give to o-ver-come; Tho' un-seen by mor-tal eye, He is
ev-'ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin-ners you can help to win If your

Je-sus ev-'ry day, He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
mer-cy do each day, Then He'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
with you ev-er nigh, And He'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
life is pure and clean, And you keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.

FINE.

D. S.—*He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your haert*

CHORUS.

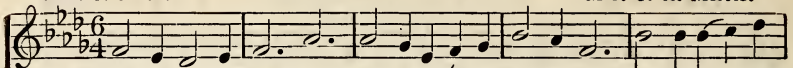
Joy - bells ring-ing in your heart, Joy - bells ring-ing
Ring-ing in your heart, You may have the joy

in your heart; Take the Savior here below, With you ev-'ry-where you go,

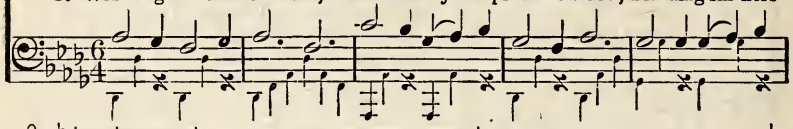
D. S.

No. 86. Winning Souls For Jesus.

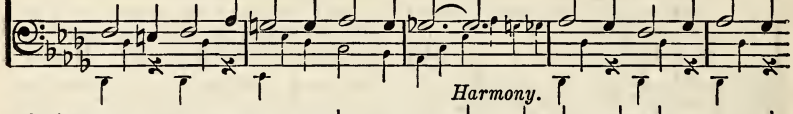
Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. ELMER BAILEY. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1. Win-ning souls for Je - sus, Blessed work replete with bliss! "Saved that we might
2. Win-ning souls for Je - sus, On His bus-'ness here in-tent; In the serv - ice
3. Win-ning souls for Je - sus, Purchased by His precious blood, Bid-ding sin-ners

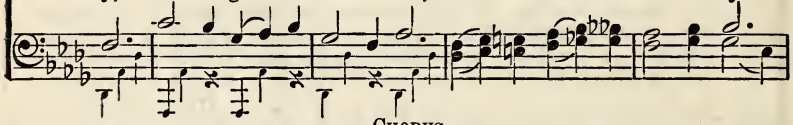


oth-ers save," To-day our watchword is: Chil-dren of the heav'n-ly
of our King Let ev-'ry life be spent. Time and tal-ents, all, we
ev-'ry-where, "Be rec-on-ciled to God." By the pow'r of Cal - va-

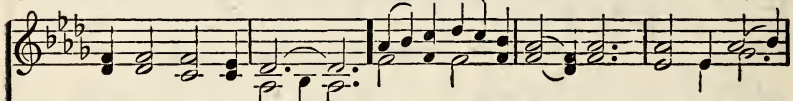


Harmony.

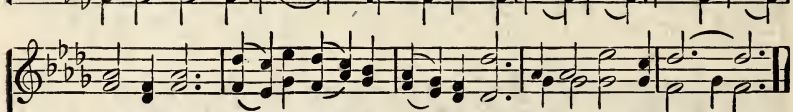
King, To the breeze your banners fling, Press - ing on - ward as we sing,
lay At Thy feet, O Lord, to-day; Use us an - y time or way,
ry, Jew - el gath-er - ers are we, For a blest e - ter - ni - ty



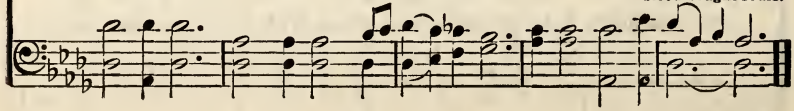
CHORUS.



Win-ning pre-cious souls. . . Win-ning souls for Je - sus, Win-ning souls,
blood-bought souls.



pre-cious souls; Hands and hearts must busy be, Win-ning precious souls. . .
blood-bought souls.



No. 87 Is My Name Written There?

BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. Mary A. Kidder. Frank M. Davis.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Nei-ther sil - ver nor gold; I would
2. Lord, my sins they are man - y, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy
3. Oh! that beau-ti - ful cit - y, With its man-sions of light, With its

make sure of Heav-en, I would en - ter the fold. In the book of Thy
blood, oh, my Sav - ior! Is suf - fi - cient for me; For Thy promise is
glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e - vil thing

kingdom, With its pa-ges so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Is my
writ - ten, In bright let-ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, I will
com - eth, To de-spoil what is fair; Where the an-gels are watching, Yes, my

D. S.—*In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my*

FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.

name writ - ten there?
make them like snow." Is my name written there, On the page white and fair?
name's writ-ten there.

name writ - ten there?

No. 88. Ashamed of Jesus.

Joseph Griggs. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

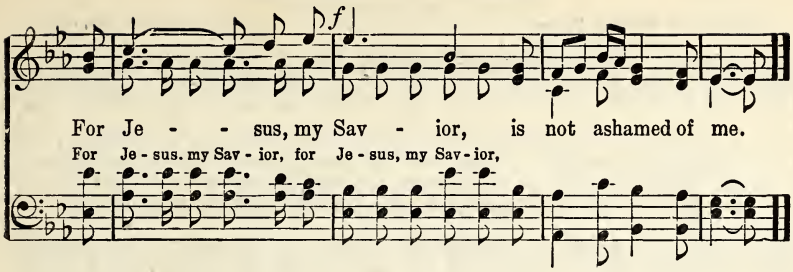
1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be A mor - tal man a - shamed of Thee? A - shamed of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine thro' end - less days?
2. A - shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let ev - 'ning blush to own a star; He sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this be - night - ed soul of mine.
3. A - shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend, On whom my hopes of heav'n de - pend? No! when I blush be this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.
4. A - shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way, No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.

CHORUS.

A-shamed .... of Je - sus, I nev-er, I nev-er will be;
A-shamed of Je-sus, a-shamed of Je - sus, I nev - er, I nev - er, I nev-er will be;

* Tenor and Bass sing the upper *large* notes; the Sop. and Alto the lower. Small notes with the large ones for organist.

Ashamed of Jesus.



No. 89. Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M.

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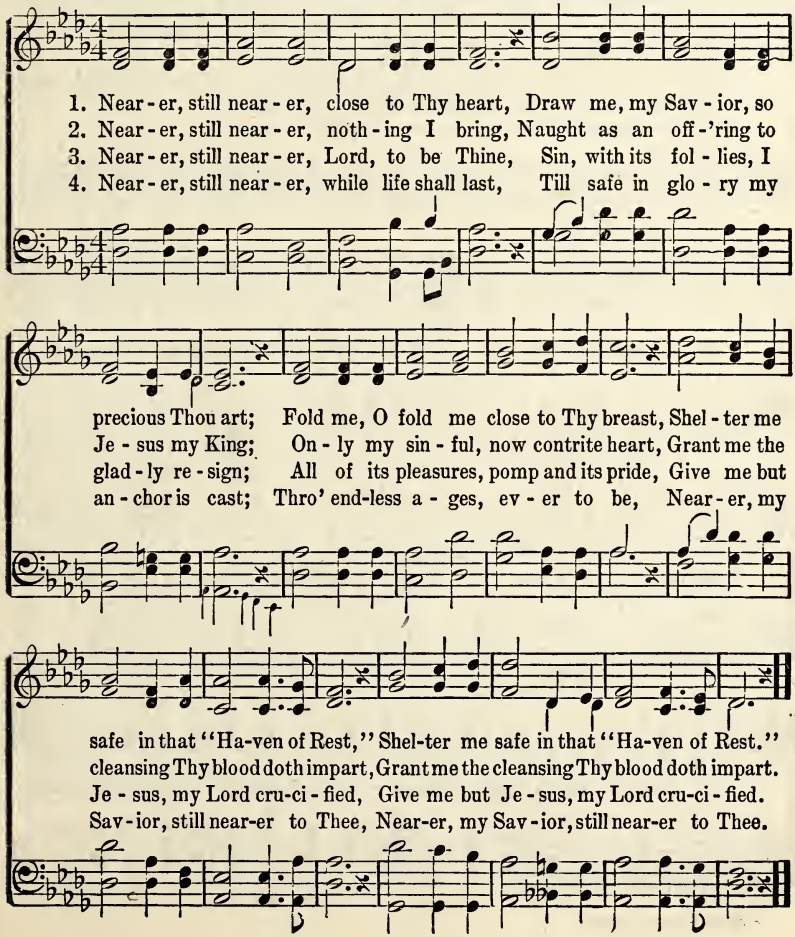
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



No. 90. The Lord's Sabbath.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. ELMER BAILEY.

Rev. Robt. Benson Wilson. Chas. H. Marsh.

1. A - gain we hail the Sabbath day, When cares and la-bor cease, And walk with
2. The day was made for all the race—God planned for needful rest, And with it
3. This day to God we con-se-crete, And thus the week be - gin; The hours to
4. God's cov-e-nant to us makes known—The Sabbath is the sign; He sanc-ti-

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Christ the heav'nly way That leads to God and peace.
gives of His rich grace, When we have made re-quest. Rejoice! the Lord's day
wor - ship, med - i - tate, And feast the life with - in.
fied, and from His throne Declared—The day is Mine.

is at hand, We hail its glad return, The welcome rest, the worship planned, When

hearts with-in us burn. Let men and nations keep the day, Its precepts

* *Harmony.*

all ful - fill: God's hand of bless-ing can-not stay, If we but do His will.

Ped.

* Small notes for organ.

No. 91. The Light of the World.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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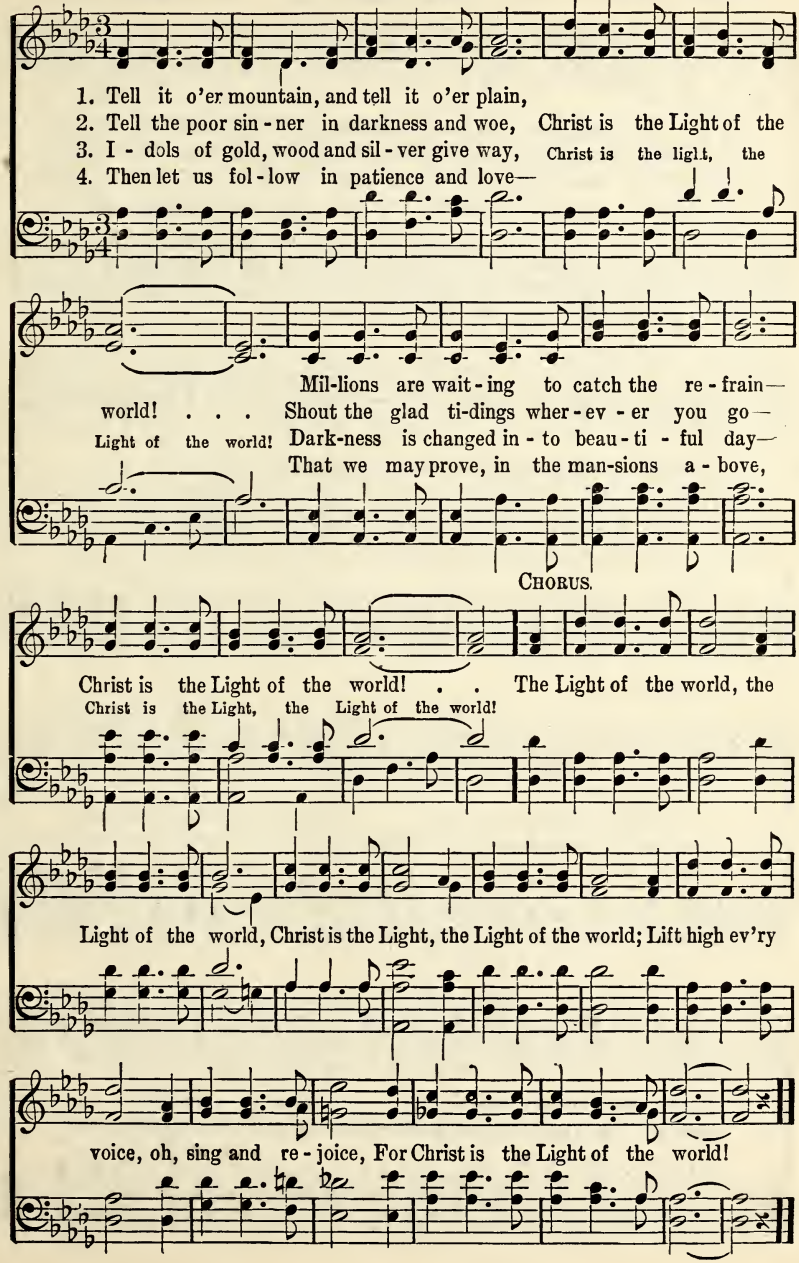
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 92. Grace, Enough for Me.

E. O. E.

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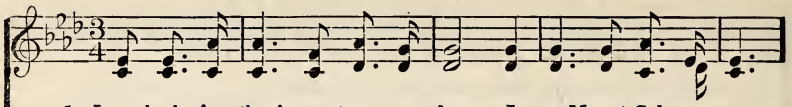
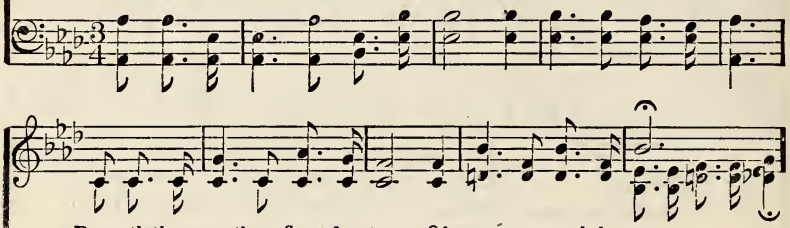
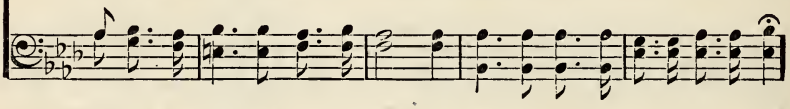
E. O. Excell.



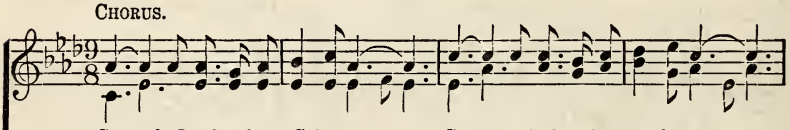
1. In look-ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal-va-ry;
2. While standing there, my trembling heart, Once full of ag-o-ny,
3. When I be-held my ev-'ry sin Nailed to the cru-el tree,
4. When I am safe with-in the veil, My por-tion there will be,



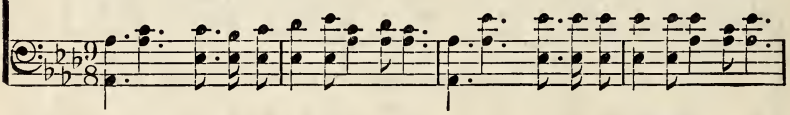
Beneath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, e-nough for me.
Could scarce believe the sight I saw Of grace, e-nough for me. (enough for me.)
I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, e-nough for me.
To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, e-nough for me.



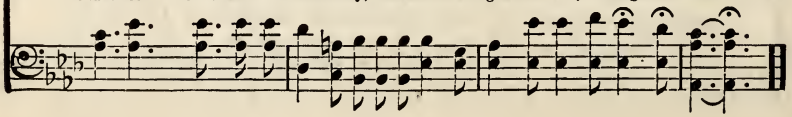
CHORUS.



Grace is flowing from Calvary, . . Grace as fathomless as the sea, . .
Grace is flow-ing from Cal-va-ry for me, Grace as fath-om-less as the roll-ing sea,



Grace for time and e-ter-ni-ty, . . . Grace, . . enough for me.
Grace for time and e-ter-ni-ty, His a-bun-dant grace I see, e-nough for me.



No. 93. Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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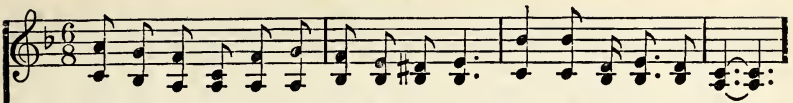
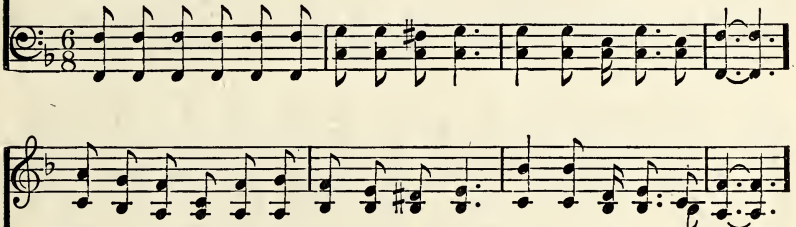
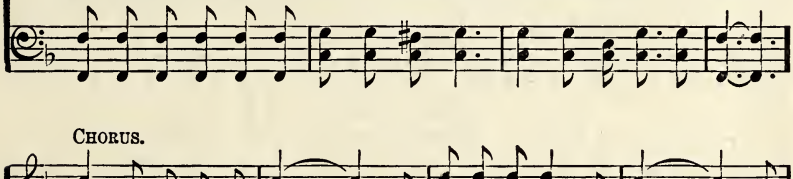


1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov - ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav - y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are dis-cour-aged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!

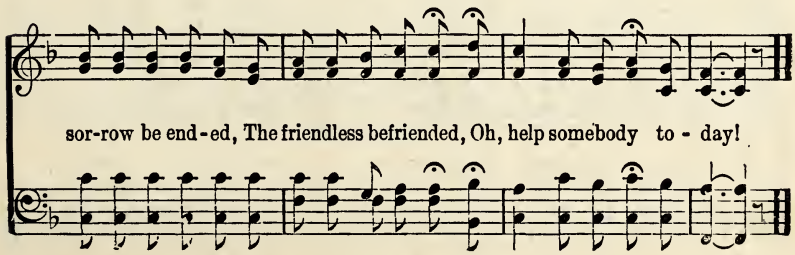


Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Grief is the por-tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Some one the jour-ney to heav-en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!



CHORUS.

Help some-bod-y to - day, . . Some-bod-y a-long life's way; . . Let
to - day, home-ward way;



sor-row be end-ed, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to - day!

No. 94. Someone is Looking to You.

W. M. Lighthall.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Let your light shine where-so-e'er you go, Some-one is look-ing to you! Bright-er each day let it gleam and glow, Some-one is look-ing to you! Look-ing to you, yes, look-ing to you!

2. Some-one is grop-ing his way to God, Some-one is look-ing to you! Fol-low-ing on where your feet have trod, Some-one is look-ing to you! Let your light shine the dark-ness through; O be faith-ful, be loy-al, and true, For some-one is look-ing to you!

3. Some-one your coun-sel will sure-ly take, Some-one is look-ing to you! And by your life his de-ci-sion make, Some-one is look-ing to you!

4. Some-one has al-most ac-cept-ed Him, Some-one is look-ing to you! And may be lost if your light grows dim, Some-one is look-ing to you!

CHORUS.

No. 95. The Touch of His Hand on Mine.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

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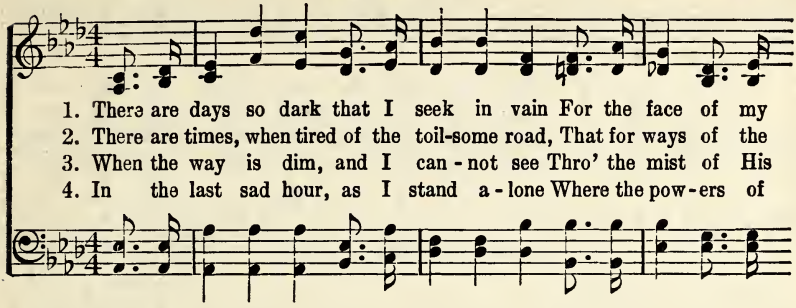
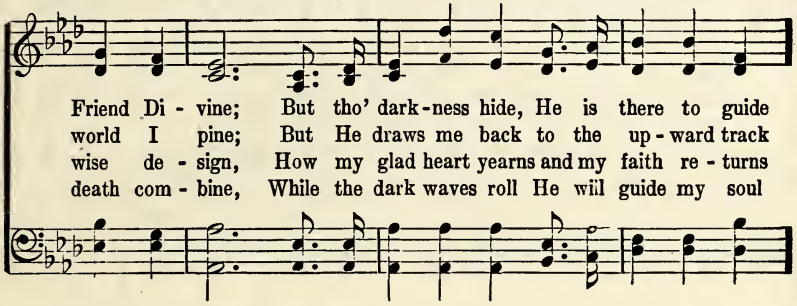
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

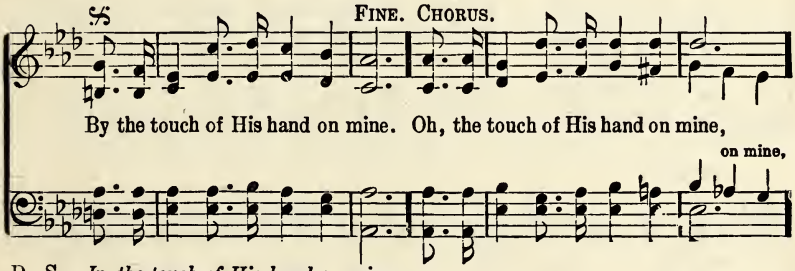
Henry P. Morton.



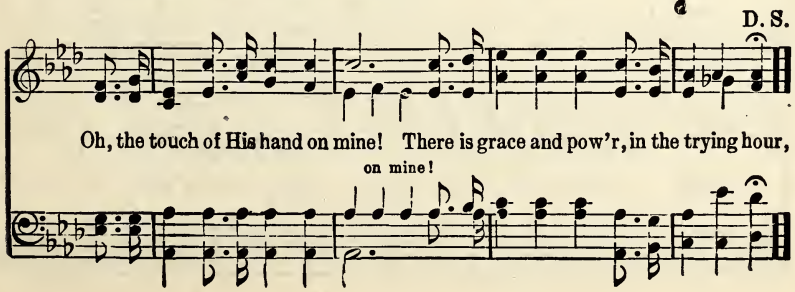
1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my
2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the
3. When the way is dim, and I can-not see Thro' the mist of His
4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a-lone Where the pow-ers of



Friend Di-vine; But tho' dark-ness hide, He is there to guide
world I pine; But He draws me back to the up-ward track
wise de-sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re-turns
death com-bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul



D. S.—*In the touch of His hand on mine.*



No. 96. Jesus Is Here.

Unknown. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. ELMER BAILEY. Eura L. Tussing.

1. Je - sus is here! Oh, blest be His name; Let us re-
2. Je - sus is here! Oh, sing the glad song, He will re-
3. Je - sus is here! The Lord from a - bove, Wait - ing to
4. Je - sus is here! The strong Son of God, Point - ing the

joice He is ev - er the same; Let us now praise Him and
fresh us all the day long; He will now lead us
fill us with glad-ness and love; Thrill - ing our hearts with the
way that His foot-steps have trod, Tell - ing us ev - er to

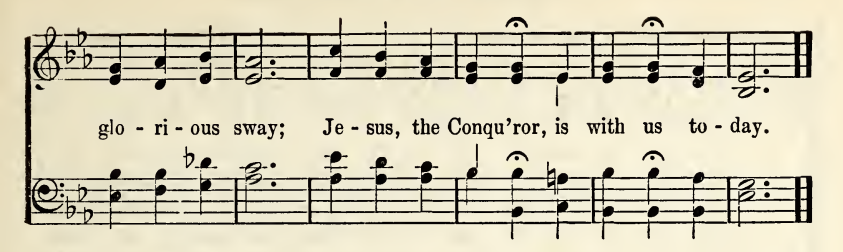
joy - ful - ly say, Je - sus, our Sav - ior, is with us to - day.
in the right way; Je - sus, our Teach-er, is with us to - day.
rap - tur - ous lay; Je - sus, our Help - er, is with us to - day.
watch and to pray; Je - sus, our Lead - er, is with us to - day.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is here! Our heav'n is be - gun; Let us thank

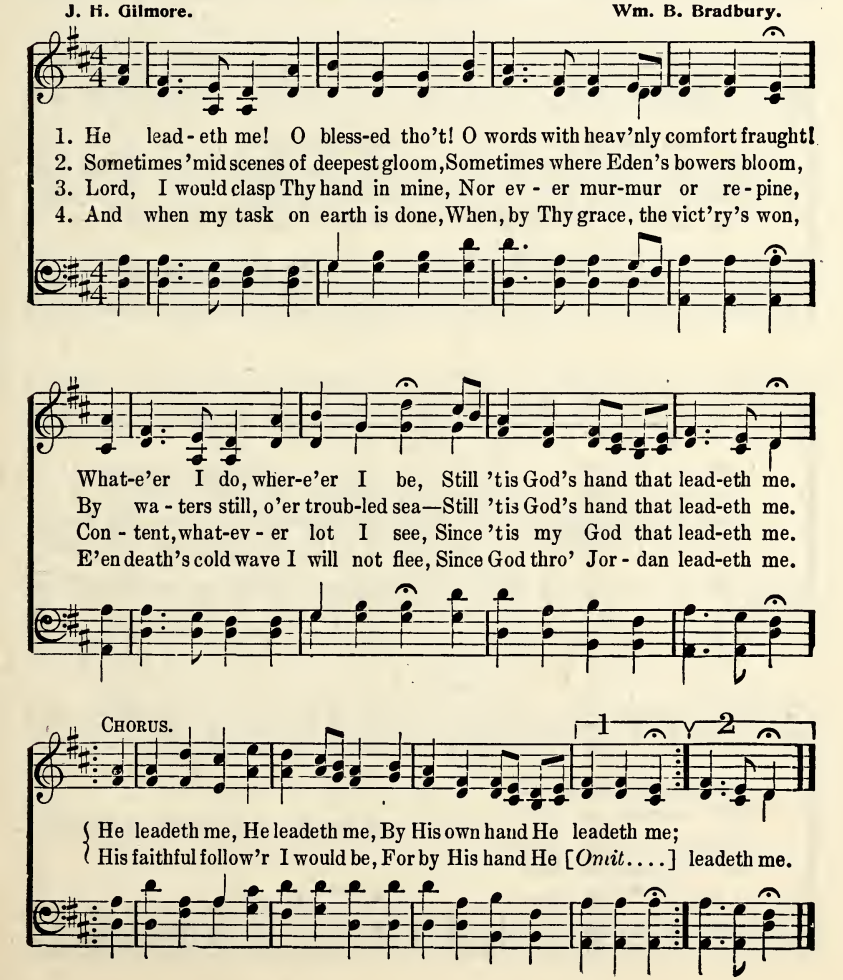
God for the vic - to - ries won; Let us re - joice in His

Jesus Is Here.



No. 97. He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.



No. 98 I Love to Tell the Story.

USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER.

Katharine Hankey. Refrain added. William G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be-cause I know 't is true; It sat - is-fies my long-ings As noth - ing else would do.

2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than all the gold-en fan-cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.

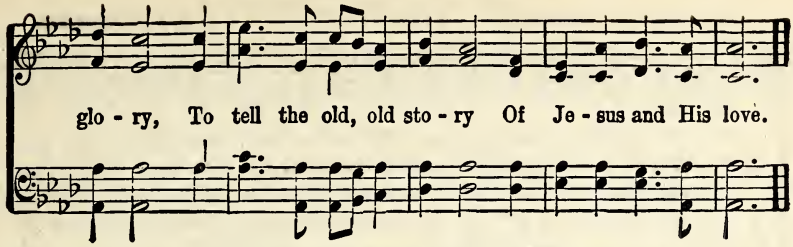
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'T is pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it, More won-der-ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev-er heard The mes-sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.

4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger-ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'T will be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the sto - ry, 'T will be my theme in

I Love to Tell the Story.



No. 99 Just a Word for Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL.
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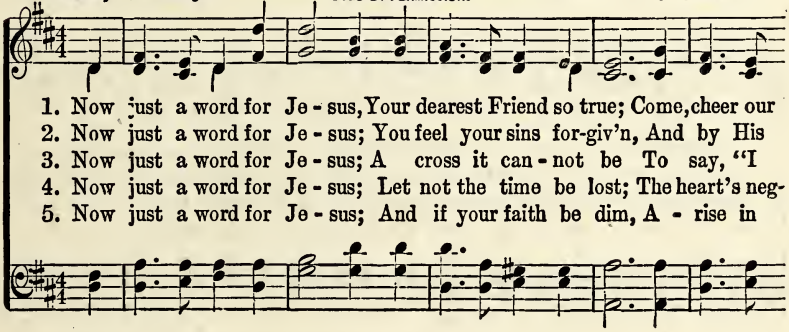
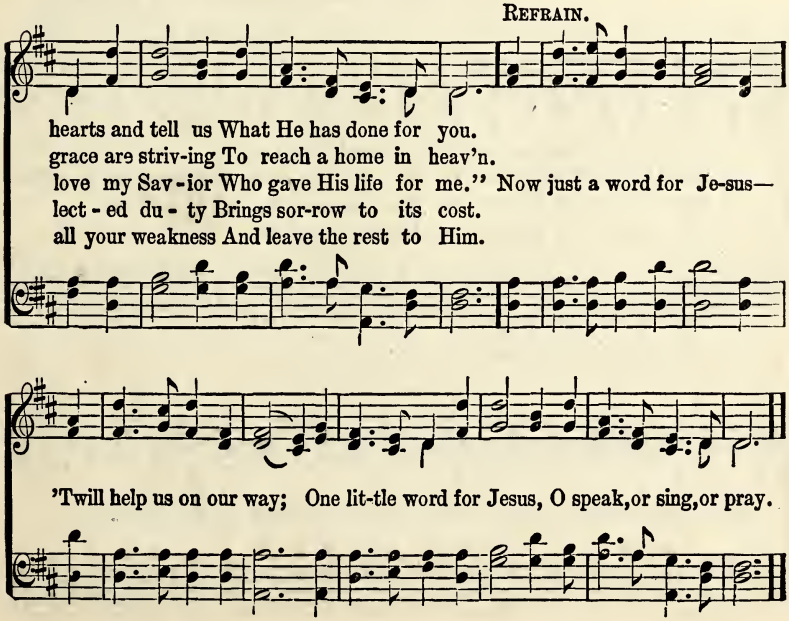
Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



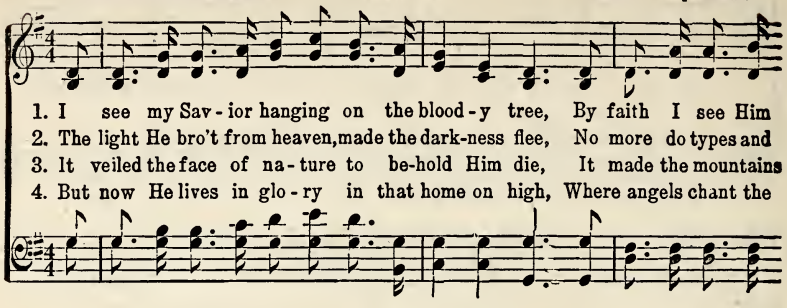
REFRAIN.



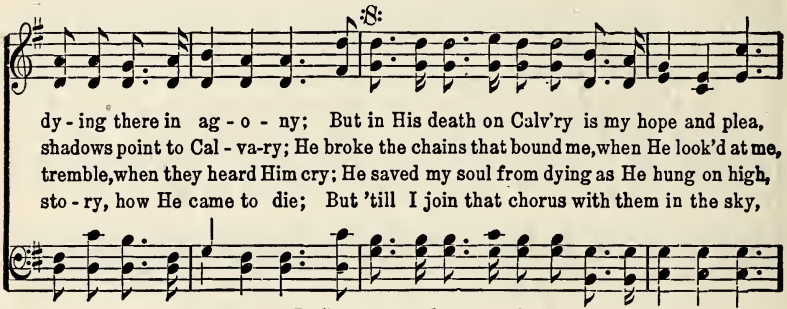
No. 100. I Want to Love Him Better.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PER.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

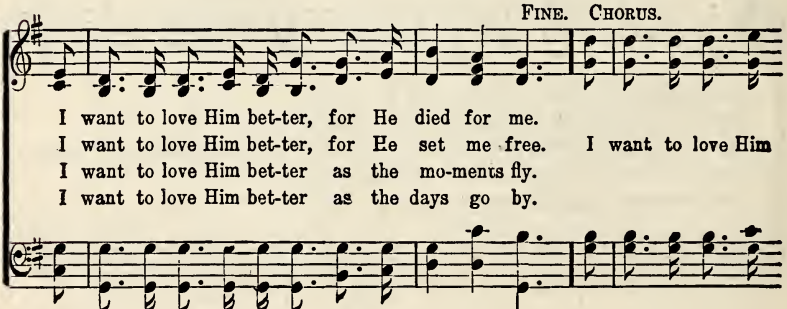


1. I see my Sav - ior hanging on the blood - y tree, By faith I see Him
2. The light He bro't from heaven, made the dark-ness flee, No more do types and
3. It veiled the face of na - ture to be-hold Him die, It made the mountains
4. But now He lives in glo - ry in that home on high, Where angels chant the



dy - ing there in ag - o - ny; But in His death on Calv'ry is my hope and plea,
shadows point to Cal - va-ry; He broke the chains that bound me, when He look'd at me,
tremble, when they heard Him cry; He saved my soul from dying as He hung on high,
sto - ry, how He came to die; But 'till I join that chorus with them in the sky,

D. S.—*want to love Him bet-ter as the mo-ments fly.*

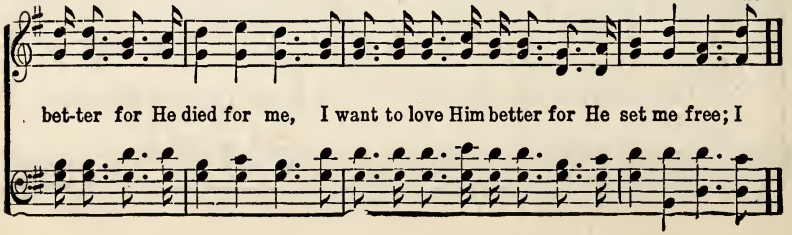


FINE. CHORUS.

I want to love Him bet-ter, for He died for me.
I want to love Him bet-ter, for He set me free. I want to love Him
I want to love Him bet-ter as the mo-ments fly.
I want to love Him bet-ter as the days go by.

I want to love Him bet-ter as the days go by.

D. S.



bet-ter for He died for me, I want to love Him better for He set me free; I

No. 101. Beulah Land.

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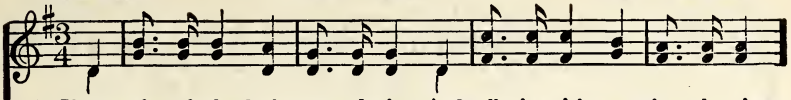
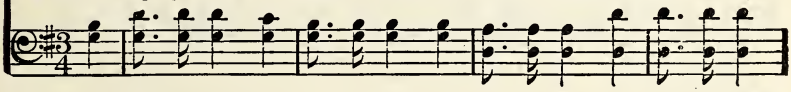
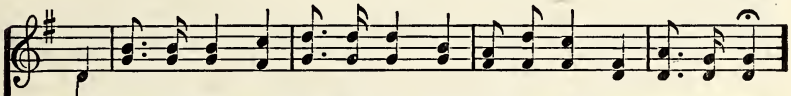
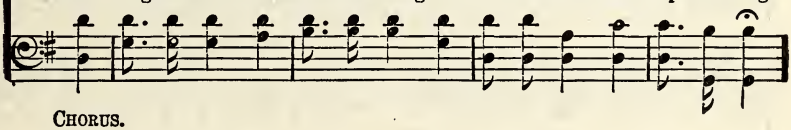


1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2. My Sav-ior comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;
3. A sweet per-fume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er - ver - nal trees,
4. The zeph-yrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heav-en's mel - o - dy,

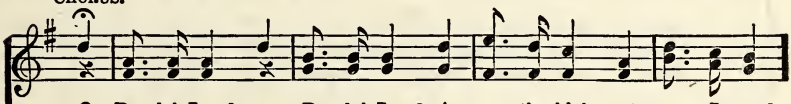




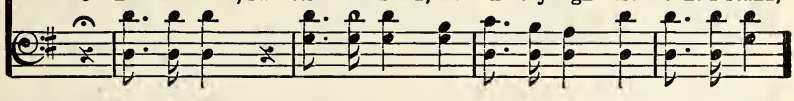
Here shines undimmed one bliss-ful day, For all my night has passed a-way.
He gen - tly leads me by His hand, For this is heav - en's bor-der-land.
And flow'rs, that nev-er - fad-ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
As an-gels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet re-demp-tion song.



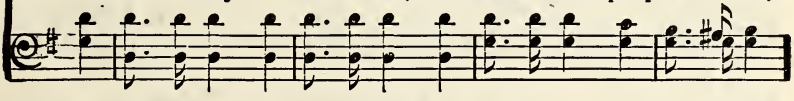
CHORUS.



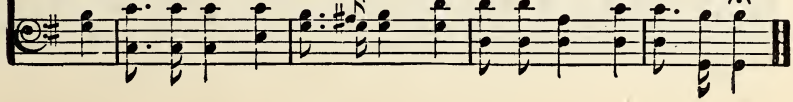
O Beu-lah Land, sweet Beu-lah Land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,



I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me,

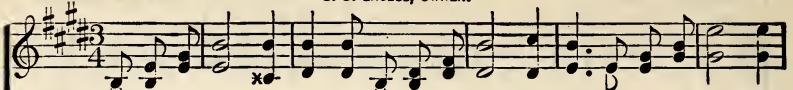


And view the shin - ing glo-ry-shore,—My heav'n, my home for-ev - er more!

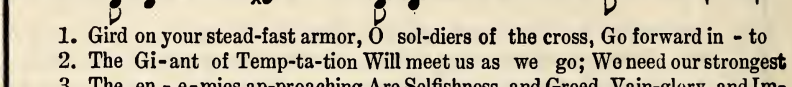


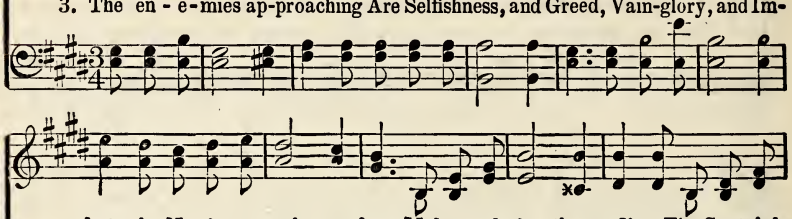
No. 102. The Banner of the Cross.

E. M. Bangs. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.

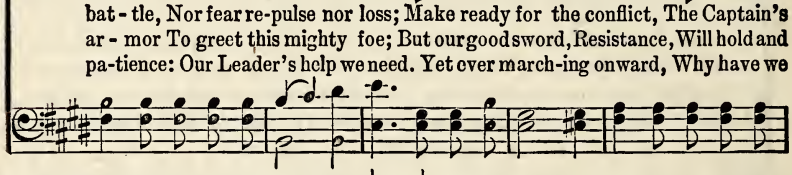


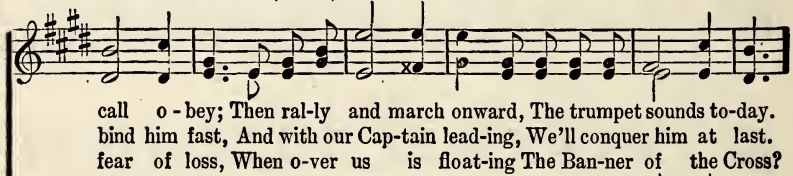
1. Gird on your stead-fast armor, O sol-diers of the cross, Go forward in - to
2. The Gi-ant of Temp-ta-tion Will meet us as we go; We need our strongest
3. The en - e-mies ap-proaching Are Selfishness, and Greed, Vain-glory, and Im-



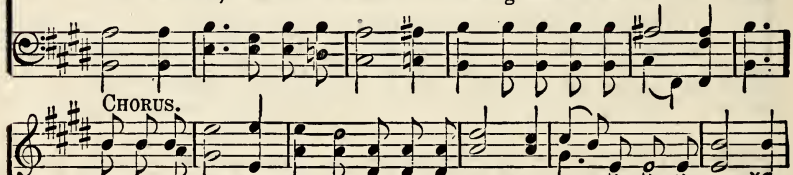


bat - tle, Nor fear re-pulse nor loss; Make ready for the conflict, The Captain's
ar - mor To greet this mighty foe; But our good sword, Resistance, Will hold and
pa-tience: Our Leader's help we need. Yet ever march-ing onward, Why have we

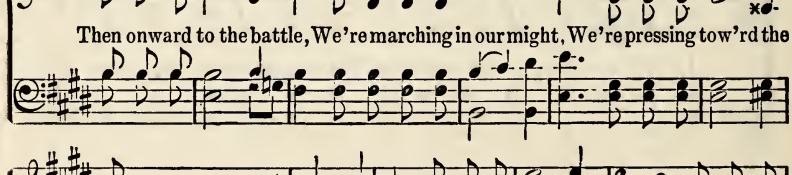




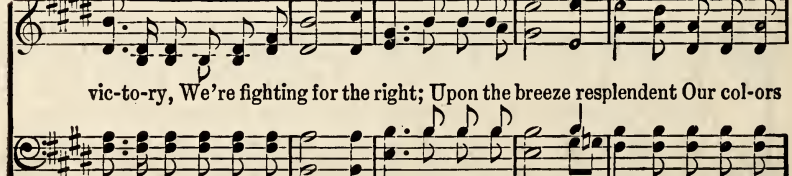
call o - bey; Then ral-ly and march onward, The trumpet sounds to-day.
bind him fast, And with our Cap-tain lead-ing, We'll conquer him at last.
fear of loss, When o-ver us is float-ing The Ban-ner of the Cross?



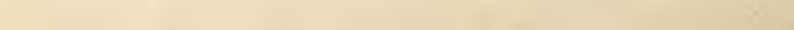
CHORUS.



Then onward to the battle, We're marching in our might, We're pressing tow'rd the



vic-to-ry, We're fighting for the right; Upon the breeze resplendent Our col-ors



The Banner of the Cross.

now we toss, And o'er our heads shall ever float The Banner of the Cross.

No. 103. Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. F. Butler.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. M. BLACK.
USED BY PER.

J. M. Black.

1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
2. Once heav-en seem'd a far-off place, Till Je-sus show'd His smil-ing face;
3. What matters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell;

And 'mid earth's sor-rows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je - sus here to know.
Now it's be - gun with - in my soul 'Twill last while end - less a - ges roll.
In cot - tage, or a mansion fair, Where Je - sus is, 'tis heaven there.

CHORUS.

O hal - le - lu - jah, yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins for-giv'n;

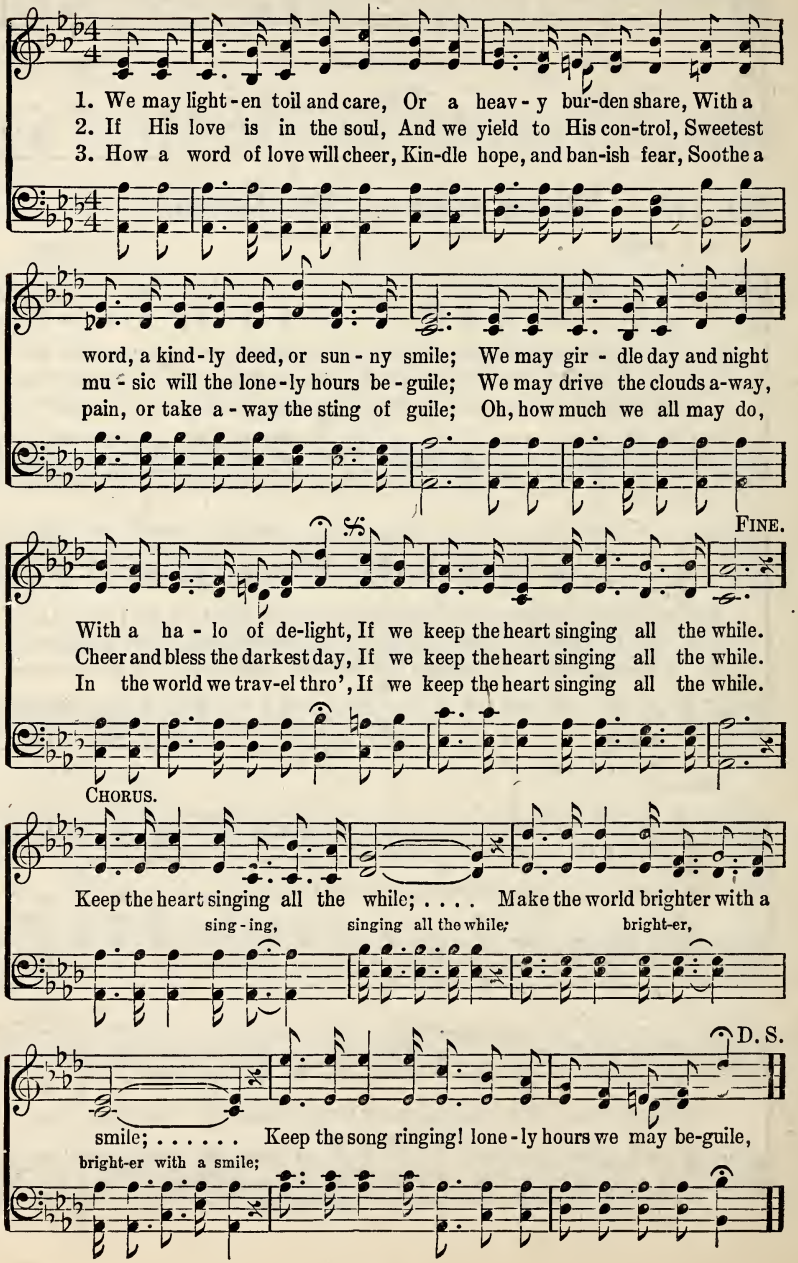
On land or sea, what matters where? Where Je-sus is, 'tis heaven there.

No. 104. Keep the Heart Singing.

C. H. G.

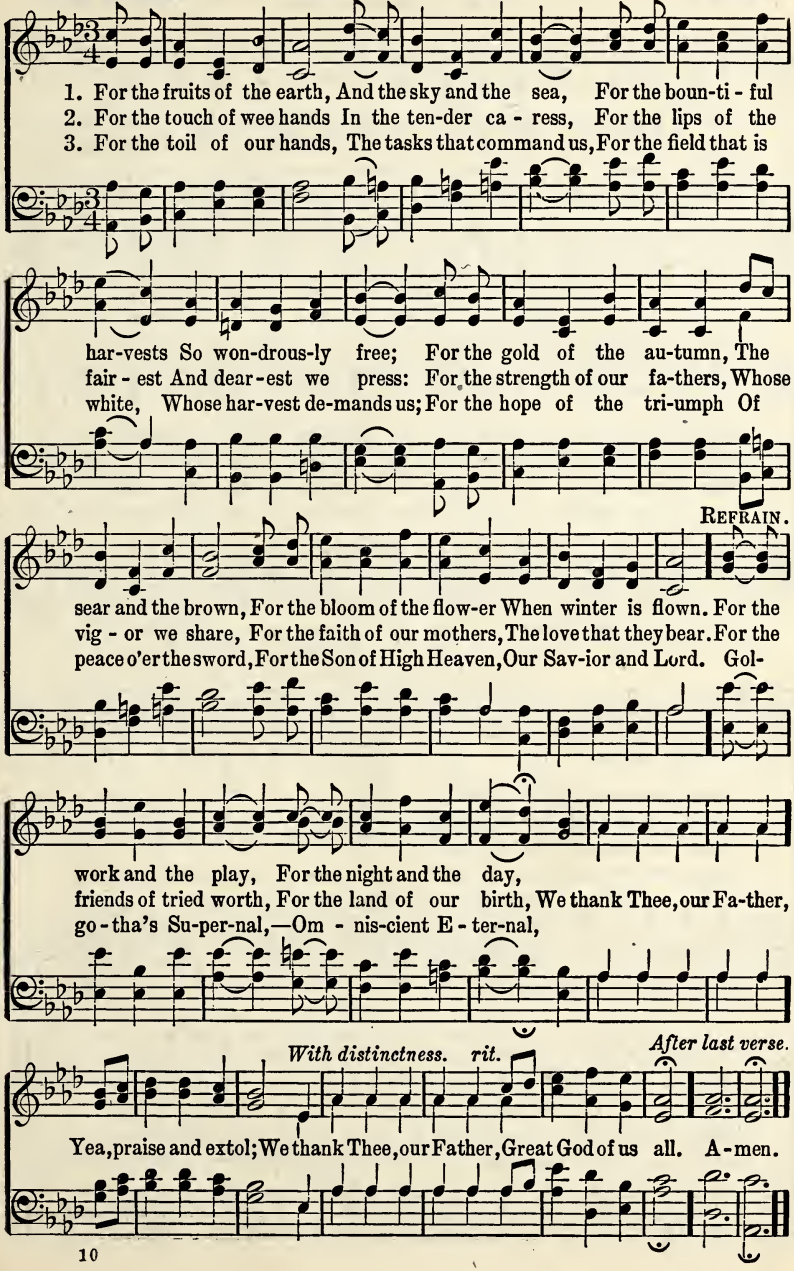
COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 105 We Thank Thee, Our Father.

Daniel A. Poling. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY JNO. R. CLEMENTS. Theo. E. Perkins.



No. 106. The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Dr. William S. Pitts.

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No love-li-er spot in the dale; No place is so dear to my child-hood As the lit-tle brown church in the vale. Come to the church in the vale.

2. Oh, come to the church in the wild-wood, To the trees where the wild flow-ers bloom; Where the part-ing hymn will be chant-ed, We will weep by the side of the tomb. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come.

3. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morn-ing To list to the clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, Oh, come to the church in the vale.

4. From the church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, When day fades a-way in-to night, I would fain from this spot of my child-hood Wing my way to the man-sions of light.

D. S.—*No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the lit-tle brown church in the vale.*

FINE. CHORUS.

church in the wild-wood, Oh, come to the church in the vale;
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

D. S.

Solos and Choruses.

No. 107 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. (DIADEM.) James Ellor.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall, Let an-gels
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Ye ransomed
3. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, On this ter-
4. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall, We at His

And crown . . . . . .

prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him,
from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
res-trial ball, To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe,
feet may fall! We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown . . . . . .

And crown Him, crown Him,

. . . . . .Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him;

crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all, crown Him;
. . . . . Him, Crown Him, crown. . . . .Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

crown Him. Crown . . . . . Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

No. 108. It Is Jesus.

T. O. Chisholm.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Be - hold! One com-eth in the way, In hum-ble garments clad; The poor-est of the poor is He, No pil - low for His head; The hun - gry, wea - ry, sick and sad In crowds about Him press,— To ev - 'ry one He gives re-lief,—What manner of man is this?
2. What words of grace and truth He speaks, Ne'er heard on earth before: The burdened sin-ner hears that voice, And feels his sins no more; He calls the dead to life a-gain, Bids winds and bil-lows cease,—None other man such works hath done,—What manner of man is this?
3. They lead Him forth to Cal-va - ry,— O see Him bleed and die! His parch-ed lips are plead-ing now For those who cru-ci - fy! His head is bowed, the cup has passed, His Spir - it finds re - lease,— He suf-fered thus for you and me,—What manner of man is this?
4. But lo! what wondrous thing is done? The grave has lost its dead! To weep-ing ones He re - ap-pears, When all their hopes had fled; He lin - gers but a lit - tle while, To com - fort and to bless; The heav'ns receive Him from their sight,—What manner of man is this?

Chorus.

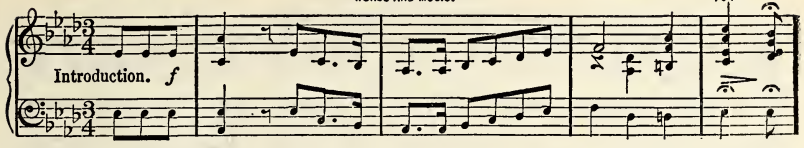
It is Je - sus, it is Je - sus, The Man of Gal - i - lee; It is Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus who died on Cal-va-ry.

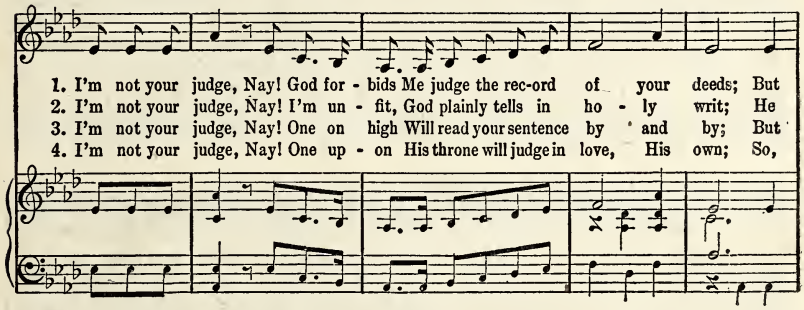
Introduction.

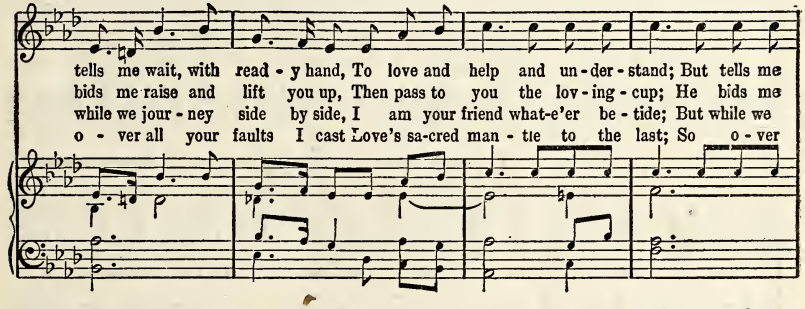
rit. dim.

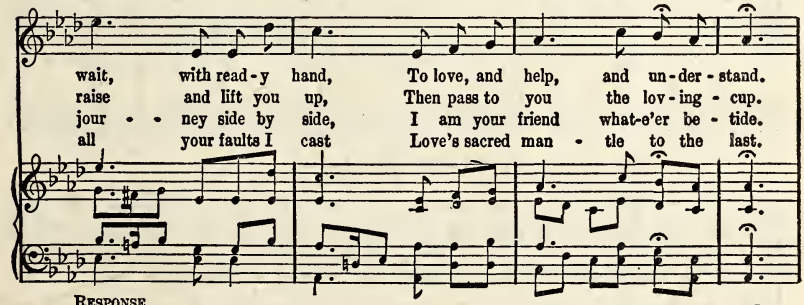
No. 109. I'm Not Your Judge.

Sarah Spencer-Ruff. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

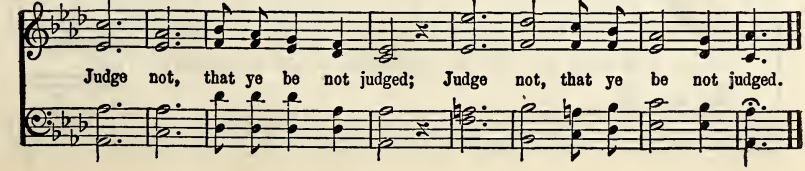








RESPONSE.



No. 110. A Sinner Made Whole.

W. M. Lighthall. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

DUET. Tenor and Baritone. (As sung by Gabriel & Excell.)

1. There's a song in my heart that my lips can-not sing, 'Tis praise in the

SOLO or QUARTET.

2. I shall stand one day fault-less and pure by His throne, Trans-formed from my
3. All the mu-sic of heav-en, so per-fect and sweet, Will blend with my

high-est to Je-sus, my King; Its mu-sic each mo-ment is thrill-ing my soul,

im-age, con-formed to His own; Then I shall find words for the song of my soul,
song and will make it com-plete; Thro' a-ges un-end-ing the ech-oes will roll,

D. S.—*My heart it is sing-ing, the an-them is ring-ing,*

FINE. CHORUS.

For I was a sin-ner, but Christ made me whole. A sin-ner made whole! a

For I was a sin-ner, but Christ made me whole. A sin-ner made whole! a

For I was a sin-ner, but Christ made me whole.

rit. D. S.

sin-ner made whole! The Sav-ior hath bought me and ran-somed my soul!

rit.

sin-ner made whole! The Sav-ior hath bought me and ran-somed my soul!

No. 111. His Love Can Never Fail.

E. S. Hall. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

DUET. Tenor and Baritone. (As sung by Gabriel & Excell.)

1. I do not ask to see the way My feet will have to tread, But on - ly that my

SOLO or QUARTET.

2. And if my feet would go a-stray, They can-not, for I know That Je - sus guides my
3. I will not fear, tho' dark-ness come A-broad o'er all the land, If I may on - ly

soul may feed Up - on the liv - ing bread; 'T is bet - ter far that I should walk By

fal-t'ring steps, As joy - ful - ly I go; And tho' I may not see His face, My
feel the touch Of His own lov - ing hand; And tho' I trem - ble when I think How

FINE.

faith close to His side; I may not know the way I go, But oh, I know my Guide.

faith is strong and clear That in each hour of sore dis - tress, My Sav - ior will be near.
weak I am, how frail, My soul is sat - is - fied to know His love can nev-er fail.

D. S.—*My soul is sat - is - fied to know His love can nev-er fail.*

CHORUS or QUARTET.

D. S.

His love . . . can nev - er fail, His love . . . can nev - er fail;
His love can nev - er fail. His love can nev - er fail;

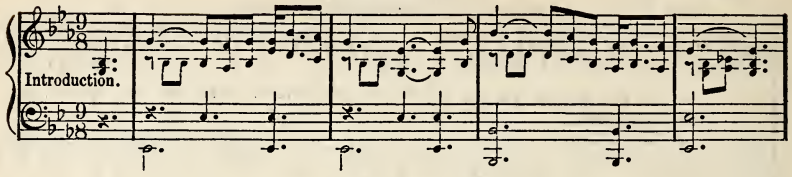
His love . . . can nev - er fail, His love . . . can nev - er fail;
His love can nev - er fail. His love can nev - er fail;

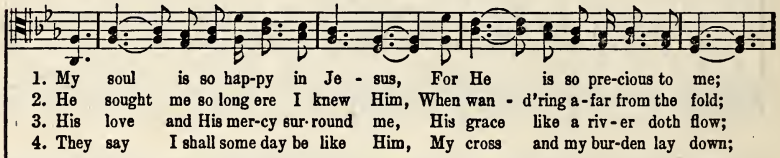
No. 112. I Am Happy In Him.

E. O. E.

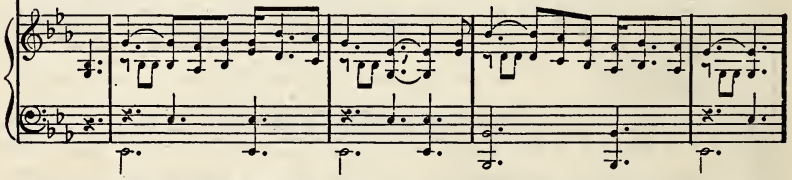
COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

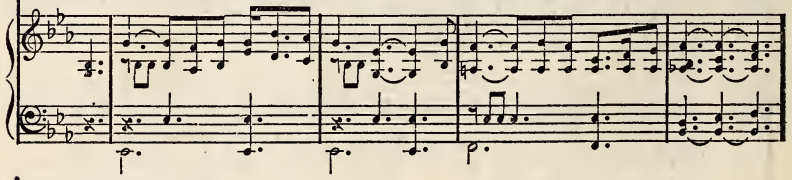




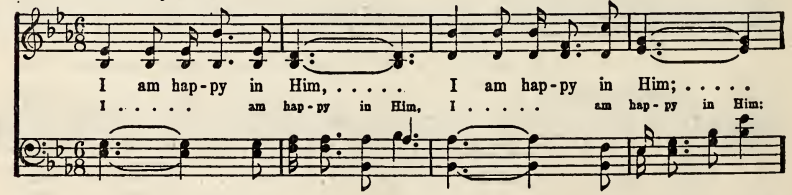
1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so pre-cious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wan - d'ring a-far from the fold;
3. His love and His mer-cy sur-round me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my bur-den lay down;



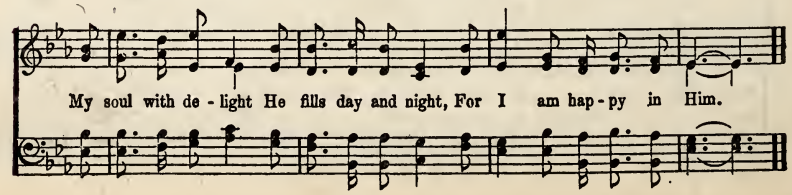
His voice it is mu-sic to hear it, His face it is Heav-en to see. . . . .
Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures un-told. . . . .
His Spir - it, to guide and to com - fort, Is with me wher-ev-er I go. . . . .
Till then I will ev - er be faith - ful, In gath - er-ing gems for His crown. . . .



CHORUS or QUARTET.



I am hap-py in Him, ... I am hap-py in Him; . . . . .
I . . . . . am hap-py in Him, I . . . . . am hap-py in Him:



My soul with de - light He fills day and night, For I am hap-py in Him.

No. 113. Sometime, Somewhere.

Mrs. Ophelia G. Adams. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Charlie D. Tillman.

Introduction.

rit.

DUET OR SOLO.

1. Un-an-swered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded In ag - o - ny of heart these man-y years? Does faith be - gin to fail, is hope de - part - ing, And think you all in
2. Un-an-swered yet? Tho' when you first pre-sent - ed This one pe - ti - tion at the Fa-ther's throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of ask - ing, So ur - gent was your
3. Un-an-swered yet? Nay, do not say un - grant-ed; Per-haps your part is not yet whol - ly done; The work be-gan when first your prayer was ut - tered, And God will fin - ish
4. Un-an-swered yet? Faith can-not be un - an-swered; Her feet were firm - ly plant-ed on the Rock; A - mid the wild-est storm prayer stands un-daunt-ed, Nor quails be - fore the

vain those falling tears? Say not the Fa - ther hath not heard your prayer; You shall have your de-sire, some - time, some-where, You shall have your de - sire, some - time, some-where.
heart to make it known. Tho' years have passed since then, do not de - spair; The Lord will an-swer you, some - time, some-where, The Lord will an - swer you, some - time, some-where.
what He has be - gun. If you will keep the in-cense burn-ing there; His glo - ry you shall see, some - time, some-where, His glo - ry you shall see, some - time, some-where.
loud-est thun-der shock; She knows Om-nip - o-tence has heard her prayer, And cries, "It shall be done, some - time, some-where," And cries, "It shall be done, some - time, some-where."

rit. ad lib.

No. 114. The Good Old-Fashioned Way.

Rev. Jonnson Oatman, Jr.

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E. O. Excell.

1. I am on the Gos-pel highway, Pressing for-ward to the goal, Where for me a rest re-
2. From the snares of sin-ful pleas-ure, Here my feet are al - ways free; Tho' the way may be called
3. Man - y friends have gone before me, They have laid their ar-mor down, With the pil-grims and the
4. Just a few more steps to fol-low, Just a few more days to roam; But the way grows more de-

main-eth In the home-land of the soul: Ev-'ry hour I'm mov-ing on-ward, Not a
nar - row, It is wide e-nough for me; It was wide e-nough for Dan - iel, And for
mar-tyrs Have ob-tained a robe and crown; On this road they fought their battles, Shouting
light - ful As I'm draw-ing near - er home; When the storms of life are o - ver, And the

mo - ment to de - lay; I am go - ing home to glo - ry In the good old-fashioned way.
Da - vid in his day; I am glad that I can fol - low In the good old-fashioned way.
vic - t'ry day by day: I shall o - ver-come and join them In the good old-fashioned way.
clouds have rolled a - way, I shall find the gates of Heav-en In the good old-fashioned way.

CHORUS or QUARTET.

In the good old - fash-ioned way, In the good old - fash-ioned way,

I am go - ing home to glo - ry In the good old - fash-ioned way.

No. 115. His Love For Me.

F. M. Eastwood.

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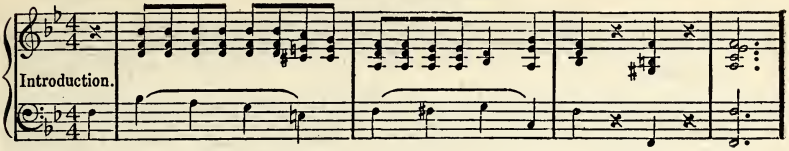
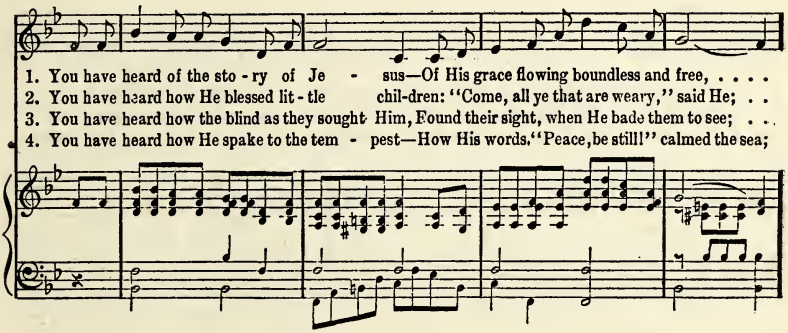
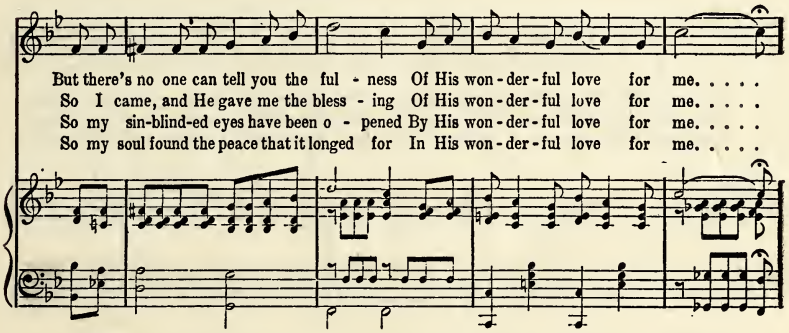
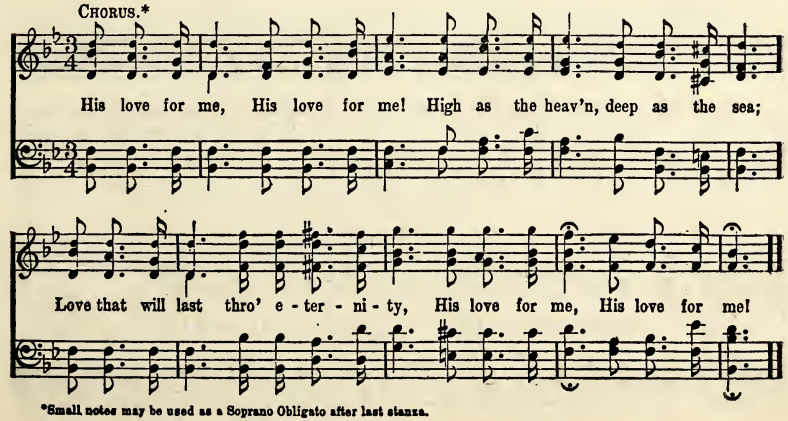
Fred H. Byshe.









*Small notes may be used as a Soprano Obligato after last stanza.

No. 116. Somebody Knows.

Alfred H. Ackley.

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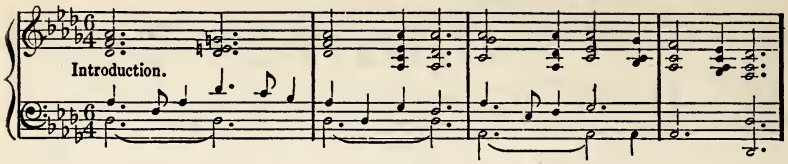
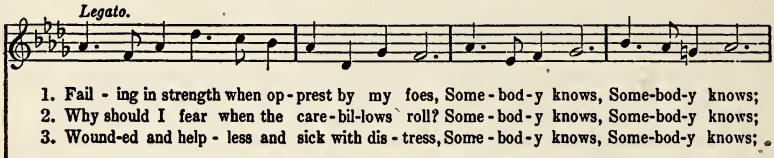
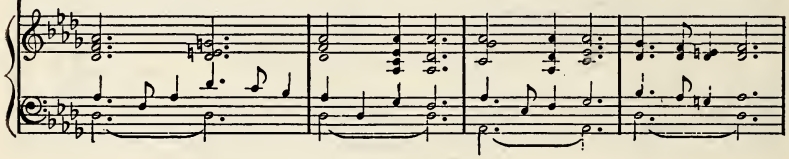
WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

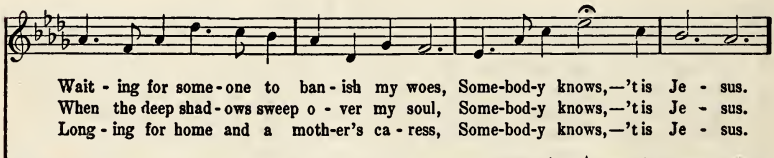
B. D. Ackley.



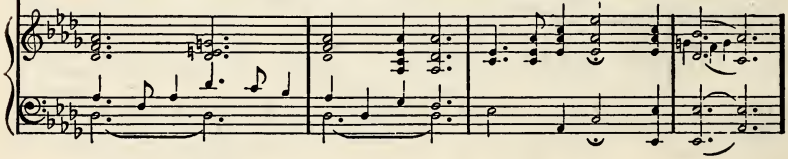


1. Fail - ing in strength when op - prest by my foes, Some - bod - y knows, Some-bod-y knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care - bil-lows roll? Some - bod - y knows, Some-bod-y knows;
3. Wound-ed and help - less and sick with dis - tress, Some - bod - y knows, Some-bod-y knows;

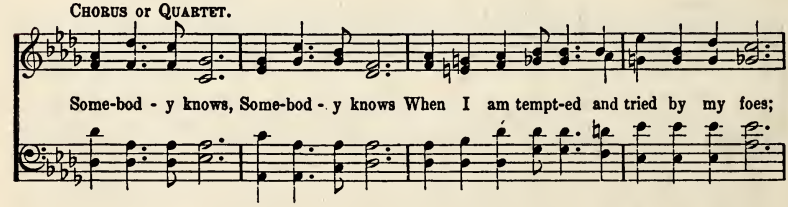




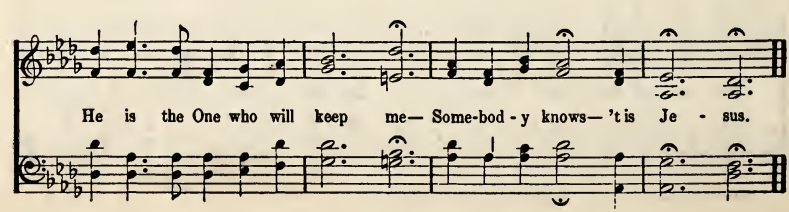
Wait - ing for some - one to ban - ish my woes, Some-bod-y knows,—'t is Je - sus.
When the deep shad - ows sweep o - ver my soul, Some-bod-y knows,—'t is Je - sus.
Long - ing for home and a moth-er's ca - ress, Some-bod-y knows,—'t is Je - sus.



CHORUS or QUARTET.



Some-bod - y knows, Some-bod - y knows When I am tempt-ed and tried by my foes;

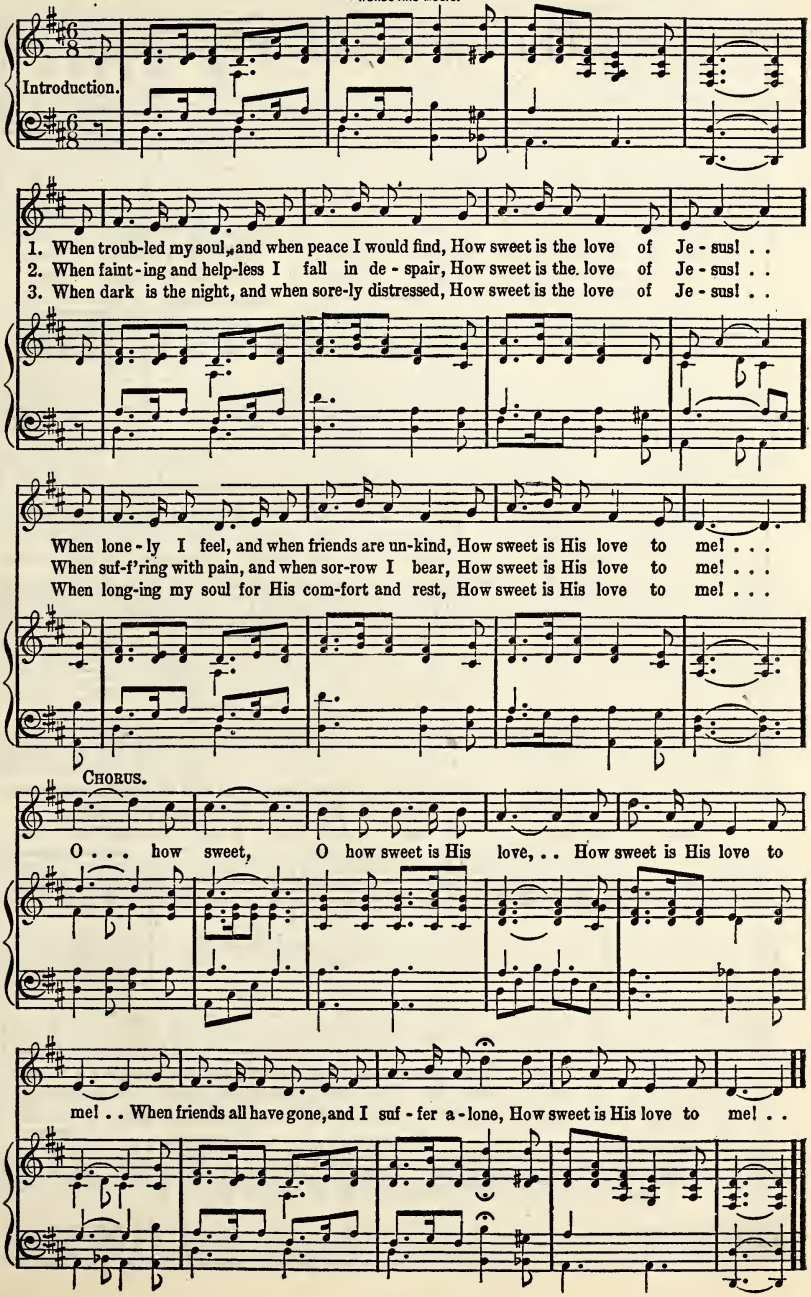


He is the One who will keep me— Some-bod - y knows— 't is Je - sus.

No. 117. How Sweet is His Love.

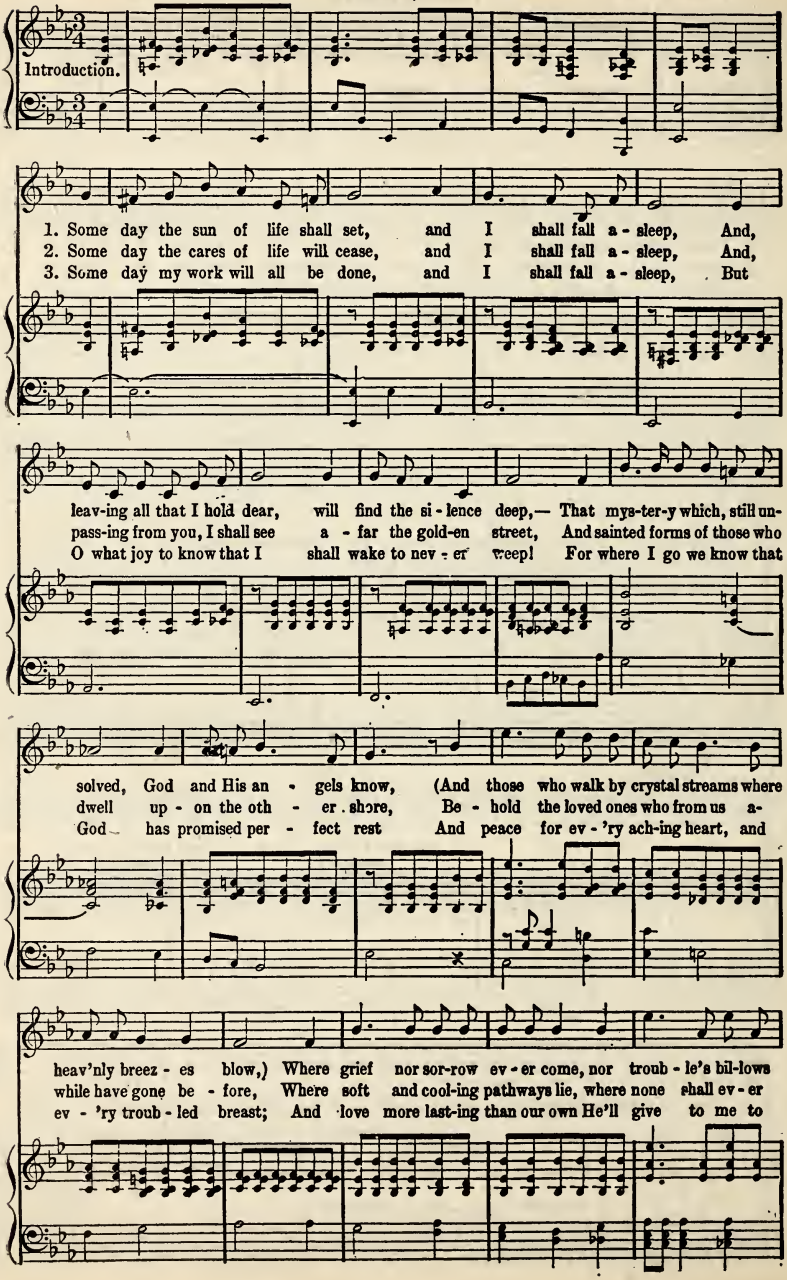
James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

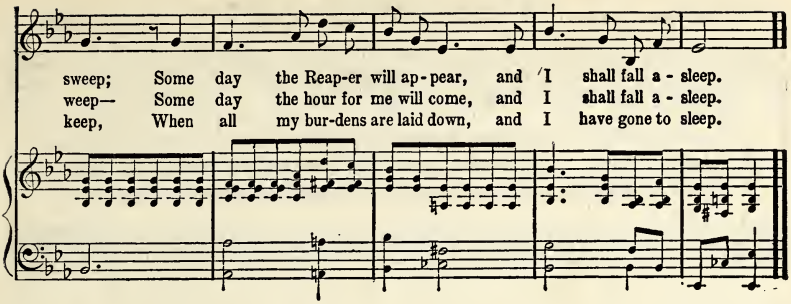


No. 118. When I Shall Fall Asleep.

Moses Gage Shirley. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.



When I Shall Fall Asleep.



No. 119. Because His Name is Jesus.

Arr. by E. O. Excell.

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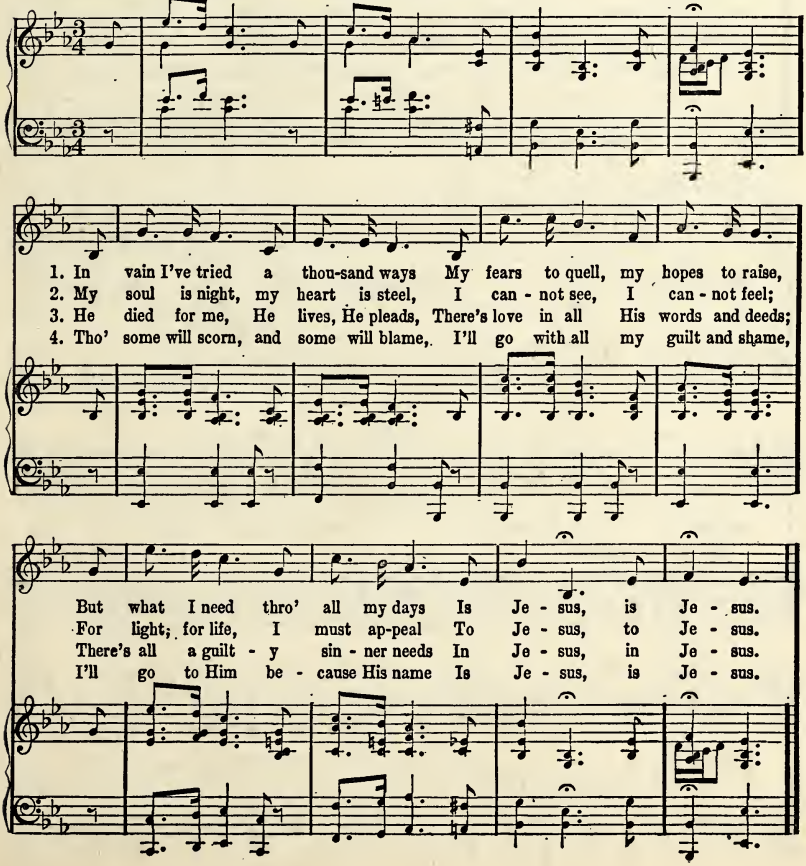
MUSIC AND ARR. OF WORDS.

E. O. Excell.



No. 120. He Knows It All.

Mrs. Ophelia Adams.

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C. M. Davis.

1. I love to think my Father knows Why I have missed the path I chose,
2. I love to think my Father knows The thorns I pluck with ev-'ry rose,
3. I love to think my Father knows The strength or weakness of my foes,

And that I soon shall clearly see The way He led was best for me.
The dai-ly griefs I seek to hide From the dear souls I walk be-side.
And that I need but stand and see Each conflict end in vic-to-ry.

REFRAIN.

He knows it all, ... He knows it all . . . . My Fa-ther
He knows it all, He knows it all,

knows . . . He knows it all; . . . Thy bit-ter tears . . . how
My Fa-ther knows, He knows it all; Thy bit-ter tears,

fast they fall!— He knows, My Fa-ther knows it all.
how fast they fall!—

No. 121. But For a Moment.

Jno. R. Clements.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. "But for a mo-ment" this weight of af-flic-tion; "But for a mo-ment" this darkness, this gloom; Then the bright to-mor-row, Then no more sin or sor-row; Morn-ing of bliss be-yond the tomb, Morn-ing of bliss be-yond the tomb.

2. "But for a mo-ment" this bond of re-strain-ing; "But for a mo-ment" this tri-al, this care; Then the glad a-wak-ing, Then Heaven's glo-ry break-ing; Dawn-ing of life be-yond com-pare, Dawn-ing of life be-yond com-pare.

3. "But for a mo-ment" this day of a-lone-ness; "But for a mo-ment" this pa-thos, this blight; Then the morn of glo-ry, Then, then the new, new, sto-ry; Heav-en, and joy with-out a night, Heav-en, and joy with-out a night.

No. 122. Holy Bible, Book Divine.

John Burton. COPYRIGHT 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. **E. O. Excell.**

Slow, with dignity.

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book di - vine, Pre-cious treas-ure, thou art mine:
2. Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Sav-ior's love;
3. Mine to com-fort in dis-tress, Suf-f'ring in this wil - der-ness;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sin-ner's doom:

rit.

Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to tell me what I am;
Mine thou art to guide and guard; Mine to pun - ish or re - ward;
Mine to show, by liv - ing faith, Man can tri - umph o - ver death;
O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre-cious treas-ure, thou art mine.

CHORUS.

Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book di - vine, Pre-cious treas - ure, thou art mine;

O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre-cious treas - ure, thou art mine!

No. 123. Where is My Boy To-Night?

R. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

Rev. R. Lowry.

With tenderness.

1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my ten-d'rest care,
2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his moth-er's knee;
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en time,
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go search for him where you will;

The boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
No face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
When prat-tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer - ry chime!
But bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to - night?

My heart o'er-flows, for I love him he knows; O where is my boy to - night?

No. 124. What If It Were To-day?

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Je - sus is com-ing to earth a - gain, What if it were to - day?
2. Sa - tan's do-min-ion then will be o'er, O that it were to - day!
3. Faithful and true would He find us here If He should come to - day?

Com - ing in pow-er and love to reign, What if it were to - day?
Sor - row and sigh-ing shall be no more, O that it were to - day!
Watching in glad-ness and not in fear, If He should come to - day?

Com-ing to claim His cho - sen Bride, All the re - deem'd and
Then shall the dead in Christ a - rise, Caught up to meet Him
Signs of His com - ing mul - ti - ply, Morn-ing light breaks in

rit.

pu - ri - fied, O - ver this whole earth scat - tered wide,
in the skies; When shall these glo - ries meet our eyes?
east - ern sky, Watch, for the time is draw - ing nigh,

a tempo.

CHORUS.

What if it were to - day? Glo - ry! glo - ry!

What If It Were To-day?

Joy to my heart 't will bring; Glo - ry! glo - ry! When we shall
Joy to my heart 't will bring; When

crown Him King; Glo - ry! glo - ry! Haste to pre-pare the
we shall crown Him King; Haste to pre-

ritard.

way; Glo - ry! glo - ry! Je - sus will come some day.
pare the way;

No. 125. The Ninety and Nine.

1 There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold;
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
And from the tender Shepherd's care.

2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of Mine
Has wandered away from Me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Or how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere he found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed by one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5 But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry from the gate of Heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found My sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His own!

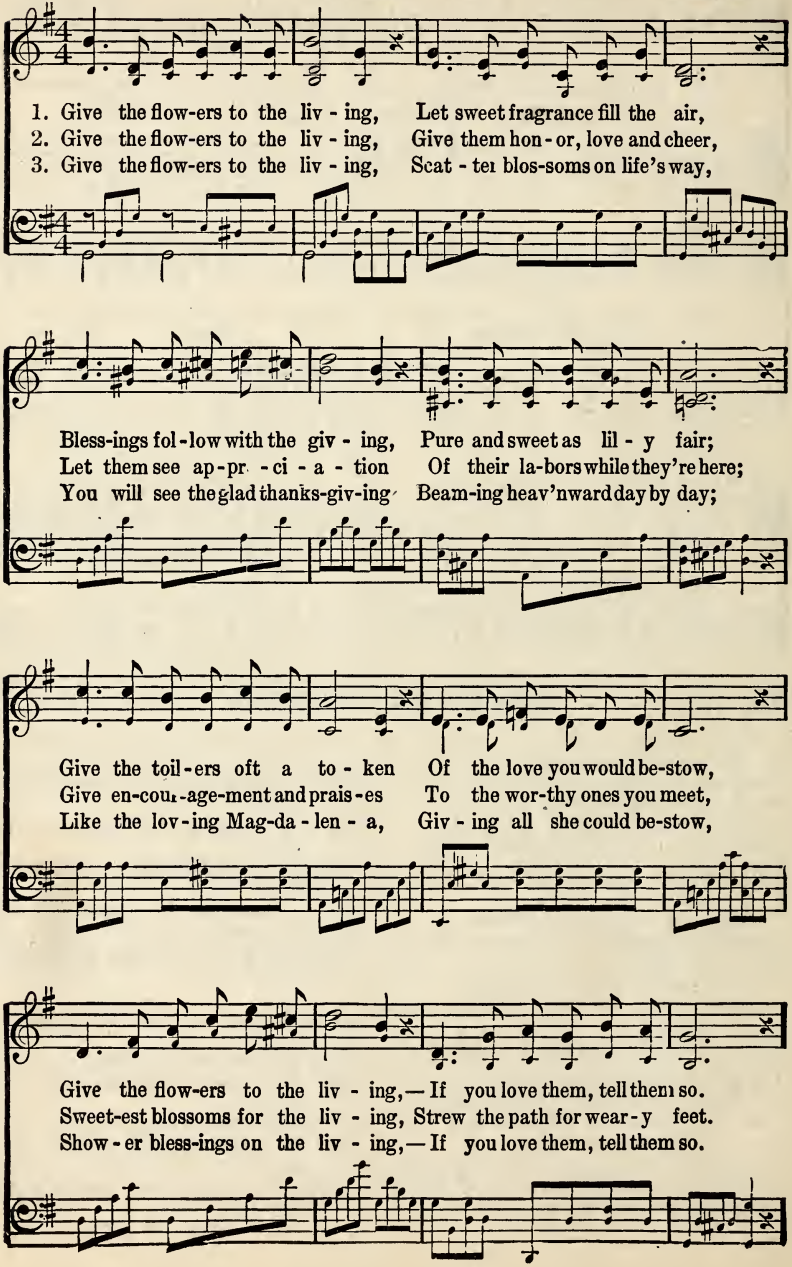
—*Elizabeth C. Clephane.*

No. 126. Give the Flowers to the Living.

W. L. T.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WILL L. THOMPSON,
EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

Will L. Thompson.



Give the Flowers to the Living.

CHORUS.

Mu-sic, flowers, sun-ny hours, For the toil-ers here be-low;

be - low;

Give the flow-ers to the liv - ing,— If you love them, tell them so.

No. 127. Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould. Joseph Barnby.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee;
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - ors, toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.

No. 128. The Sign of the Cross.

R. K. C. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY R. KELSO CARTER. R. Kelso Carter.

1. While the bat-tle of life is rag - ing, And the din of the con-flict swells,
2. In the midst of the fier - y tri - al, When all things are go-ing wrong,
3. In our blind-ness we will stum - ble, And it may be that we will fall,
4. While the bat-tle of life is rag - ing, And the din of the con-flict swells,

We will look to the sign up - lift - ed— The sign that of Je - sus tells.
Keep your eyes on the cross of Je - sus, And the weak will become the strong.
But we look to our might-y Cap-tain, And the Sav-ior will hear our call.
We will look to the sign up - lift - ed— The sign that of Je - sus tells.

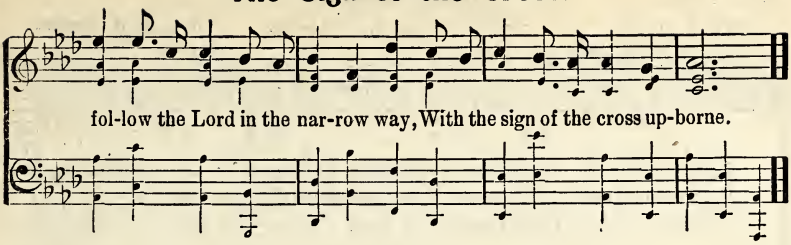
REFRAIN. *Unison.*

We are more than conq'rors here, For the Lord has fought the fight;

He hath vanquished sin and death and hell, And kept His ar-mor bright. Then

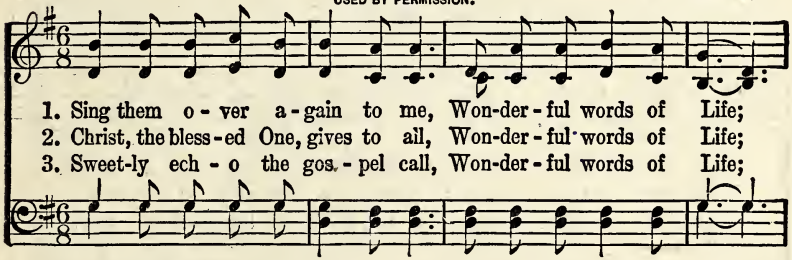
on - ward to the fray! With the swing of conquest on! We will

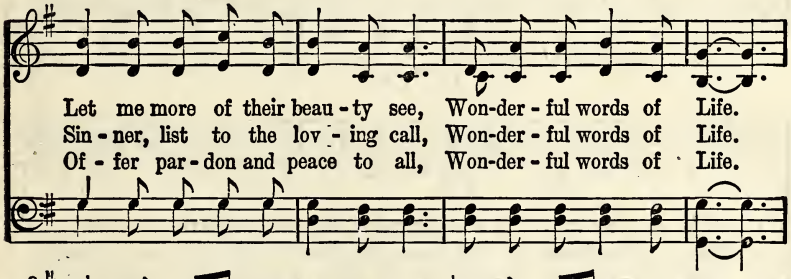
The Sign of the Cross.

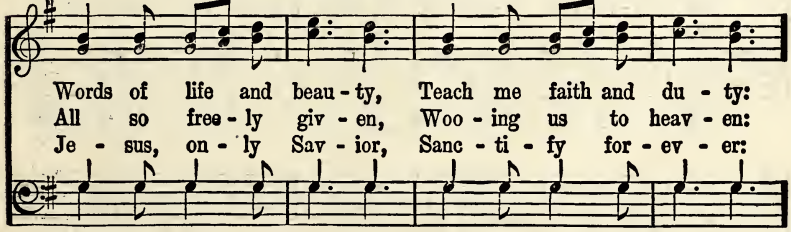


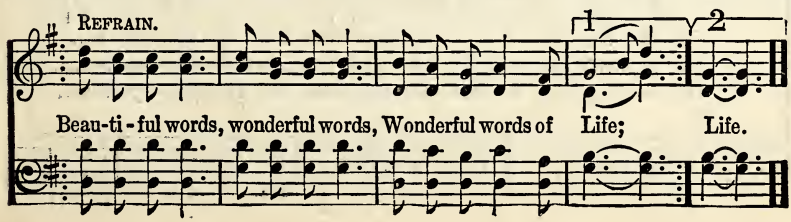
No. 129 Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.









No. 130. Our Mission.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. ELMER BAILEY. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

Unison or Solo.

1. 'Tis ours, O chil-dren of the King, Redeemed by Je - sus' blood,
2. Al - most two-thousand years have gone Since Je - sus went a - way,
3. Let pow'r from Heav'n abroad be shed In ev - 'ry heart to - day,

Sal - va-tion's ban - ner wide to fling Thro' all the earth a - broad.
And still the task re-mains un-done He left with us that day.
And, Spir - it - filled and Spir - it - led, We'll to the work a - way.

'Tis ours to tell His sav - ing grace, His wit - ness - es to be,
"Go ye," said He, "to all the world, Proclaim the joy - ful sound,
Let Pen - te - cost re - peat - ed be, God's might-y arm made bare;

Un - til the lost in ev - 'ry place Shall His sal - va - tion see.
And let love's ban - ner be un-furled To earth's re - mot - est bound."
The com - ing King we then shall see, And in His glo - ry share.

Our Mission.

CHORUS.

'T is ours in this gen-er - a - tion, To pub-lish the news of sal-
'T is ours in this gen-er - a-tion, To pub - lish the

va - tion, A wit-ness to ev - er - y na - tion, Com-
news of sal - va - tion, A wit - ness to ev - er - y na-tion, Com-

mand-ed by Je-sus the Lord; . . . The King of all kings will de-fend
the Lord; The King of all kings will de-

us, His mer - cy and grace will at - tend us, And whith-er-so-
fend us, His mer - cy and grace will at-tend us, And whith-

rit.

ev - er He sends us, We'll has-ten a-way at His word. . . . .
er - so - ev-er He sends us, at His word.

No. 131. The Battle of the Centuries.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY THE PRAISE PUBLISHING CO., PHILA., PA.

James Rowe. Charles H. Marsh.

Unison.

1. Driv-ing the foe be-fore us, we are press-ing on, In the fight for truth and right, With our ban-ners high in the sun-lit sky, Find-ing glo-ry in the fight. Hav-ing the sweet as-sur-ance that the Lord will win And re-ward us in the end, We are press-ing on with God's great Son, The soul's e-ter-nal Friend.

2. Bear-ing the price-less mes-sage to be-night-ed souls In the haunts and dens of sin, Mak-ing known His grace to a fet-tered race, We with Christ are sure to win; Spread-ing His love and mer-cy with en-rap-tured hearts, Mak-ing known His pow'r to save, We will true re-main, till He shall reign O'er ev-'ry land and wave.

3. Ev-er-y race and peo-ple shall His good-ness know And re-vere Him for His love, Shall ex-tol our King, till the earth shall bring Trib-ute to the King a-bove. Mer-cy and grace are win-ning, and, at length, His throne Our Re-deem-er shall as-cend; Then thro' countless days our souls shall praise The sin-ner's per-fect Friend.

The Battle of the Genturies.

CHORUS.

'Tis the bat - tle of the cen - tu - ries, It is Christ a - gainst the

world, And from age to age shall the bat - tle rage, Till the

ban - ner of sin be furled; With the might - y Sav - ior

of the lost, Whom the ran - somed souls a - dore, We will

rit.

bat - tle on, till the earth be won And the fight shall be no more.

No. 132. Crown Him King of Kings.

E. E. Rexford.

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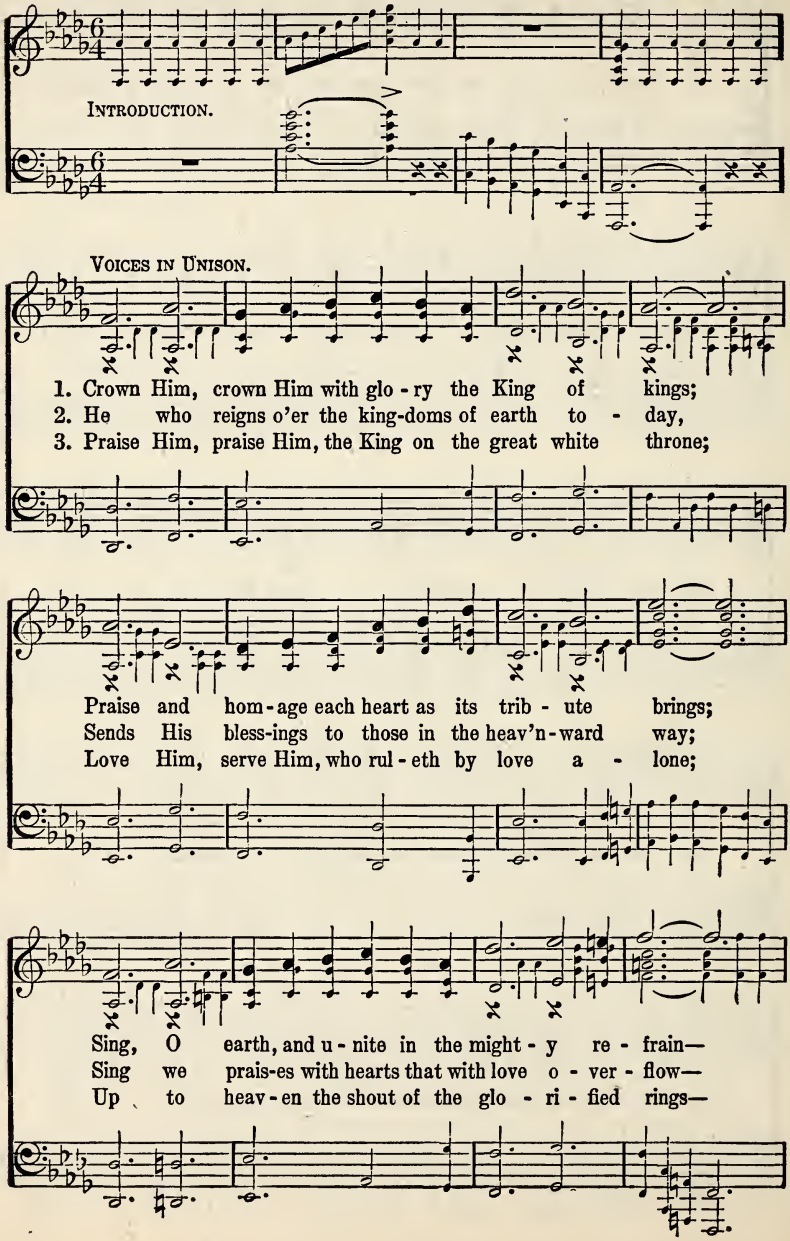
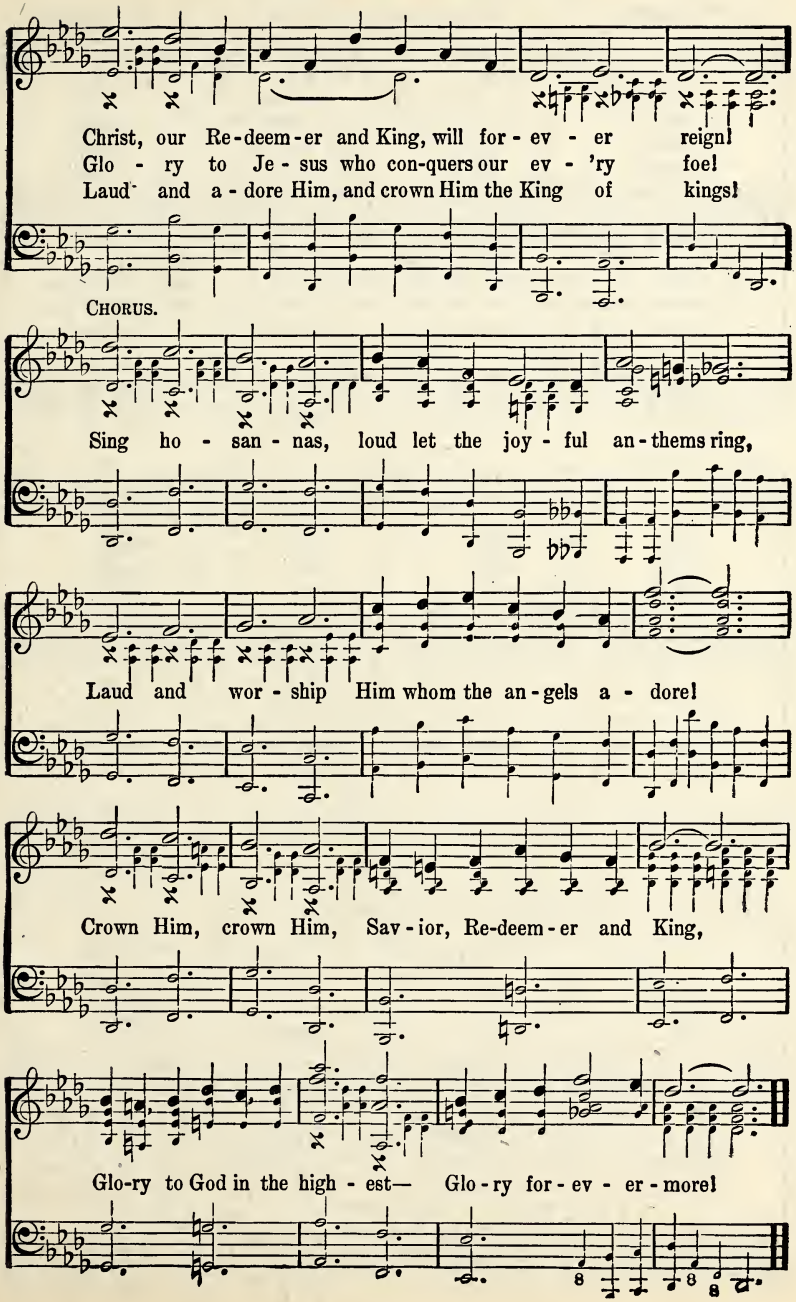
WORDS AND MUSIC.

DeLoss Smith.



Crown Him King of Kings.



No. 133. Rock of Ages,

A. M. Toplady. COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL E. O. Excell.

1. Rock of A - - ges cleft for me,
2. Could my tears for - ev - - er flow,
3. While I draw this fleet - - ing breath,

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Oh! Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, Yes, While I draw this fleeting breath,

Let me hide my - self in Thee;
Could my zeal no lan - - guor know,
When mine eyes shall close in death,

Let me hide my - self in Thee, Oh! Let me hide my - self in Thee;
Could my zeal no languor know, Oh! Could my zeal no languor know,
When mine eyes shall close in death, Yes, When mine eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - - ter and the blood,
These for sin could not a - tone,
When I rise to world's un - known,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, Oh! Let the wa - ter and the blood
These for sin could not a - tone, No, These for sin could not a - tone,
When I rise to world's un-known, Yes, When I rise to world's unknown,

Rock of Ages.

From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd,
Thou must save and Thou a - lone,
And be - hold Thee on Thy throne;

From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd, Yes, From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd,
Thou must save and Thou a - lone, Yes, Thou must save and Thou a - lone,
And be - hold Thee on Thy throne, Yes, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

rit.

Be of sin the doub - - le cure,
In my hand no price I bring;
Rock of A - - ges, cleft for me,

rit.

Be of sin the doub-le cure, Yes, Be of sin the doub-le cure,
In my hand no price I bring, Lord, In my hand no price I bring,
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,

Repeat pp

Save from wrath and make me pure.
Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Let me hide my - self in Thee.

Repeat pp.

Save from wrath and make me pure, Yes, Save from wrath and make me pure.
Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling, Lord, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Let me hide my - self in Thee, Oh, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

No. 134. All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. Van Sickle. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, We cast.....our crowns be-
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, The ran - - somed hosts sur-
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, Our ris - - en King and

fore Thee; Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - 'ry voice a-
round Thee; And earthly monarchs clamor forth Their Sov - 'reign, King to
Sav - ior! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om - nip - o - tent for-

dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior, King, The vi-brant chords of
crown Thee. While those redeemed in a - ges gone, As-semb-led round the
ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa-tan's pow'r is

heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might - y strain: All
great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song: All
burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name: All

ff

hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im - man - u - el!

All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.

Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well.

Hail! . . . . . .

Im-man - u - el, Im-man - u - el!

Hail, Im - man - u - el! Glo - ry and hon - or and maj - es - ty,

Hail! . . . . . Glo - - ry and maj - es - ty.

Wis-dom and pow-er be un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more!

Wis - - dom be un - to Thee,

Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,

Hail! . . . . . .

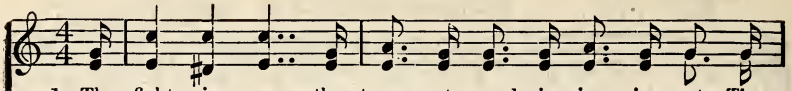
Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!

Hail, Im - man - u - el! King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u-el!

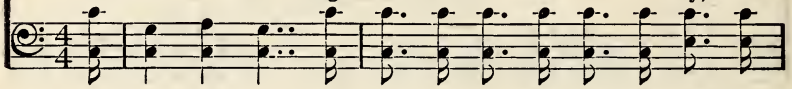
Hail! . . . . . .

No. 135. The Fight Is On.

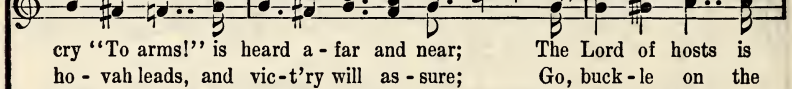
Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



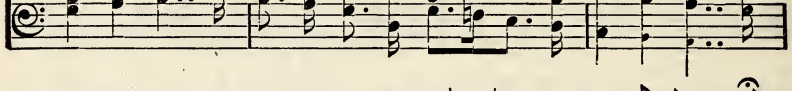
1. The fight is on, the trump - et sound is ring - ing out, The
2. The fight is on, a - rouse, ye sol - diers brave and true! Je-
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry; The



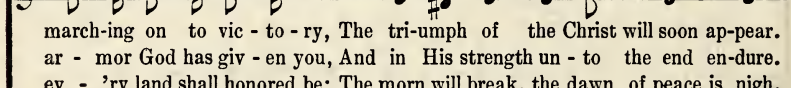
cry "To arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is
ho - vah leads, and vic - t'ry will as - sure; Go, buck - le on the
bow of prom - ise spans the east-ern sky; His glo-rious name in



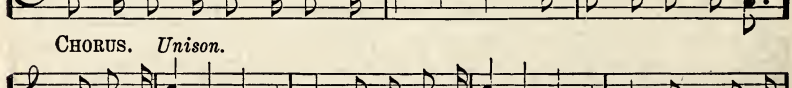
march-ing on to vic - to - ry, The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
ar - mor God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en-dure.
ev - 'ry land shall honored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.



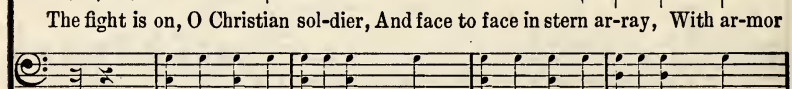
CHORUS. *Unison.*



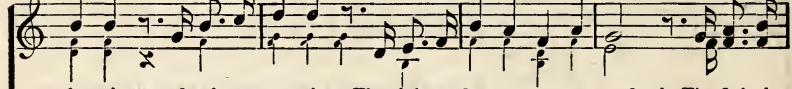
The fight is on, O Christian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-ray, With ar-mor



Harmony.



gleaming, and colors streaming, The right and wrong engage to-day! The fight is



The Fight Is On.

on, but be not wear - y; Be strong, and in His might hold fast; If God be

for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last!
Vic - t'ry, Vic - t'ry,

No. 136. More Love to Thee.

Elizabeth Prentiss. USED BY PERMISSION. W. H. Doane.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per Thy praise; This be the

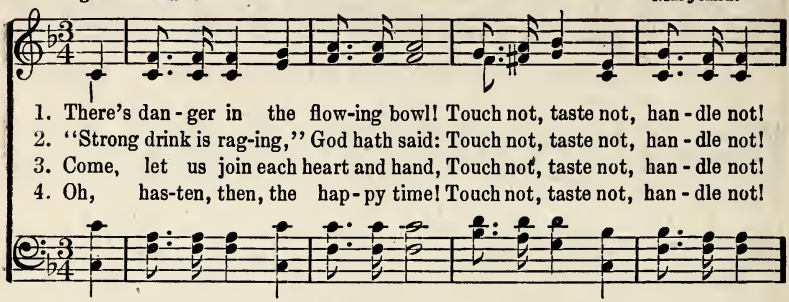
prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear-nest plea:
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be:
part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be:

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

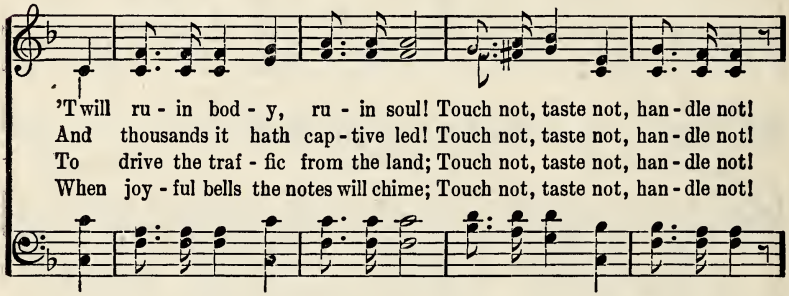
No. 137. Touch Not, Taste Not.

USED BY PERMISSION.

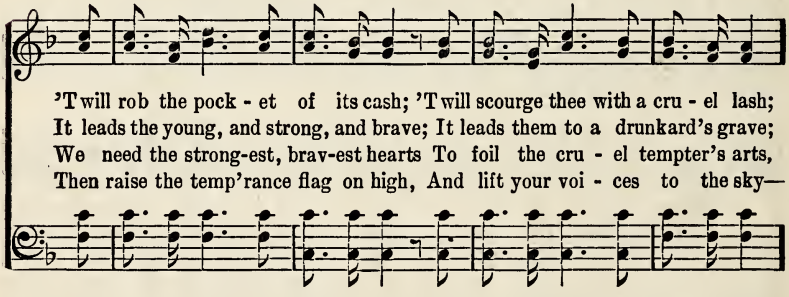
Dwight Williams. "Maryland."



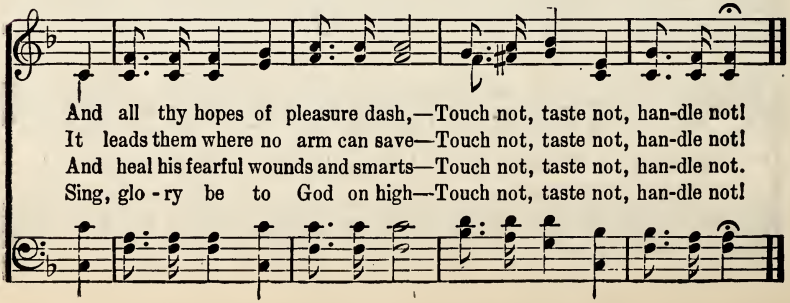
1. There's dan - ger in the flow-ing bowl! Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
2. "Strong drink is rag-ing," God hath said: Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
3. Come, let us join each heart and hand, Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
4. Oh, has-ten, then, the hap - py time! Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!



'Twill ru - in bod - y, ru - in soul! Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
And thousands it hath cap - tive led! Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
To drive the traf - fic from the land; Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
When joy - ful bells the notes will chime; Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!



'Twill rob the pock - et of its cash; 'Twill scourge thee with a cru - el lash;
It leads the young, and strong, and brave; It leads them to a drunkard's grave;
We need the strong-est, brav-est hearts To foil the cru - el tempter's arts,
Then raise the temp'rance flag on high, And lift your voi - ces to the sky—



And all thy hopes of pleasure dash,—Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
It leads them where no arm can save—Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
And heal his fearful wounds and smarts—Touch not, taste not, han-dle not.
Sing, glo - ry be to God on high—Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!

No. 138. Was It You?

C. D. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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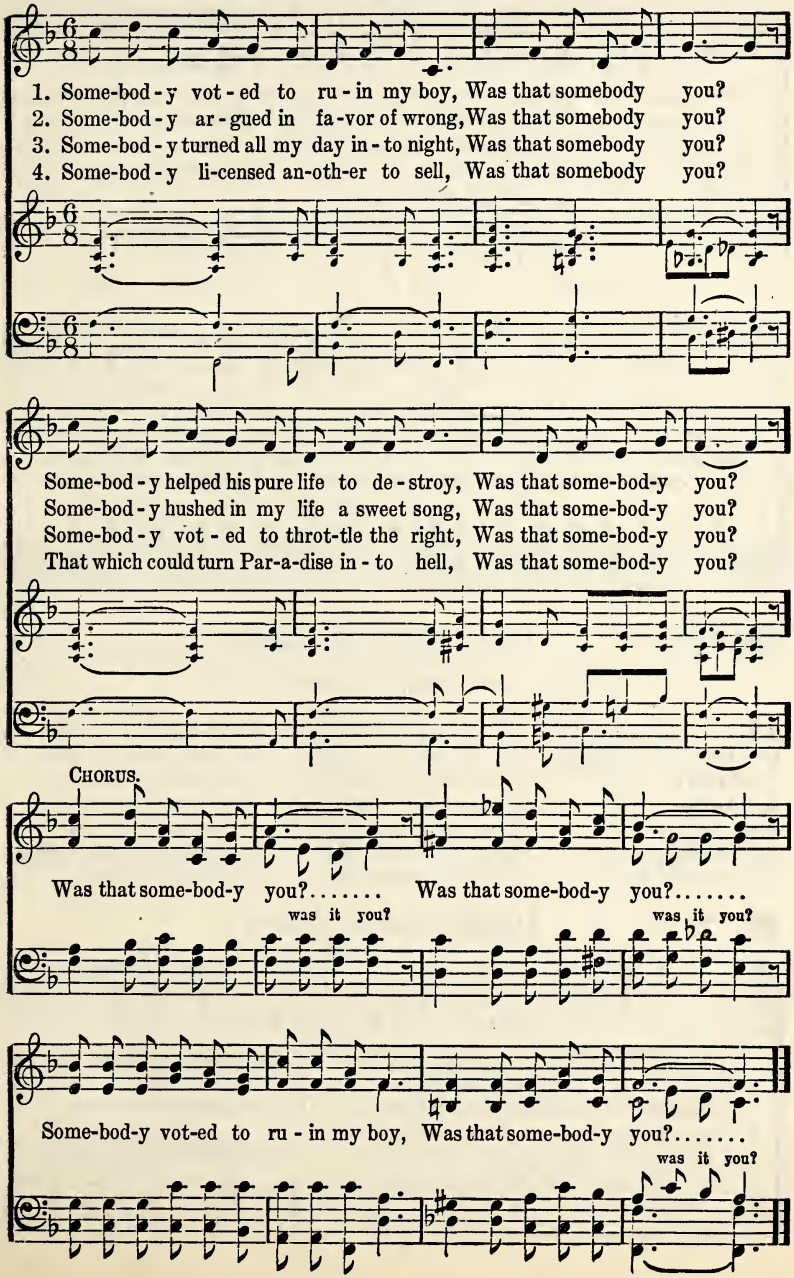
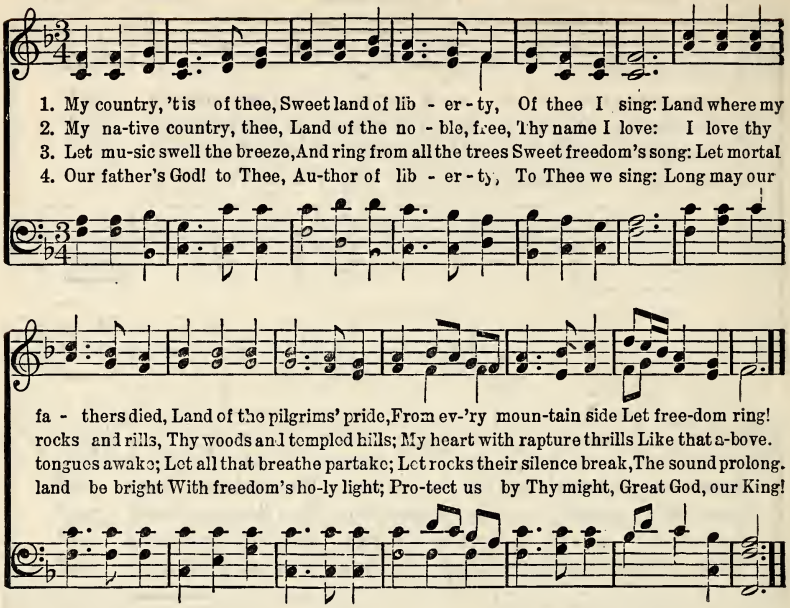
Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 139. America.

S. F. Smith. The National Song of America. English.



No. 140. God Save the King.

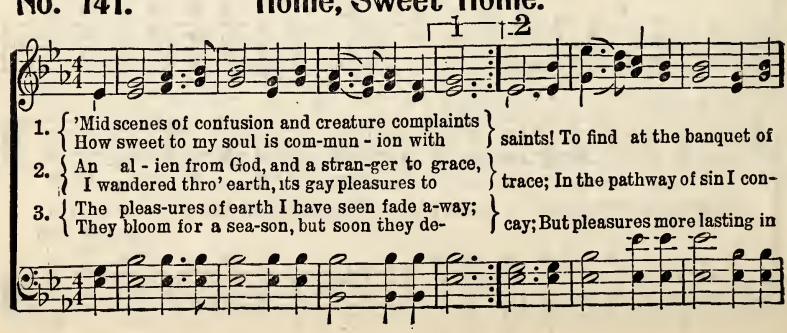
The National Song of Britain.

1.
God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King:
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the King.

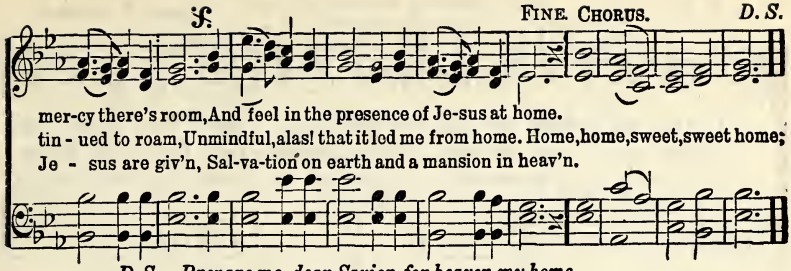
2.
Through every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve our King;
Long may he reign:
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in a nation's love
His throne maintain.

3.
Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

No. 141. Home, Sweet Home.

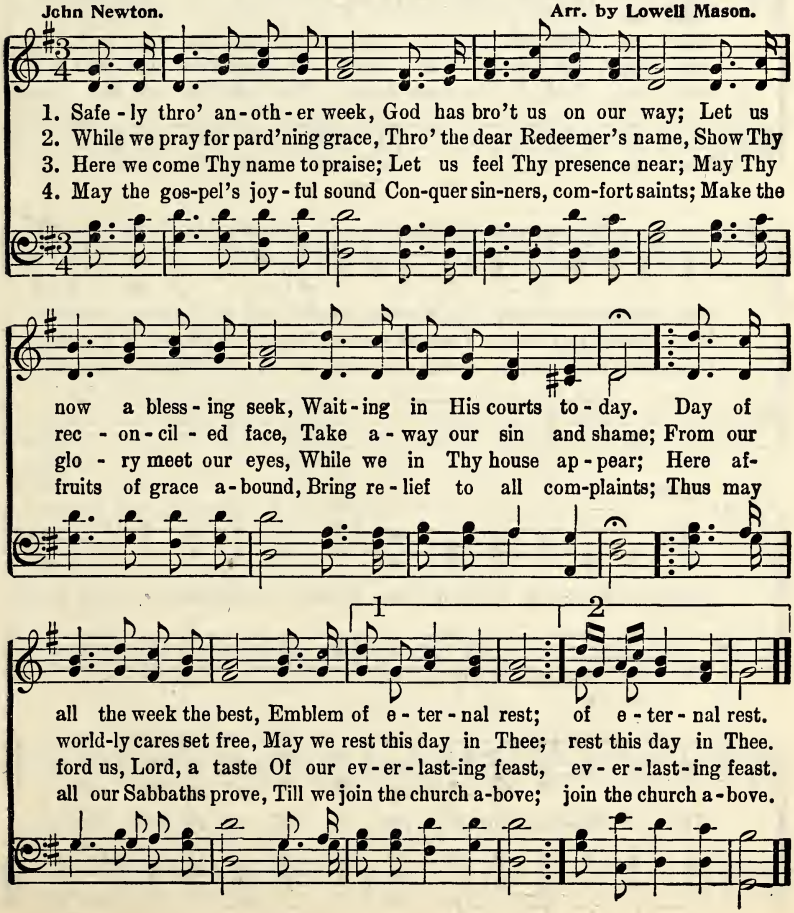


Home, Sweet Home.



No. 142 Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. Arr. by Lowell Mason.



No. 143. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P. USED BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Dr. H. R. Palmer.

1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man-ful - ly on - ward, Dark passions sub - due; Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.
2. Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad languaga dis - dain; God's name hold in rev - 'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear - nest, Kind-heart-ed and true; Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv - eth a crown; Thro' faith we will con - quer, Tho' oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - ior, Our strength will re-new; Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.

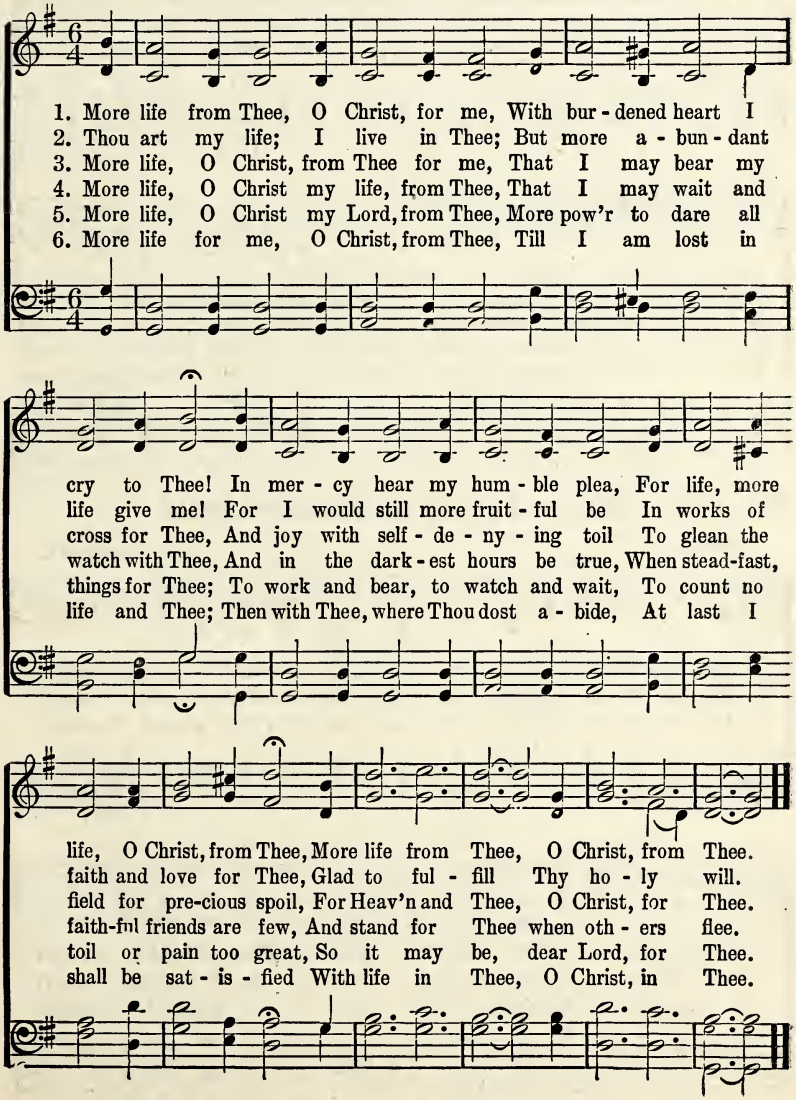
CHORUS.

Ask the Sav - ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you thro'.

Devotional Hymns.

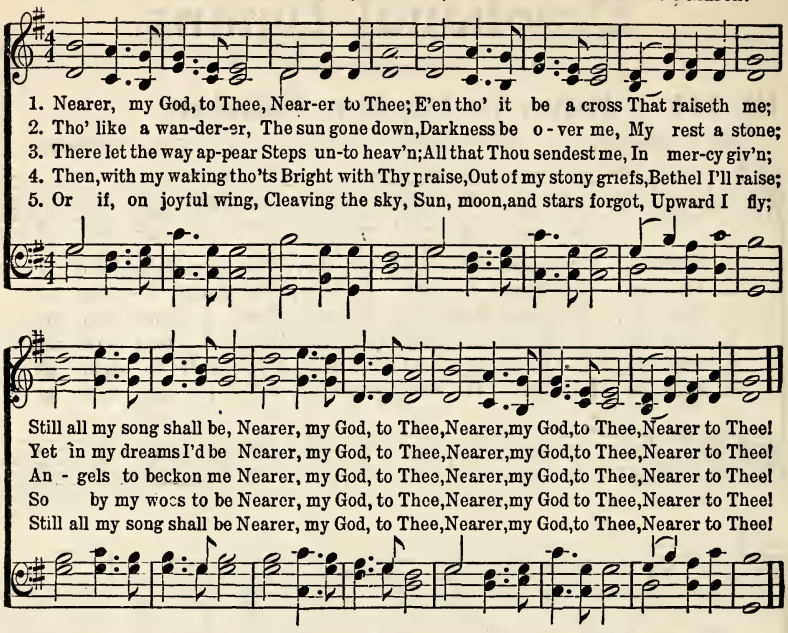
No. 144. Prayer for Life More Abundant.

Rev. H. Hartzler. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. ELMER BAILEY. Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 145. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. (BETHANY.) Lowell Mason.

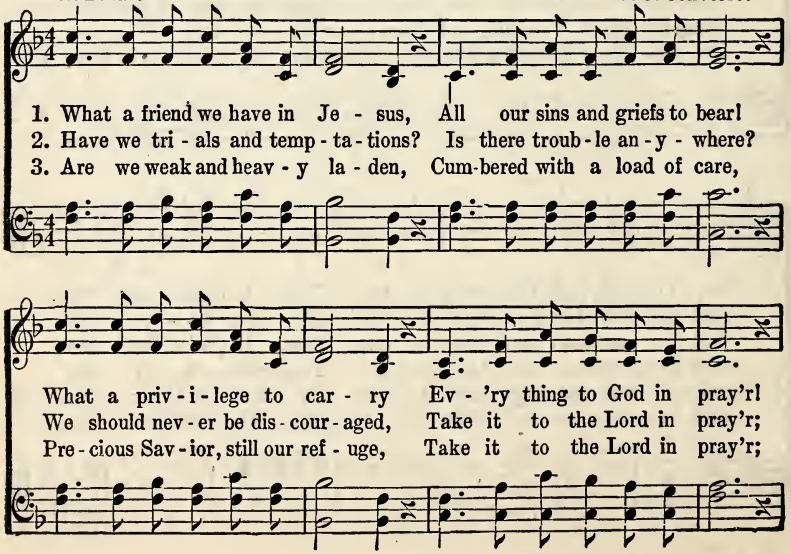


1. Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me;
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my stony griefs, Bethel I'll raise;
5. Or if, on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Upward I fly;

Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
An - gels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
So by my woes to be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
Still all my song shall be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

No. 146. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

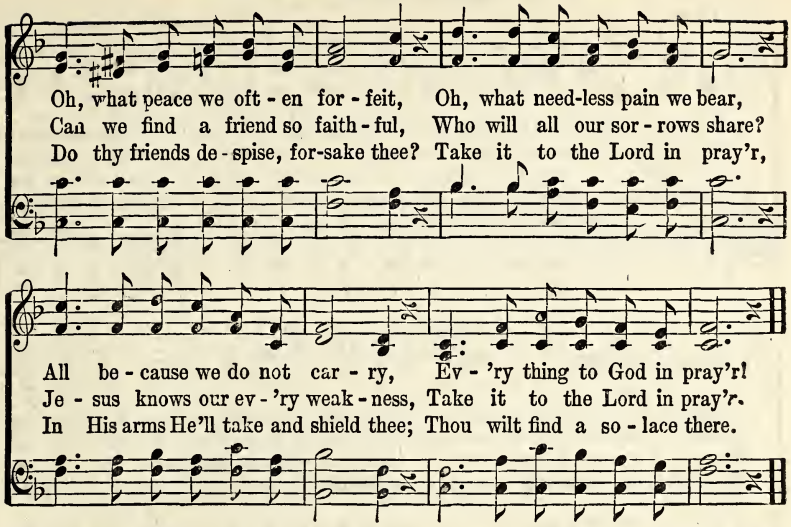
H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.



1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub - le an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care,

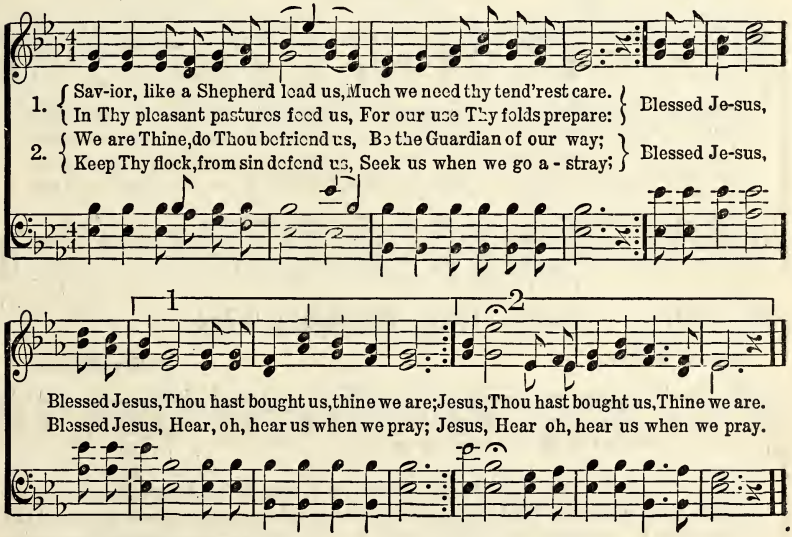
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in pray'r!
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r;
Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

What a Friend We Have in Jesus.



No. 147. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. (RUSSELL.) **William B. Bradbury.**



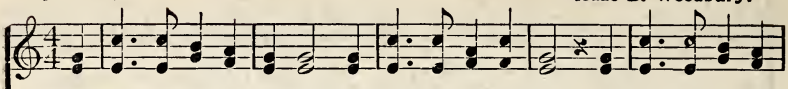
3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

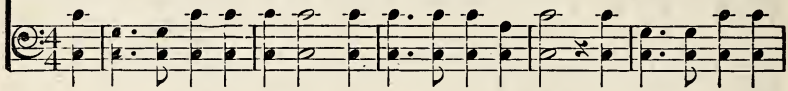
No. 148. Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest.

President Garfield's favorite hymn.

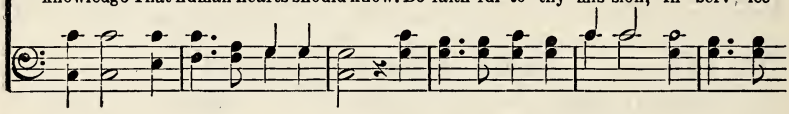
I. B. W. — Isaac B. Woodbury.



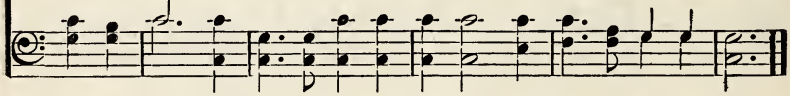
1. Ho! reap - ers of life's har-vest, Why stand with rust-ed blade, Un - til the night draws
2. Thrust in your sharpened sickle, And gath - er in the grain; The night is fast ap-
3. Come down from hill and mountain In morn-ing's rud-dy glow, Nor wait un - til the
4. Mount up the heights of wis-dom, And crush each er-ror low; Keep back no words of



round you, And day be-gins to fade? Why stand ye i - dle, wait-ing For reap - ers
proach-ing, And soon will come a - gain. The Mas-ter calls for reap-ers, And shall He
di - al Points to the noon be - low; And come with the strong sinew, Nor faint in
knowledge That human hearts should know. Be faith-ful to thy mis-sion, In serv - ice

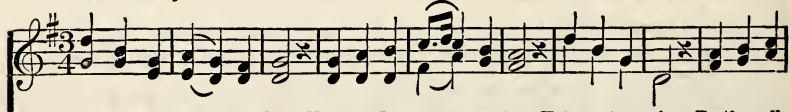


more to come? The gold - en morn is pass - ing, Why sit ye i - dle, dumb?
call in vain? Shall sheaves lie there un - gath-ered, And waste up - on the plain?
heat or cold; And pause not till the eve - ning Draws round its wealth of gold.
of thy Lord; And then a gold - en chap - let Shall be thy just re - ward.

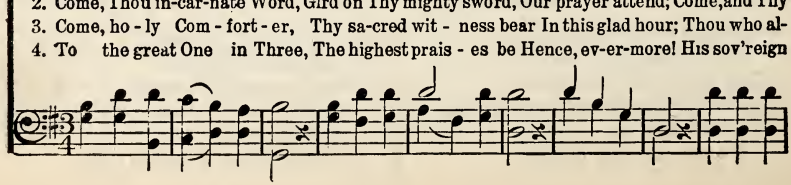


No. 149. Come, Thou Almighty King.

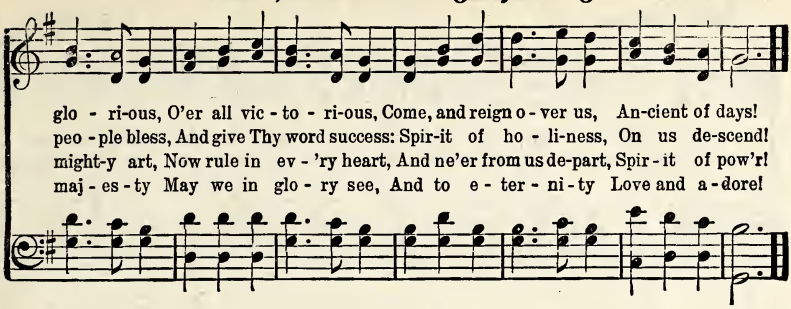
Charles Wesley. — Felice Giardini.



1. Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa-ther all-
2. Come, Thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword, Our prayer attend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa-cred wit - ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The highest prais - es be Hence, ev-er-more! His sov'reign

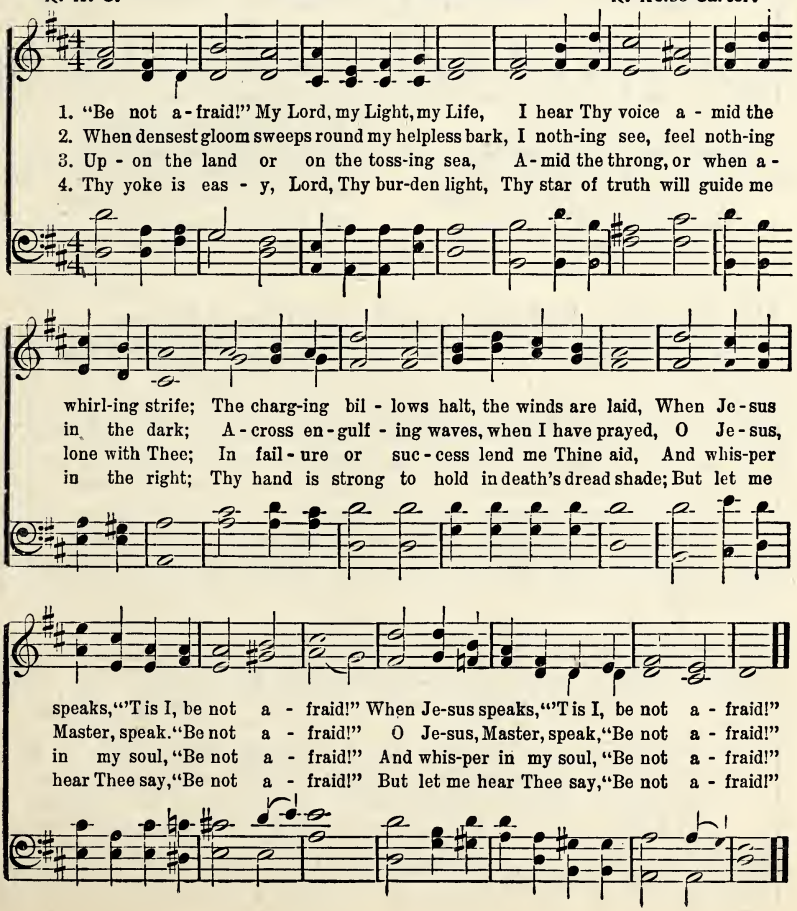


Come, Thou Almighty King.



No. 150. Be Not Afraid.

R. K. C. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY R. KELSO CARTER. R. Kelso Carter.



No. 151. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. J. E. Gould.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes-tuous sea:
D. C.—Chart and com - pass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.

D. C.

Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 152. 'T is Midnight; and On Olive's Brow.

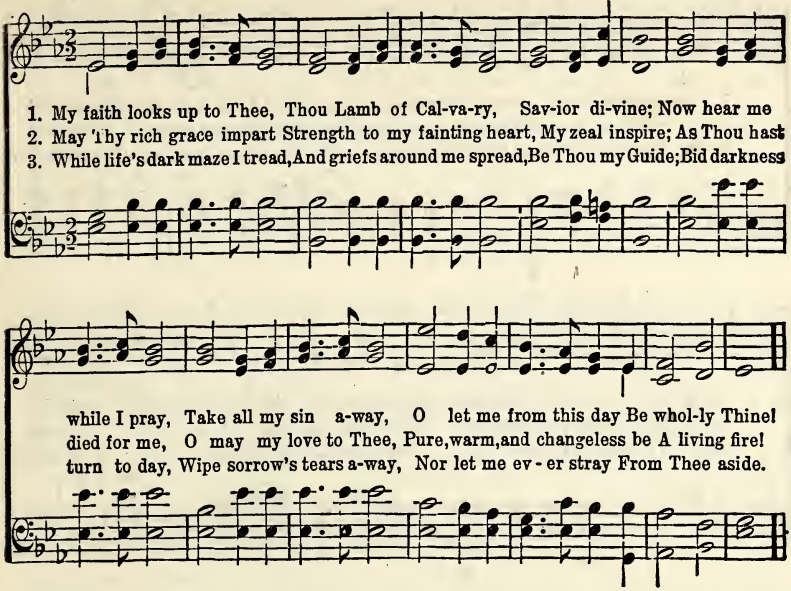
William B. Tappan. William B. Bradbury.

1. 'T is mid-night; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimmed that late - ly shone:
2. 'T is mid-night; and from all re - moved, The Sav - ior wres-tles lone with fears;
3. 'T is mid-night; and for oth - ers' guilt The Man of Sor-rows weeps in blood;
4. 'T is mid-night; and from e - ther-plains Is borne the song that an - gels know;

'T is mid-night; in the gar - den, now, The suf-f'ring Sav-ior prays a - lone.
E'en that dis - ci - ple whom He loved Heeds not His Mas-ter's grief and tears.
Yet he that hath in an - guish knelt, Is not for - sak - en by his God.
Un-heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweet-ly soothe the Sav - ior's woe.

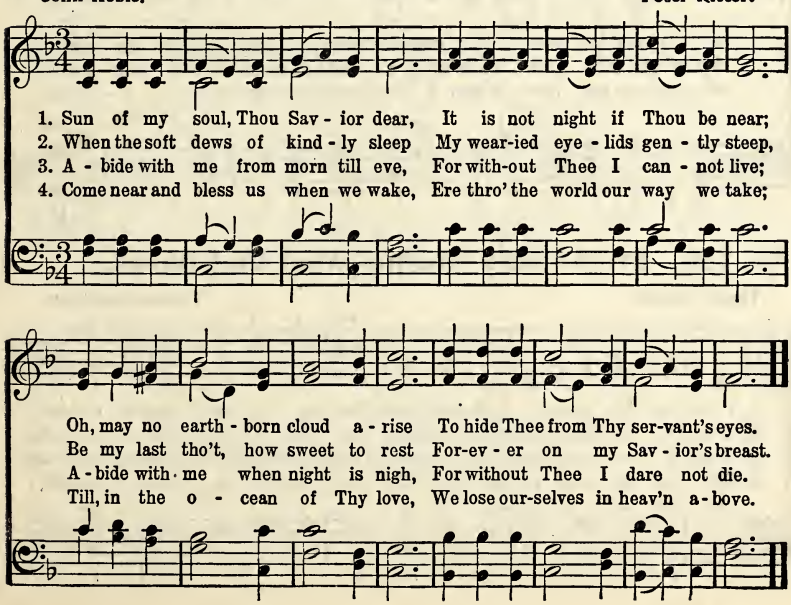
No. 153. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.



No. 154. Sun of My Soul.

John Keble. Peter Ritter.



No. 155. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. J. B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th' encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar-ish
fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those

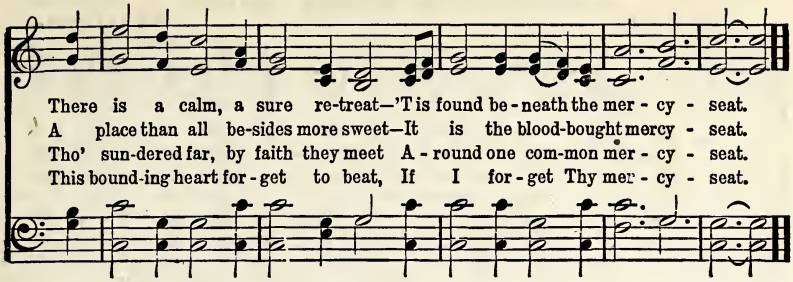
do not ask to see The dis-tant scene,—one step e-nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Re-mem-ber not past years.
an-gel-fa-ces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while.

No. 156. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

Hugh Stowell. Thomas Hastings.

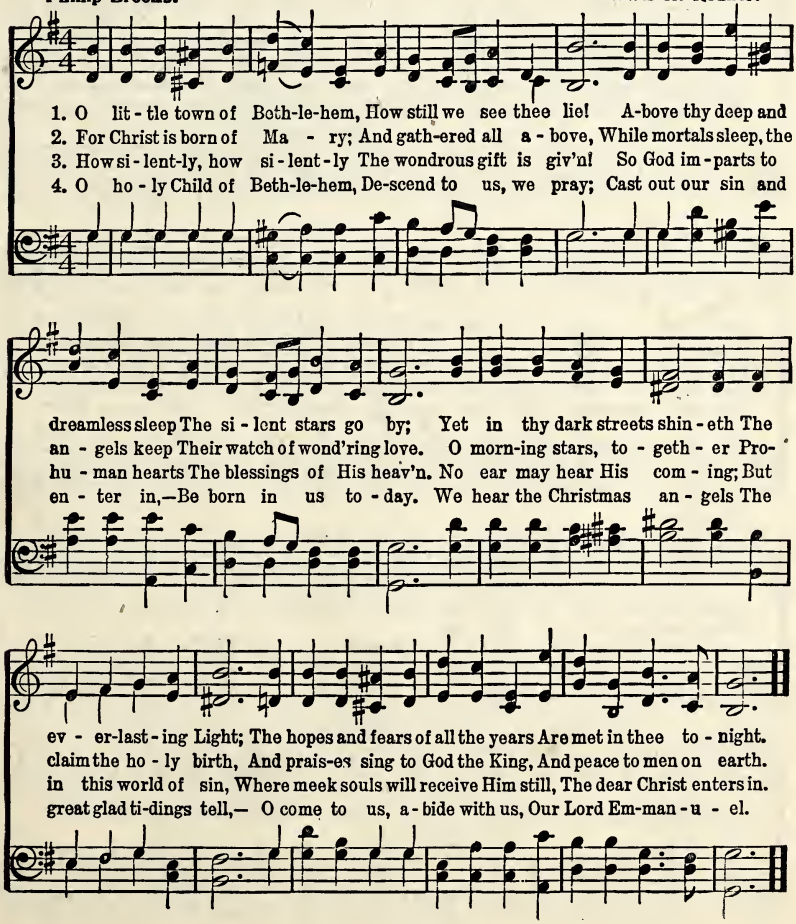
1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spir-its blend, Where friend holds fel-low-ship with friend;
4. Oh, let my hand for-get her skill, My tongue be si-lent, cold and still,

From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.



No. 157. O Little Town of Bethlehem.

Phillip Brooks. **Lewis H. Redner.**



No. 158. We're Marching to Zion.

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Isaac Watts. Robert Lowry.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thous - and sa - cred sweets, Be-
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
chil - dren of the heav - 'nly King, But chil - dren of the heav - 'nly King,
fore we reach the heav - 'nly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav - 'nly fields,
marching thro' Im-man - uel's ground, We're marching thro' Im - man-uel's ground,

And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're march-ing on to Zi - on,

march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau-ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

No. 159. All the Way.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. E. O. Excell.

1. Since I start-ed for the Cit - y o - ver in the Promised Land, I have
2. There are ma-ny snares and pit-falls all a-long the pil grim road, I can
3. When the clouds of darkness gather and the sunshine all has fled, Then He
4. When I reach the si - lent riv-er, with its cold and chilling tide, Je - sus

tri - als and temp-ta-tions ev - 'ry day; But I find my-self sup-port-ed
o - ver-come them if I watch and pray. In the hour of pain and sor-row,
guides my falt'ring footsteps lest I stray, And the bless - ed light of heav-en
will be there, my help-er and my stay. I will sail a-way triumphant,

by a strong and lov - ing hand, For I have the Sav-ior with me all the way.
grace suf-fi - cient is be-stowed, For I have the Sav-ior with me all the way.
o - ver all my path is spread, For I have the Sav-ior with me all the way.
land my soul on Ca-naan's side, For I have the Sav-ior with me all the way.

REFRAIN.

All the way, all the way, For I have the Savior with me all the way;
All the way, all the way,
all the way.

All the way, all the way, For I have the Savior with me all the way.
All the way,
all the way.

No. 160. Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. John Zundel.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!

Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
D. S.—Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart!

FINE.

Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;

D. S.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

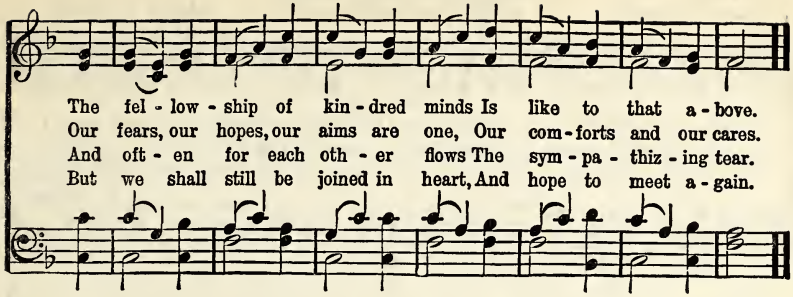
3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love!

No. 161. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.

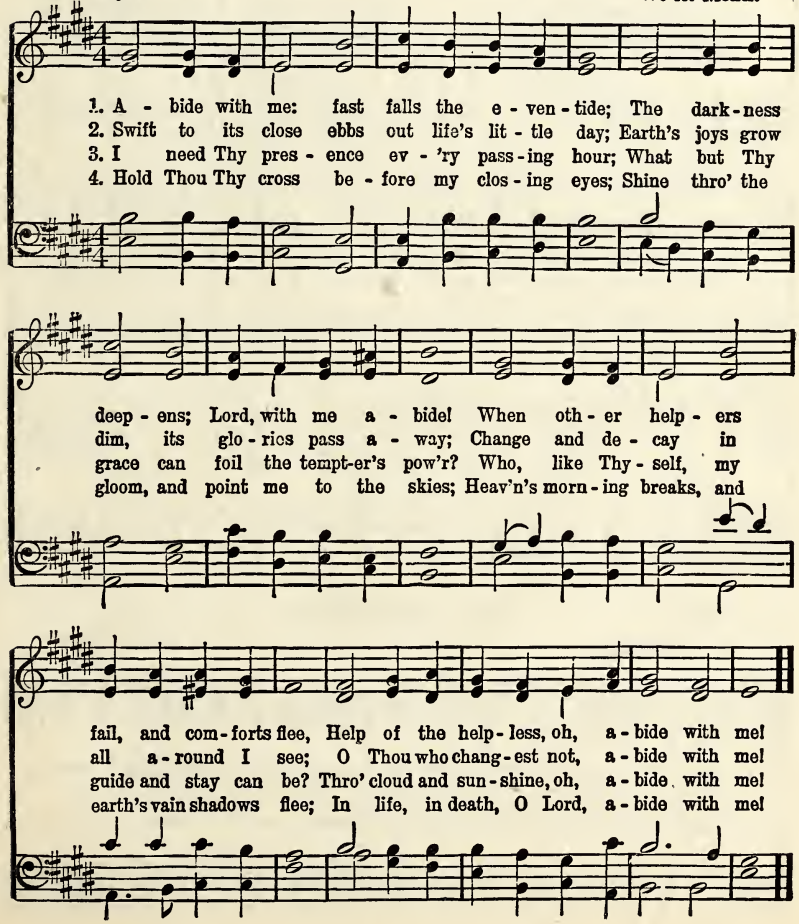
1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

Blest Be the Tie.



No. 162. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. W. H. Monk.



No. 163. Blessed Assurance.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di - vine!
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, perfect de-light, Vi-sions of rapture now burst on my sight;
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am happy and blest;

Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of mer-cy, whispers of love.
Watching and wait-ing, looking a-bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

CHORUS.

This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long;

This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long.

No. 164. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.

1. { O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. } Hap-py
2. { O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love! Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move. } Hap-py

O Happy Day.

FINE.

day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way. He taught me how to watch and

D. S.

pray, And live re-joi-cing ev-'ry day;

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

No. 165. The Church's One Foundation.

Samuel J. Stone. **Samuel S. Wesley.**

1. The Church's one foun-da-tion Is Je-sus Christ, her Lord; She is his new cre-
2. E-lect from ev-'ry na-tion, Yet one o'er all the earth; Her char-ter of sal-
3. 'Mid toil and trib-u-la-tion, And tu-mult of her war, She waits the con-sum-

a-tion By wa-ter and the word: From Heav'n He came and sought her To
va-tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth; One ho-ly name she bless-es, Par-
ma-tion Of peace for ev-er-more; Till with the vi-sion glo-rious, Her

be His ho-ly bride; With His own blood He bo't her, And for her life He died.
takes one ho-ly food, And to one hope she press-es, With ev-'ry grace en-dued.
long-ing eyes are blest, And the great Church victorious Shall be the Church at rest.

No. 166. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al
2. Crown Him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this earthly ball; Now hail the strength of
3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall, Go, spread your trophies

di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem,
Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all, Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all, Go spread your trophies at His feet,

And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 167. All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet. William Shrubsole.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the

roy - al di - a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.

No. 168. Refuge.

Charles Wesley. J. P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er
2. Oth - er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len,

wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior,
not a - lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is
cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy

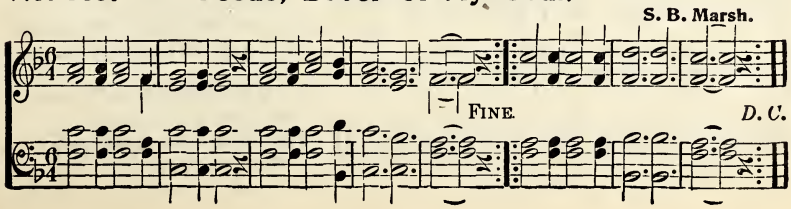
hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the hav - en guide,
stayed, All my help from Thee I bring; Co - ver my de-fense-less head
name, I am all un-right-eous-ness; Vile and full of sin I am,

O re - ceive my soul at last!
With the sha - dow of Thy wing.
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 169. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

S. B. Marsh.



No. 170. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Christopher Wordsworth. Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. { O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, / O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most brigth: } On thee, the high and lowly,

Thro' a - ges joined in tune, Sing "Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri-une.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

No. 171. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts. Hugh Wilson.

1. A - las! and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would He devote that
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree? A-maz-ing pit - y!

sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

No. 172. Rock of Ages.

A. M, Toplady. (TOPLADY.) Thomas Hastings.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee:
D. C.—*Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.*

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 173. A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley. (BOYLSTON,) Lowell Mason.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy; A nev - er - dy - ing
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fil, O may it all my

soul to save And fit it for the sky.
pow'rs engage, To do my Mas - ter's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
And in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray
I shall forever die.

No. 174. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

(*Tune above.*) Dwight.

1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord—
The house of Thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

No. 175. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. (NICEA.) John B. Dykes.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
gold - en crowns a round the glass-y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly!
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

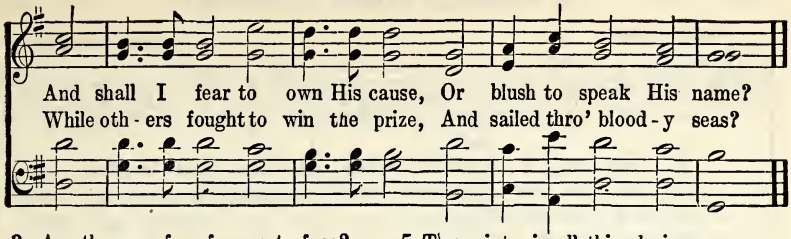
mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ever-more shalt be.
there is none be-side Thee, Per - fect in power, in love, and pur - i - ty.
mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!

No. 176. Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Rev. Isaac Watts. (ARLINGTON.) Thomas A. Arne.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - lower of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - ery beds of ease,

Am I a Soldier of the Cross.



3. Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God?

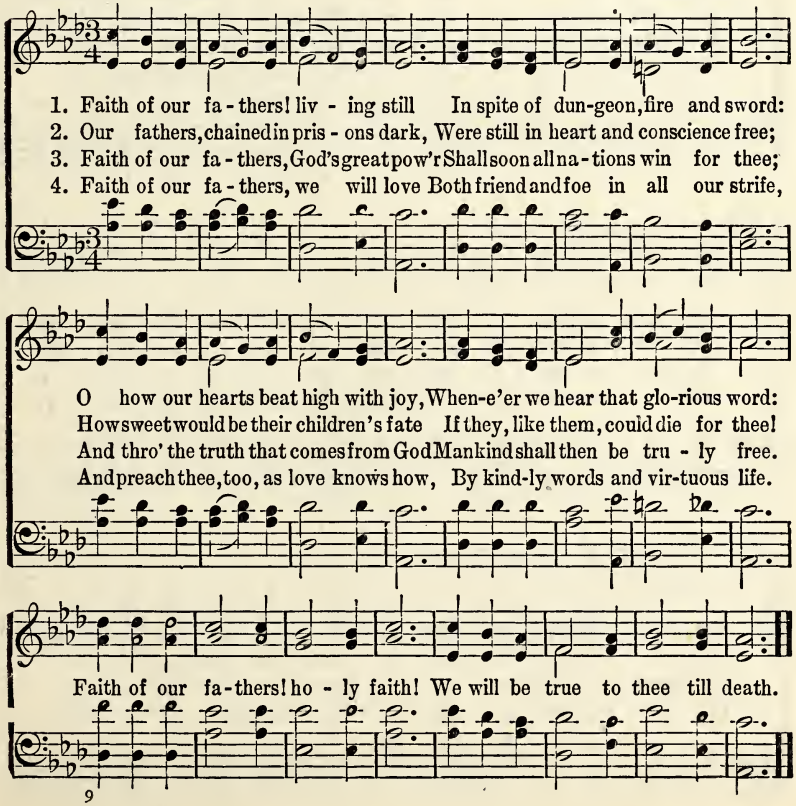
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy Word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

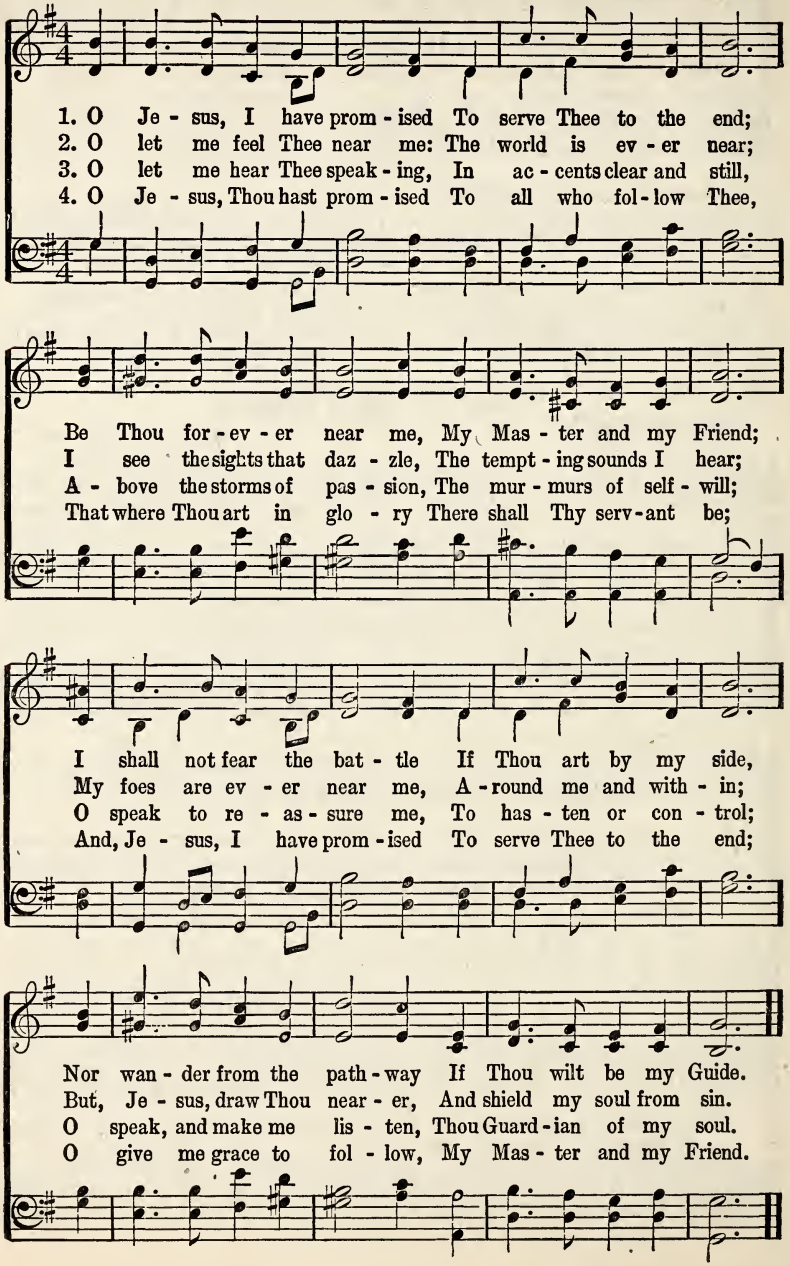
No. 177. Faith of Our Fathers!

Frederick W. Faber. H. F. Hemy, adpt.



No. 178 O Jesus, I Have Promised.

John E. Bode. Arthur H. Mann.



No. 179. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Baring-Gould. **Arthur Sullivan.**

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa-tan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol-diers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng; Blend with ours your voices

Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ the King,

REFRAIN.

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Brothers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your anthems raise. Onward, Christian sol - diers!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.

March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

No. 180. Ever Will I Pray.

A. Cummings. USED BY PERMISSION. J. H. Tenney.

1. Fa - ther, in the morn-ing Un - to Thee I pray; Let Thy lov - ing-
2. At the bus - y noontide, Pressed with work and care, Then I'll wait with
3. When the evening shad-ows Chase a - way the light, Fa - ther, then I'll
4. Thus in life's glad morning, In its bright noon - day, In the shad-owy

1. Un-to Thee I pray;

CHORUS.

kind - ness Keep me thro' this day.
Je - sus Till He hear my prayer.
pray Thee, Bless Thy child to - night.
eve - ning Ev - er will I pray.

I will pray, I will pray,

Keep me thro' this day. I will pray, I will pray,

Ev - er will I pray; Morn-ing, noon and evening Un-to Thee I'll pray.

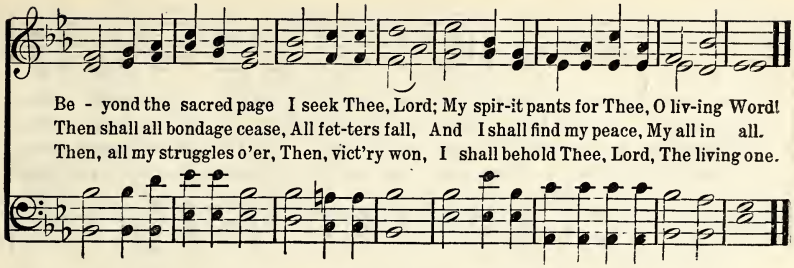
Ev-er will I pray; Un-to Thee I'll pray.

No. 181. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea.
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal-i - lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On-ly for Thee, As Thy dis - ci-ples lived In Gal - i - lee;

Break Thou the Bread of Life.

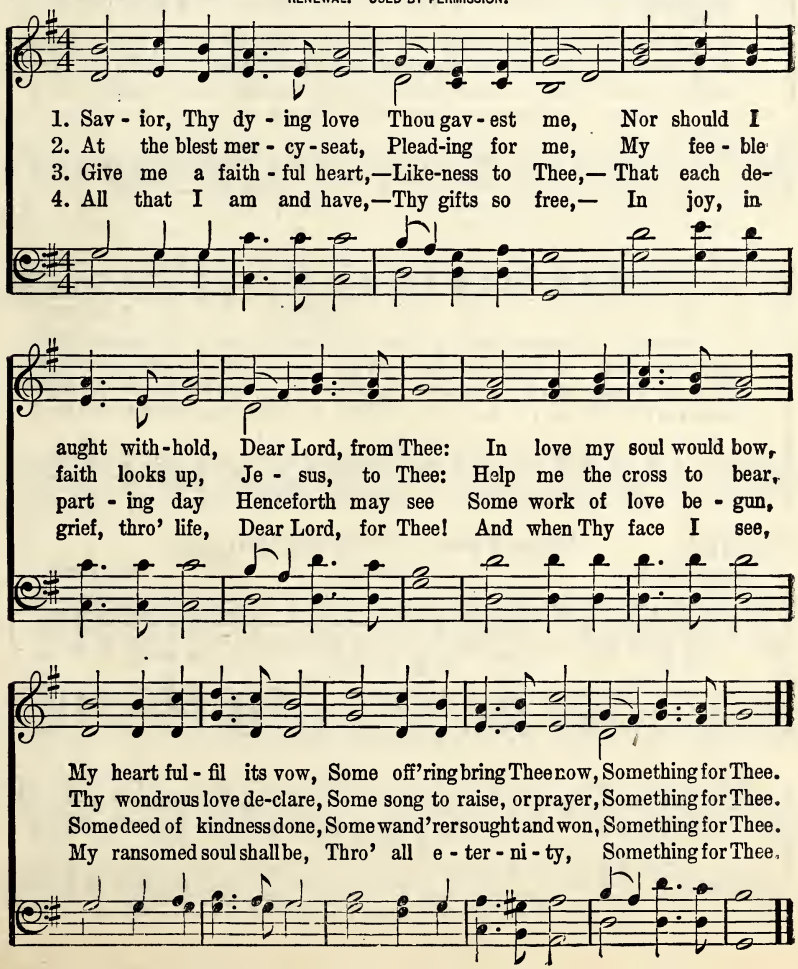


No. 182. Something for Jesus.

S. D. Phelps, D. D.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY ROBERT LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

Robert Lowry, D. D.



No. 183. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. Unknown.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall
4. "When thro' fiery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-fi-cient, shall

ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my
not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy
be thy sup-ply, The flames shall not hurt thee; I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-

ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
to thee thy deep-est dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
sume, and thy gold to re-fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine."

No. 184. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. (*Second tune.*) Anne Steele.

Children's Songs.

No. 185. I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Nellie Talbot. E. O. Excell.

1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;

In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Showing how pleas-ant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect - ing His good - ness, And al - ways shine for Him.
Serv-ing Him mo - ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.

CHORUS.

A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam;

A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun - beam for Him.

No. 186. Jesus Bids Us Shine.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. Excell.

1. Je - sus bids us shine, With a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
2. Je - sus bids us shine, First of all for Him; Well He sees and
3. Je - sus bids us shine, Then for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of
4. Je - sus bids us shine, As we work for Him, Bring - ing those that

can - dle Burn - ing in the night; In this world of dark - ness,
knows it If our light is dim; He looks down from heav - en,
dark-ness In this world a - bound, Sin and want and sor - row;
wan - der From the paths of sin; He will ev - er help us,

We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
Sees us shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
If we shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.

No. 187. Jesus Loves Me.

(The favorite Hymn of China)

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Lit - tle
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gate to o - pen wide; He will
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill; From His
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way; If I

Jesus Loves Me.

CHORUS.

ones to Him be-long, They are weak but He is strong.
wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je-sus loves me,
shining throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.

Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

No. 188. Bring Them In.

Alexcenah Thomas.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. A. OGDEN.
USED BY PER.

W. A. Ogden.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high,

Call - ing the sheep who've gone a-stay Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter speaks to thee, "Go find my sheep wher-e'er they be."

CHORUS.

{ Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
{ Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to } Je - sus.

No. 189. Open the Door for the Children.

Mary E. Kidder. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

1. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Ten-der - ly gath - er them in,—
2. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, See, they are com-ing in throngs!
3. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Take the dear lambs by the hand;

In from the high-ways and hedg - es, In from the plac - es of sin;
Bid them sit down to the ban-quet, Teach them your beau-ti - ful songs;
Point them to truth and to good-ness, Lead them to Ca-naan's fair land.

Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun-gry and cold;
Pray for the Fa-ther to bless them, Pray you that grace may be giv'n;
Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun-gry and cold;

FINE.

D. S.—O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.
O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Theirs is the king-dom of heav'n.
O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

O - pen the door, . . Gath - er them in, . . .
O-pen the door, o-pen the door, Gath-er them in, gath-er them in,

No. 190 Jewels.

W. O. Cushing. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. Geo. F. Root.

1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth To make up His jew - els,
   All His jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His [*Omit* . .] own,—
2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king - dom;
   All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His [*Omit* . .] own.
3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren, Who love their Re-deem - er,
   Are the jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His [*Omit* . .] own.

CHORUS.

Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown a-dorn-ing,
They shall shine in their beauty, [*Omit* . . . . .] Bright gems for His crown.

No. 191. A Child's Evening and Morning Prayer.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

Anon. May Whittle Moody.

EVENING.

1. At the close of ev - 'ry day, Lord, to Thee I kneel and pray;
2. O for - give and wash a - way All my naugh-ti - ness this day;

MORNING.

3. Fa - ther, Thou hast heard our prayer, And we own Thy ten - der care;
4. Teach us now our hearts to raise, In our morn-ing hymn of praise,

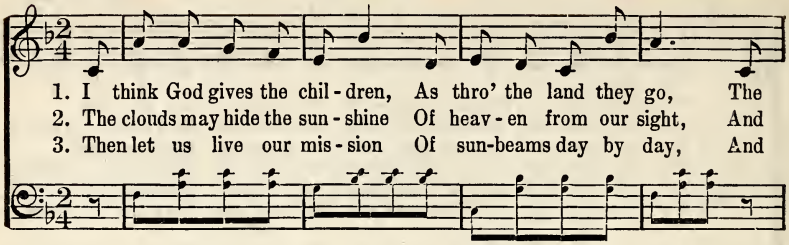
Look up - on Thy lit - tle child, Look in love and mer - cy mild.
When I sleep and when I wake Bless me for my Sav - ior's sake.
For by Thee in safe - ty kept, We have laid us down and slept.
And for Je - sus' sake, we pray, Bless and keep us thro' the day. A-MEN.

No. 192. Little Sunbeams.

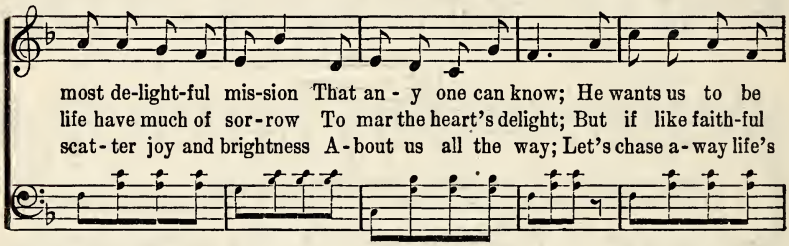
Eben E. Rexford.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

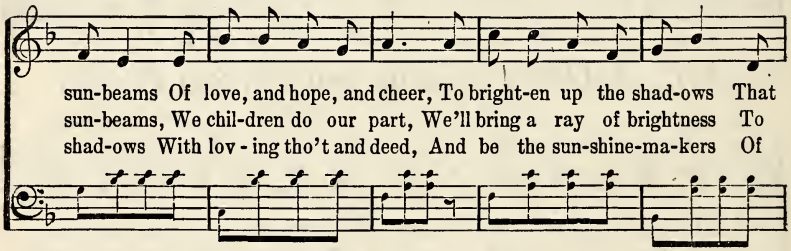
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. I think God gives the chil - dren, As thro' the land they go, The
2. The clouds may hide the sun - shine Of heav - en from our sight, And
3. Then let us live our mis - sion Of sun-beams day by day, And

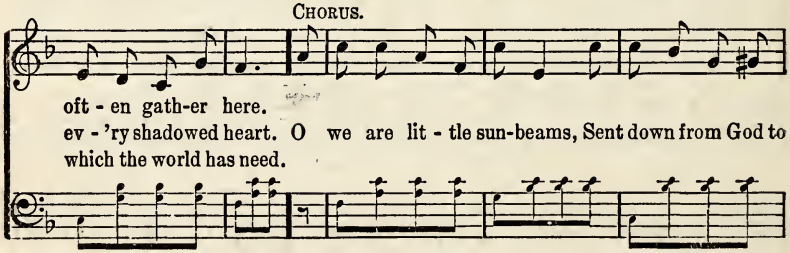


most de-light-ful mis-sion That an - y one can know; He wants us to be
life have much of sor - row To mar the heart's delight; But if like faith-ful
scat - ter joy and brightness A - bout us all the way; Let's chase a - way life's

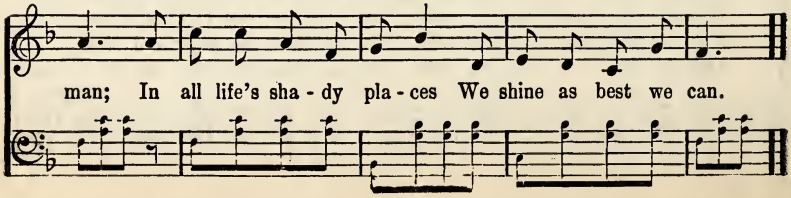


sun-beams Of love, and hope, and cheer, To bright-en up the shad-ows That
sun-beams, We chil-dren do our part, We'll bring a ray of brightness To
shad-ows With lov - ing tho't and deed, And be the sun-shine-ma-kers Of

CHORUS.



oft - en gath-er here.
ev - 'ry shadowed heart. O we are lit - tle sun-beams, Sent down from God to
which the world has need.



man; In all life's sha - dy pla - ces We shine as best we can.

No. 193. Jesus Loves Even Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY JOHN CHURCH COMPANY.
USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. I am so glad that our Fa-ther in Heav'n Tells of His love in the
2. Tho' I for-get Him and wan-der a-way, Still He doth love me wher-
3. Oh, if there's on-ly one song I can sing, When in His beau-ty I

Book He has giv'n, Won-der-ful things in the Bi-ble I see;
ev-er I stray; Back to His dear lov-ing arms would I flee,
see the Great King, This shall my song in e-ter-ni-ty be:

CHORUS.

This is the dear-est, that Je-sus loves me.
When I re-mem-ber that Je-sus loves me. I am so glad that
"Oh, what a won-der that Je-sus loves me.

1 2

Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me; e-ven me.

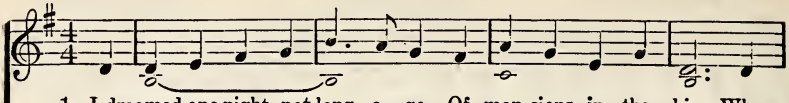
1 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him.
Love brought Him down my poor soul to redeem:
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree,
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me.
I am so glad, etc.

2 If one should ask of me, how could I tell!
Glory to Jesus, I know very well:
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
Constantly witnessing—Jesus loves me.
I am so glad, etc.

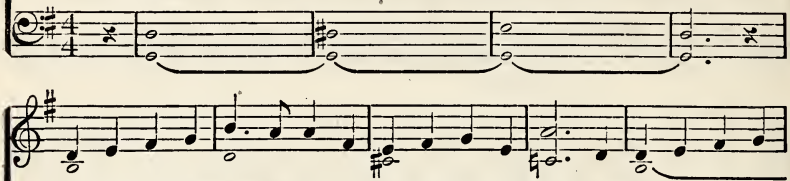
3 In this assurance I find sweetest rest,
Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest;
Satan dismayed, from my soul now doth flee,
When I just tell him that Jesus loves me.
I am so glad, etc.

No. 194. The Children's Hosanna.

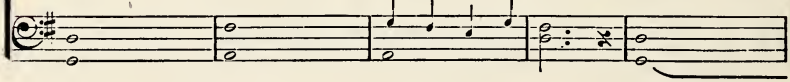
Neal A. McAuley. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. J. S. Fearis.

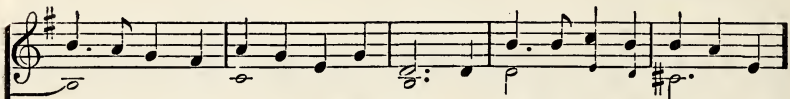


1. I dreamed one night, not long a - go, Of man-sions in the skies, Where
2. And, as I mused, I heard a voice, In sweet - er tones than all, Di-
3. And when from slumber I a - rose, To serve my Lord and King, I

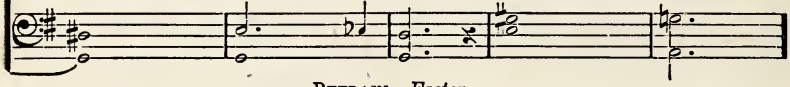


those who love the Lord ob-tain A rich and glo-rious prize; I saw a-mong the
rect - ing Christian workers here, In words I now re - call: "Forbid them not," He
felt that I the lit - tle lambs To Christ in love might bring; And then I cried for

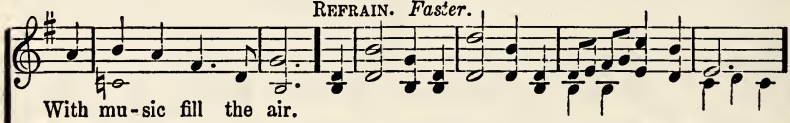




hap - py throng The children bright and fair; I heard their voi-ces clear and sweet
gen - tly said, "The children bring to Me; Their por-tion in the World of Light
dai - ly grace Their precious souls to cheer, Till they could sing, like yonder choir,

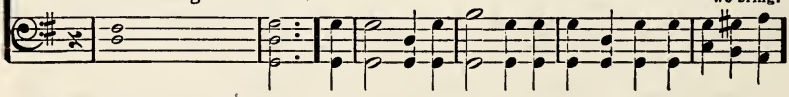


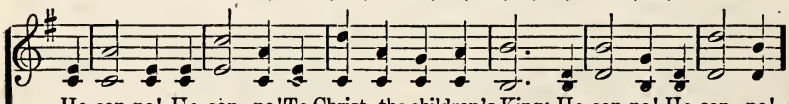
REFRAIN. *Faster.*



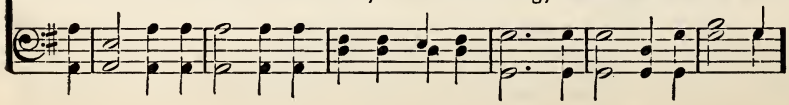
With mu - sic fill the air.
Redeemed shall ev - er be." Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na! Our songs of love we bring!
Ho - san - na! bright and clear.

we bring!





Ho-san-na! Ho-san - na! To Christ, the children's King; Ho-san-na! Ho-san - na!



The Children's Hosanna.

Our songs of love we bring, Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na! to Christ, the children's King.

we bring.

No. 195. At the Cross.

Isaac Watts. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON. R. E. Hudson.

1. A - las, and did my Sav-ior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would He de-
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree? A - maz-ing
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His glo-ries in, When Christ, the
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe: Here, Lord, I

CHORUS.

vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
pit-y! grace unknown! And love beyond degree! At the cross, at the cross where I
mighty Mak-er, died For man, the creature's sin.
give my-self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do!

first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled away, (rolled away,) It was

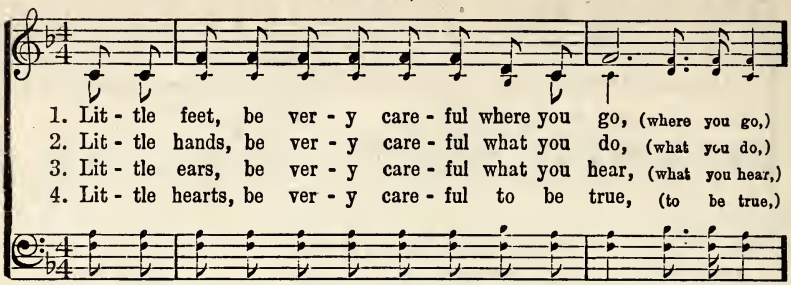
there by faith I received my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day!

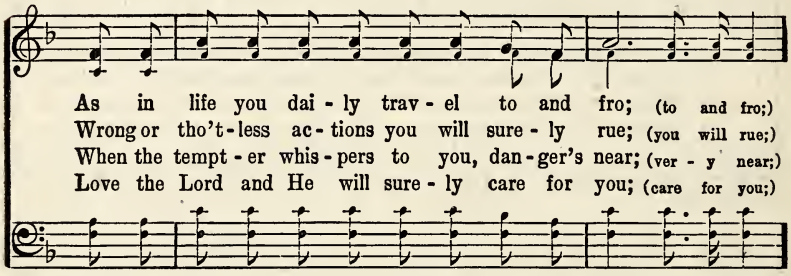
No. 196. Be Careful.

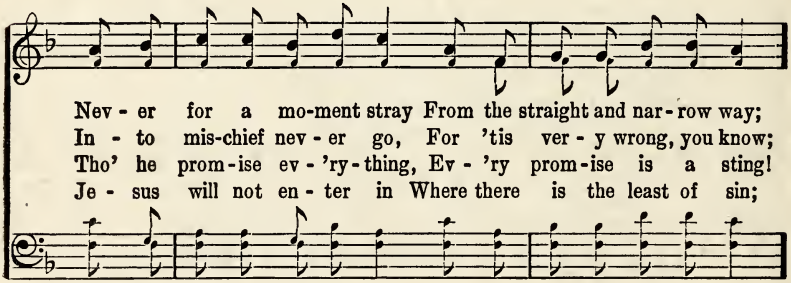
C. H. G.

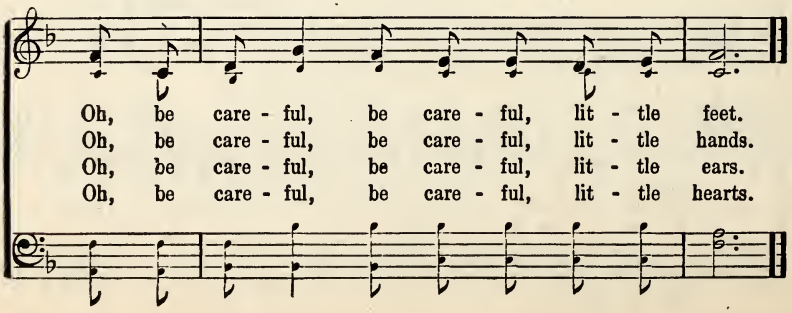
COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.









Prayer.

No. 197. The Power of Prayer.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. H. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

1. There is in prayer a won-drous pow'r In-spired of God a - lone,
2. There is in prayer a might - y pow'r, That draws our souls a - bove,
3. There is in prayer a trust - ing pow'r, That keeps us day by day;
4. What-e'er of joy our cup may fill, What-e'er of pain we bear,

That brings to us the "Prince of Peace," And seals our hearts His own.
And makes us one in Christ the Lord, Who, though un-seen, we love.
That clings to Him, our Hope, our All, To Him, the Truth, the Way.
Pray on, pray on, the Lord commands, Let ev - 'ry breath be prayer.

CHORUS.

The pow'r of prayer can nev-er fail,..... O'er sin and death it will pre-

nev-er fail,

rit.

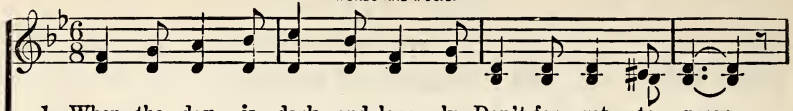
vail; The pow'r of prayer, when time is past, Will lead us home at last.

will pre-vail;

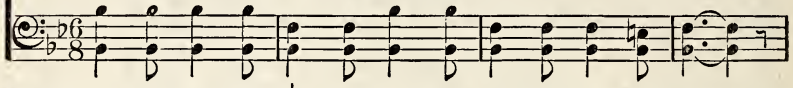
No. 198. Don't Forget to Pray.

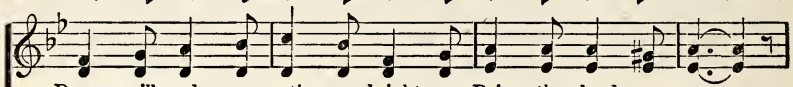
Miriam E. Arnold. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

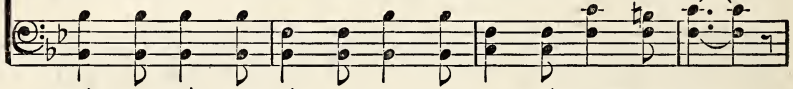


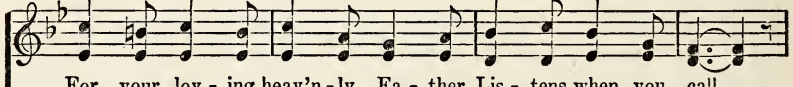
1. When the day is dark and lone - ly, Don't for - get to pray;
2. When the sun is bright - ly shin - ing, Don't for - get to pray;
3. O the bliss this won-drous friend-ship Will your soul af - ford,



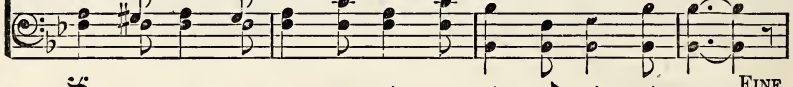


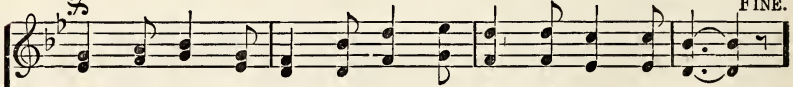
Prayer will make your path - way bright - er, Drive the clouds a - way.
Let the Sav - ior share your glad - ness, On your pil - grim way;
Dwell - ing thus in close com-mun - ion With your lov - ing Lord;





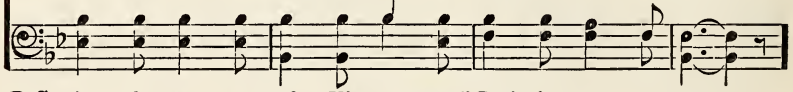
For your lov - ing heav'n - ly Fa - ther Lis - tens when you call,
For He longs to walk be - side you, Your most trust - ed Friend,
Till in Heav'n you shall be - hold Him, See Him face to face,





FINE.

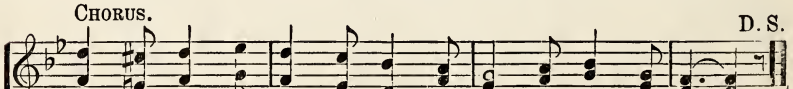
And in mer - cy He will an - swer, Trust Him for it all.
And a - bide thro' storm and sun - shine To your jour - ney's end.
And thro'-out e - ter - nal a - ges Praise Him for His grace.



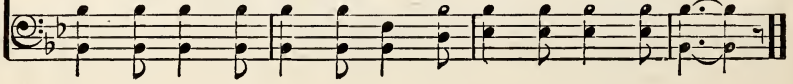
D.S.—*"In the se - cret of His pres - ence," Don't for - get to pray.*

CHORUS.

D. S.



Tell Him all your sor - rows, He will turn your night to day,



No. 199. Alone With God.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. When storms of life are round me beat-ing, When rough the path that I have trod,
2. What tho' the clouds have gathered o'er me? What tho' I've passed beneath the rod?
3. 'Tis there I find new strength for du-ty, As o'er the sands of time I plod,
4. And when I see the mo-ment near-ing When I shall sleep beneath the sod,

With-in my clos-et door re-treat-ing, I love to be a-lone with God.
God's perfect will there lies be-fore me, When I am thus a-lone with God.
I see the King in all His beau-ty, While rest-ing there a-lone with God.
When time with me is dis-ap-pear-ing, I want to be a-lone with God.

CHORUS.

A-lone with God,..... the world for-bid-den, A-lone with God,..... O blest re-treat! A-lone with God,..... and in Him hid-den, To hold with Him..... com-mun-ion sweet.

A-lone with God,
A-lone with God,
A-lone with God,
To hold with Him

ritard.

No. 200. Spend One Hour With Jesus.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Katharine A. Grimes. E. O. Excell.

1. Wear - y soul by sin op-pressed, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
2. Do you fear the gath-'ring gloom? Spend one hour with Je - sus;
3. Ev - 'ry need He will sup - ply, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
4. All a - long life's storm-y way, Spend one hour with Je - sus;

He will give your spir - it rest, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
In the si - lent in - ner room, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
He a - lone can sat - is - fy, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
Call up - on Him day by day, Spend one hour with Je - sus:

He has felt your grief be - fore, Num-bered all your sor - rows o'er,
He will speak un - to your soul, Make your ev - 'ry heart-ache whole,
Oh, the mer - cy He will show, Oh, the grace He will be - stow,
Tell Him all— He is your Friend, He will count-less bless - ings send.

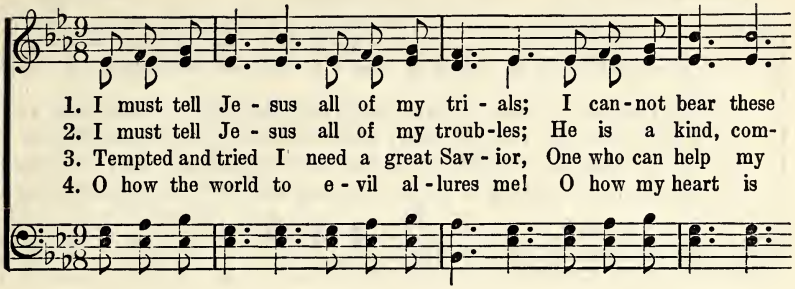
He will ev - 'ry joy re - store; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
Point you to the Heav'n-ly Goal; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
Grace to con - quer ev - 'ry foe; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
He will keep you to the end; Spend one hour with Je - sus.

No. 201. I Must Tell Jesus.

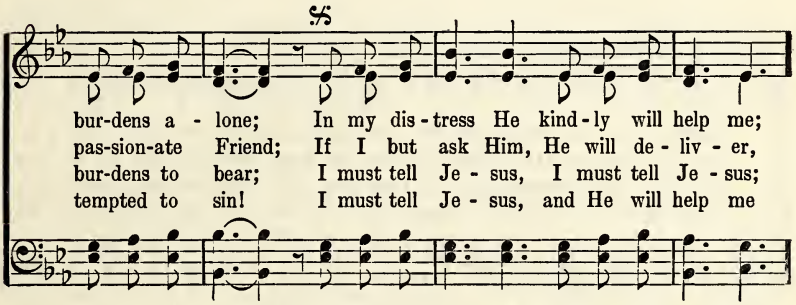
E. A. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.



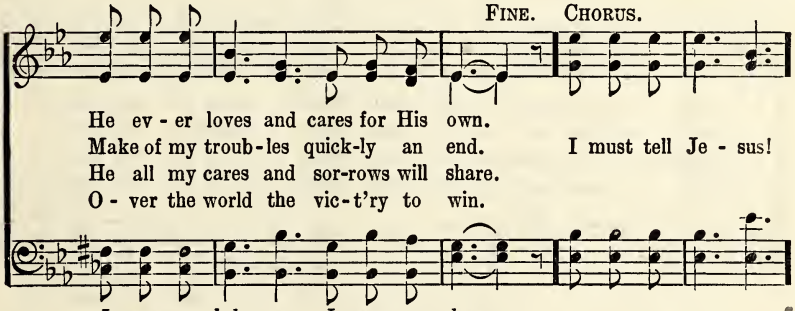
1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub-les; He is a kind, com-
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is



bur-dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
pas-sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
bur-dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
tempted to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

D. S.—*I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus!*

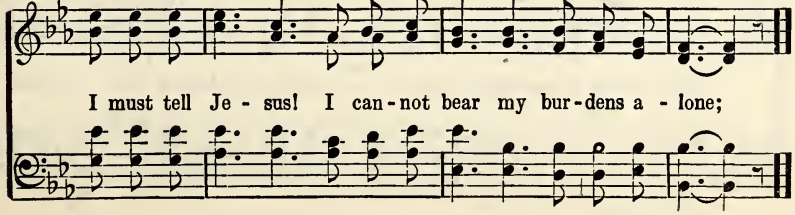
FINE. CHORUS.



He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
Make of my troub - les quick-ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!
He all my cares and sor-rows will share.
O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

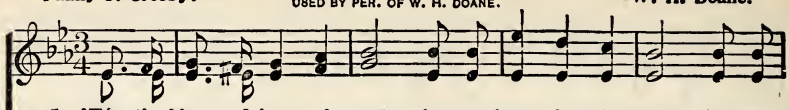
D. S.



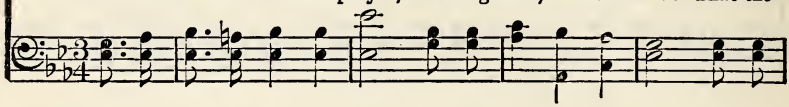
I must tell Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone;

No. 202 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

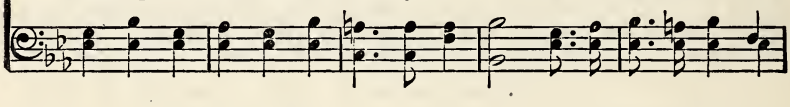
Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1880, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.
USED BY PER. OF W. H. DOANE. W. H. Doane.



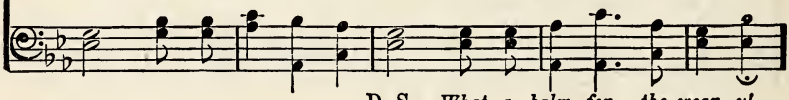
1. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low - ly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the Sav - ior draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the
4. At the bless - ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him, we be - lieve That the



gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav - ior and Friend; If we come to Him in
ten - der com - pas - sion His chil - dren to hear; When He tells us we may
Sav - ior who loves them their sor - row con - fide; With a sym - pa - thiz - ing
bless - ing we're need-ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive; In the full-ness of this

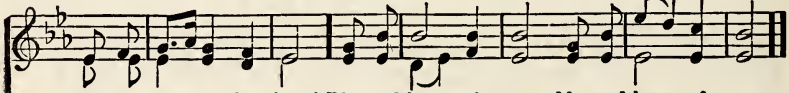


faith, His pro - tec - tion to share, What a balm for the wear - y!
cast at His feet ev - 'ry care, What a balm for the wear - y!
heart He re-moves ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wear - y!
trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wear - y!

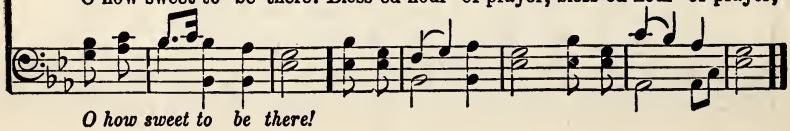


D. S.—*What a balm for the wear - y!*

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.



O how sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of prayer, bless-ed hour of prayer;



O how sweet to be there!

No. 203. My Heart's Desire.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. H. MARSH.

Rev. George Marsh. Chas. H. Marsh.

1. Je-sus, I want to be ho-ly, Faith-ful and pure and true;
2. Je-sus, I want to be work-ing, While it is called to-day;
3. Je-sus, I want to be lov-ing, Hon-est and up-right and kind;
4. Je-sus, I want to be sing-ing, Sing-ing of Thy free grace,

Je-sus, I want to be ev-er Keep-ing the prize in view.
Je-sus, I want to be read-y Thy ti-dings to por-tray.
Je-sus, I want to be ev-er Keep-ing the cross in mind.
In hap-py an-ti-ci-pa-tion When I shall see Thy face.

Je-sus, I want to be seek-ing Lost ones and tell them of Thee;
Je-sus, I want to be trust-ing, Know-ing Thy will is the best;
Je-sus, I want to be will-ing, Ev-er to do or to be
Je-sus, I want to be watch-ing, Watch-ing for Thee to come;

Je-sus, I want to be show-ing How precious Thou art to me.
Je-sus, I want to be wait-ing When Thou shalt call me to rest.
Nothing or an-y-thing, al-ways, On-ly to glo-ri-fy Thee.
Je-sus, I know I am read-y If death should summon me home.

No. 204. More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
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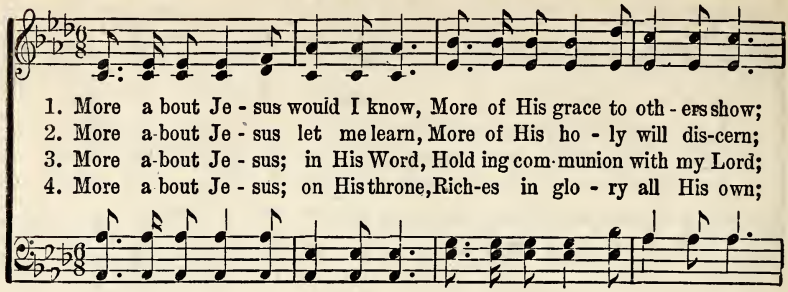
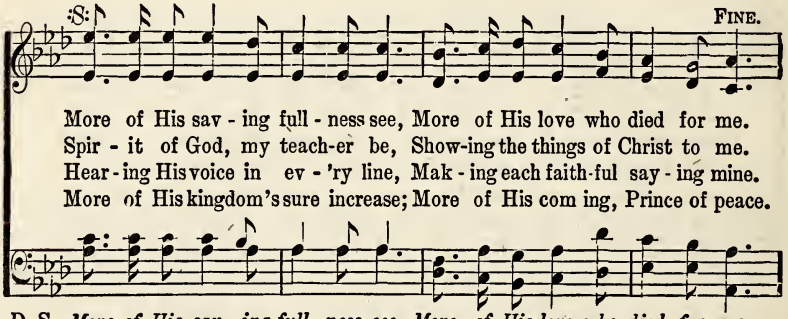
Jno, R, Sweney.

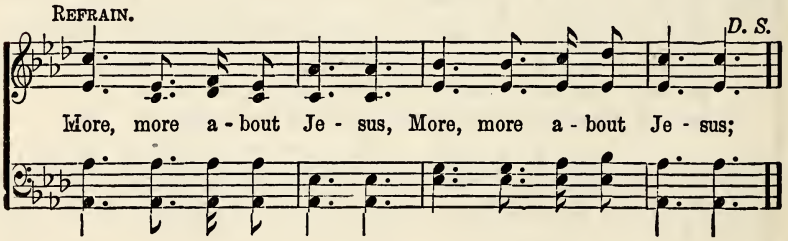


1. More a bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je - sus; in His Word, Hold ing com-munion with my Lord;
4. More a bout Je - sus; on His throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all His own;



More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear - ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak - ing each faith-ful say - ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure increase; More of His com ing, Prince of peace.

D. S.–*More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.*

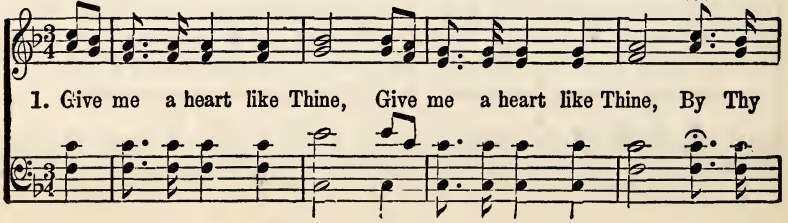


More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;

No. 205. Give Me a Heart Like Thine.

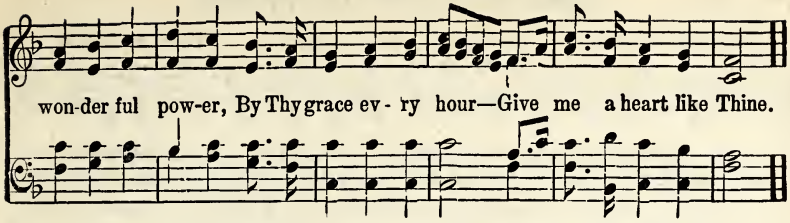
Anon.

Arranged.



1. Give me a heart like Thine, Give me a heart like Thine, By Thy

Give Me a Heart Like Thine.

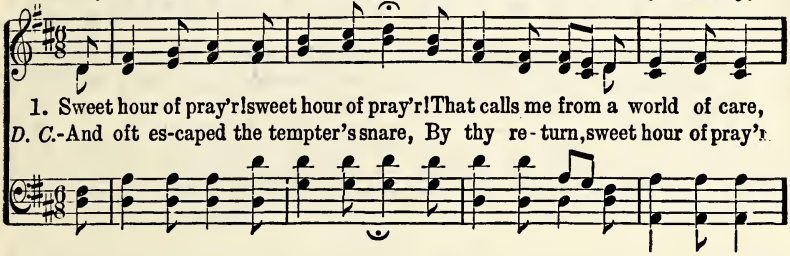


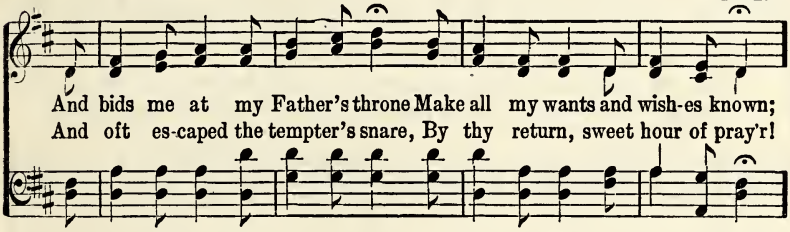
2. Give me a love like Thine.
3. Give me a faith like Thine.
4. Give me a peace like Thine.
5. Give me a joy like Thine.

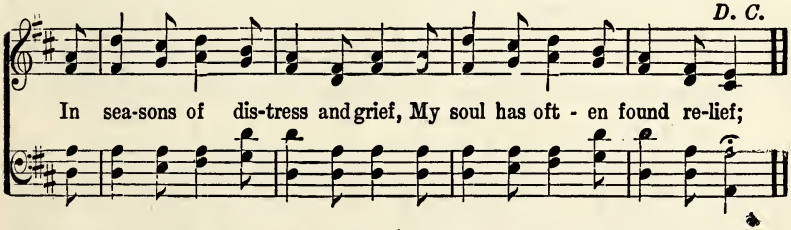
No. 206. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

USED BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., NEW YORK.

Wm, W: Walford: OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT. Wm. B, Bradbury,







2 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
:I'll cast on Him my every care
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r!:||

3 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
||:And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r!:||

No. 207. Someone Hears Our Prayer.

R. M. Bronner. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Do you know when we are long-ing for a bet-ter day, Some-one hears our
2. When the world goes on for-get-ting that our hearts are sore, Some-one hears our
3. When we wait the fi-nal sum-mons to the realms a-bove, Some-one hears our

prayer! someone hears our prayer! Do you feel that when in se-cret si-lent-
prayer! someone hears our prayer! When the way seems dark and lone-ly to the
prayer! someone hears our prayer! When at last we hear the sing-ing of the

CHORUS.

ly we pray, Some one hears our prayer—'tis Je-sus!
bet-ter shore, Some-one hears our prayer—'tis Je-sus! Some-one al-ways hears our
choirs a-bove, Some-one hears our prayer—'tis Je-sus! Someone always hears our

pleadings and our prayers; Some-one listens to our troubles and our cares; Some-one
Someone list-ens to our Someone loves us

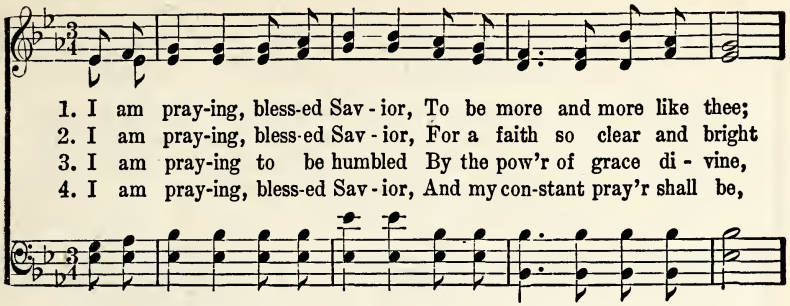
loves us, and a place for us prepares—Someone always hears us—'tis Je-sus!
and a

No. 208. Hear and Answer Prayer.

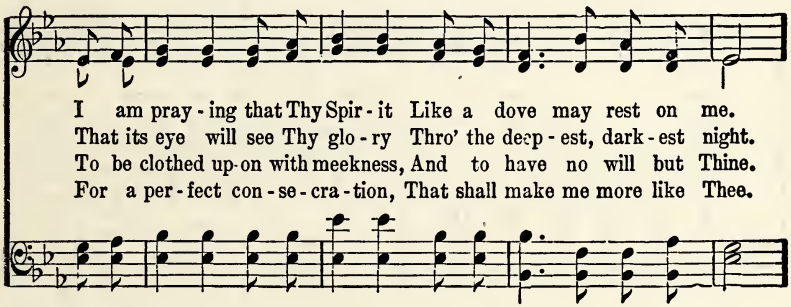
Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY WM. J KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PER.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

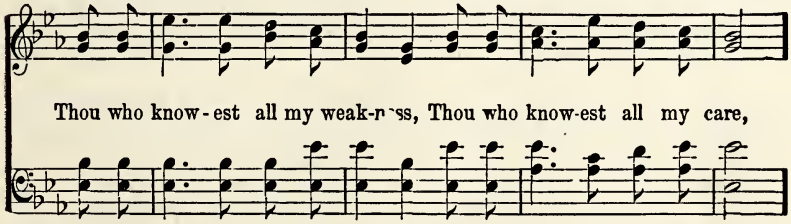


1. I am pray-ing, bless-ed Sav-ior, To be more and more like thee;
2. I am pray-ing, bless-ed Sav-ior, For a faith so clear and bright
3. I am pray-ing to be humbled By the pow'r of grace di-vine,
4. I am pray-ing, bless-ed Sav-ior, And my con-stant pray'r shall be,

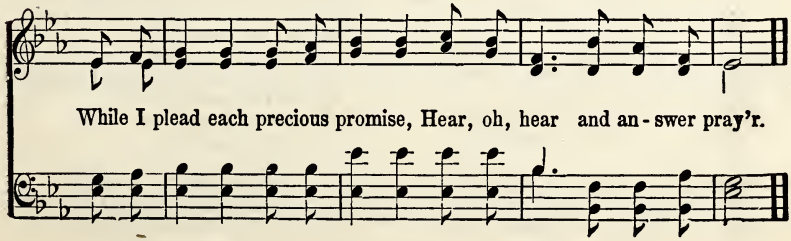


I am pray-ing that Thy Spir-it Like a dove may rest on me.
That its eye will see Thy glo-ry Thro' the deep-est, dark-est night.
To be clothed up-on with meekness, And to have no will but Thine.
For a per-fect con-se-cra-tion, That shall make me more like Thee.

CHORUS.



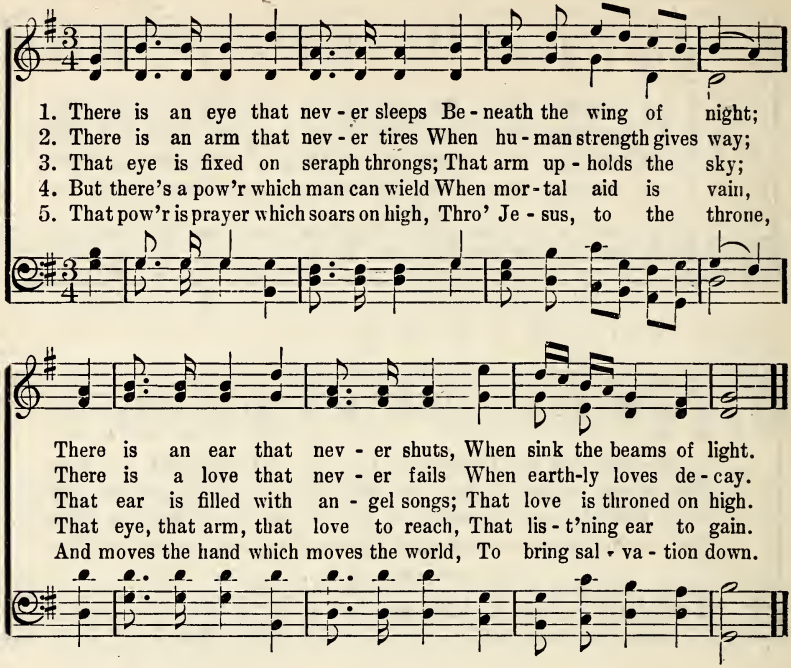
Thou who know-est all my weak-ness, Thou who know-est all my care,



While I plead each precious promise, Hear, oh, hear and an-swer pray'r.

No. 209. An Eye That Never Sleeps.

John Wallace. Deodatus Dutton, Jr.



No. 210. The Soul's Sincere Desire.

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of all hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters Heaven with prayer.

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

—*James Montgomery.*

No. 211. Prayer is the Breath of God.

1 Prayer is the breath of God in man,
Returning where it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the using flame.

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourning soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To Him there's music in a sigh,
And beauty in a tear.

4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since He for sinners intercedes
Who once for sinners died

Holy Spirit.

No. 212. The Pentecostal Power.

J. O. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY J. O. STUTSMAN.
USED BY PER.

Rev. J. O. Stutsman.

1. Lord, give us now the sa - cred pow'r They had at Pen - te-cost,
2. We give our-selves in - to Thy care, Our time, our strength, our all;
3. Come now and pu - ri - fy each heart, And strengthen ev - 'ry mind,
4. I feel the Spir - it in my soul, He cleans - es me from sin;
5. I'll do Thy will with heart sin - cere, Thy glo - rious work be - gin;

In-crease our love for Thee this hour, That we may save the lost.
We will be Thine; O hear our prayer And let Thy Spir - it fall.
That ev - 'ry one may do His part In this great work of Thine.
O praise His name! He makes me whole, And gives me peace with - in.
I'll face the world with - out a fear, With Pen - te - cost with - in.

CHORUS.

O sa - cred fire of love di - vine, Con-sume the dross and make us

Thine; Fill ev - 'ry soul, and give us pow'r, The Pen-te - cost - al pow'r.

No. 213. Holy Ghost, With Love Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad - dened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
Long hath sin with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my man - y woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, bleed - ing heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol - throne, Reign su - preme—and reign a - lone.

No. 214. Breathe Upon Us.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.

Slow,

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY R. KELSO CARTER. USED BY PER.

1. Breathe up - on us, Lord, from heaven, Fill us with the Ho - ly Ghost;
2. While the Spir - it hov - ers o'er us, O - pen all our hearts, we pray;
3. From all sin grant us re - demp - tion, Wash us in the cleans-ing flood;
4. Lift us, Lord, oh, lift us high - er, From the car - nal mind set free;

Prom - ise of the Fa - ther giv - en, Send us now a Pen - te - cost.
To Thine im-age, Lord, re - store us, Wit - ness in our souls to - day.
Let us know the full re-demp - tion Purchased for us by the blood.
Fill us with re - fin - ing fire, Give us per - fect lib - er - ty.

Breathe Upon Us.

CHORUS. *Rit.*

Breathe up - on us, Breathe up - on us, With Thy love our hearts in - spire;

Breathe up - on us, Breathe up - on us, Lord, bap-tize us now with fire.

No. 215. Fill Me Now.

E. H. Stokes. COPYRIGHT, 1879 BY JOHN J. HOOD. USED BY PER. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my tremb - ling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gracious Spir - it, Tho' I can not tell Thee how;
3. I am weakness, full of weakness, At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;

:S: FINE.

Fill me with Thy hal - lowed pres-ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
But I need Thee, great - ly need Thee; Come, oh, come and fill me now.
Blest, di-vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
Thou art com-fort-ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

D. S. *Fill me with Thy hal - lowed pres-ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus come and fill me now;

No. 216. I Am Listening.

W. S. M. W. S. Marshall.

1. Do you hear the Sav - ior call - ing, By the woo - ings of His voice?
2. By His Spir - it He is woo-ing, Soft - ly draw - ing us to Him,
3. By the Word of Truth He's speaking To the wand'ring, er - ring ones;
4. In His Prov - i - den - tial deal - ings, E - ven in His stern de - crees,

Do you hear the ac - cents fall - ing? Will you make the pre-cious choice?
Thro' the day and night pur - su - ing, With His gen - tle voice to win.
List! the voice the still - ness' break - ing! Hear the sweet and sol-emn tones!
In the loud - est thun - ders peal - ing, Or the murm'ring of the breeze.

REFRAIN.

I am lis - t'ning, oh, I'm lis - t'ning, Just to hear the ac-cents fall;

Repeat softly.

I am lis - t'ning, oh, I'm lis - t'ning To the Sav - ior's gen - tle call.

No. 217. Send the Power Again.

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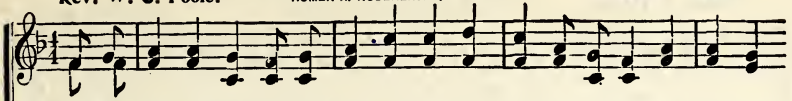
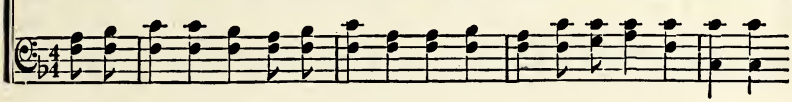
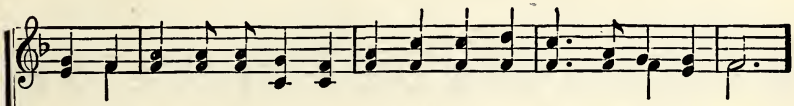
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Rev. W. C. Poole. Chas. H. Gabriel.

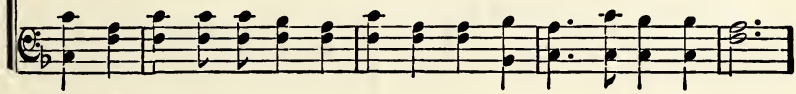


1. There was pow'r, O Lord, in the days of old, To kin - dle a fire in hearts grown
2. There was pow'r by which ev'ry tongue could speak, New life-giving pow'r unto the
3. There was pow'r to set ev'ry cap-tive free And give to Thy servants lib - er-
4. There was pow'r, O Lord, in the old-time pray'r, It thrilled ev'ry heart and lingered

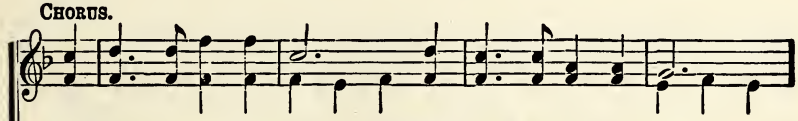




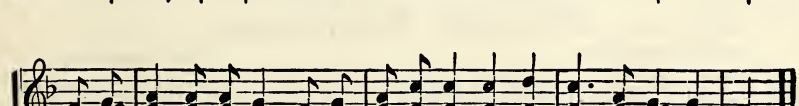
cold; That we on Thy word may now lay hold, Lord, send that pow'r a-gain.
weak, That sent them the wand'ring ones to seek—Lord, send that pow'r a-gain.
ty To speak and to pray and work for Thee—Lord, send that pow'r a-gain.
there, Till we in Thy glo - ry seemed to share—Lord, send that pow'r a-gain.



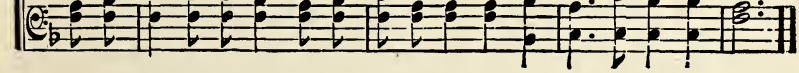
CHORUS.



Lord, send the pow'r a - gain, O send the pow'r a - gain!
A - men! A - men!



We believe on Thy name, And Thy promise we claim, Lord, send the pow'r a-gain.



No. 218. I Need Thee Every Hour.

Annie R. Hawks. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL, USED BY PERMISSION. Robert Lowry.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta - tions
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Teach me Thy will, And Thy rich
5. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me

CHORUS.

voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh.
and a - bide, Or life is vain. I need Thee, O I need Thee! Ev-'ry
prom-is - es In me ful - fill.
Thine in-deed, Thou bless-ed Son!

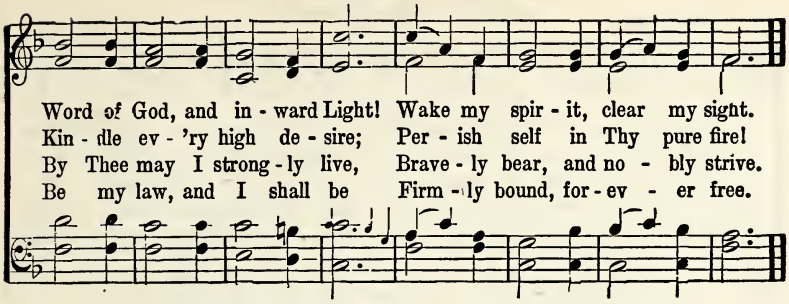
hour I need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!

No. 219. Holy Spirit, Truth Divine.

Samuel Longfellow. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Truth di - vine! Dawn up - on this soul of mine;
2. Ho - ly Spir - it, Love di - vine! Glow with - in this heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, Pow'r di - vine! Fill and nerve this will of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, Right di - vine! King with - in my conscience reign:

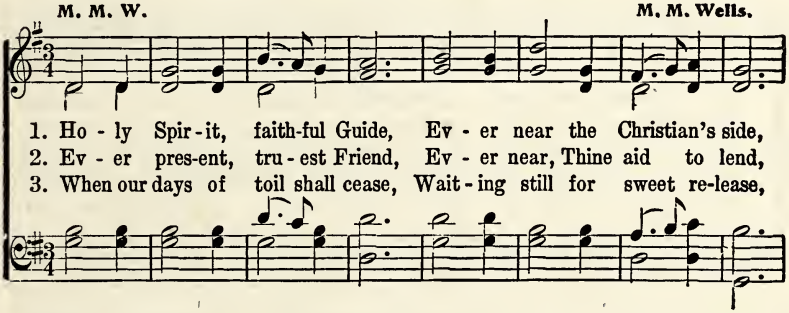
Holy Spirit, Truth Divine.



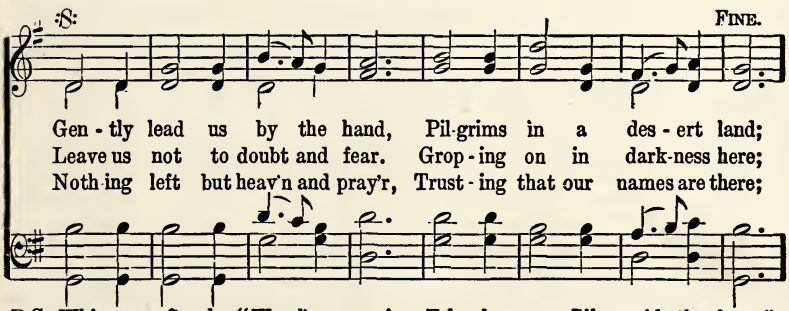
Word of God, and in - ward Light! Wake my spir - it, clear my sight.
Kin - dle ev - 'ry high de - sire; Per - ish self in Thy pure fire!
By Thee may I strong - ly live, Brave - ly bear, and no - bly strive.
Be my law, and I shall be Firm - ly bound, for - ev - er free.

No. 220. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. M. M. Wells.

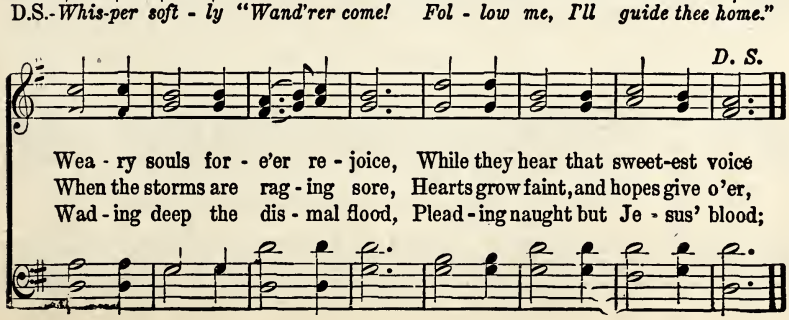


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side,
2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near, Thine aid to lend,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re-lease,



Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land;
Leave us not to doubt and fear. Grop - ing on in dark-ness here;
Noth-ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Trust - ing that our names are there;

D.S.-*Whis-per soft - ly "Wand'rer come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."*



Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood;

No. 221. The Comforter Has Come.

F. Bottome.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PER.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O spread the ti - dings 'round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last, And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
4. O bound-less love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault-ed sky, And

:S:

ev - er hu-man hearts and hu-man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold en
ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full de-liv'-rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
wond'ring mortals tell the match-less grace di-vine— That I, a child of
all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of end - less

D.S.-*Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n, The Fa-ther's promise giv'n; O spread the tidings*

FINE.

tongue pro-claim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
hills the day ad - vanc - es fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
cells the song of tri-umph rings; The Com - fort - er has come!
hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
love the song that ne'er will die; The Com - fort - er has come!

'round, Wher - ev - er man is found— The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.

D. S.

The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

Cleansing.

No. 222. Savior, More than Life.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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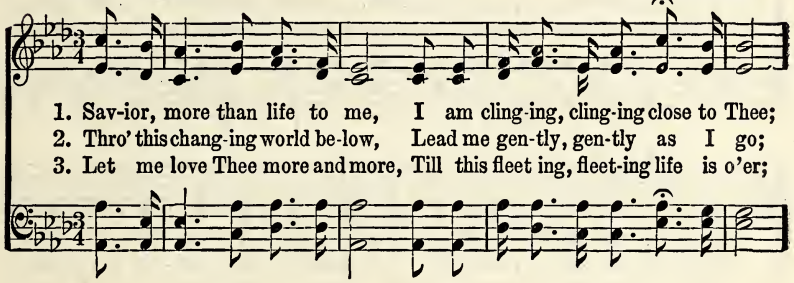
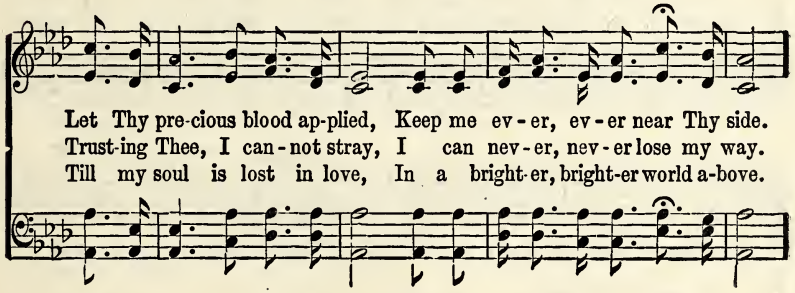
W. H. Doane.

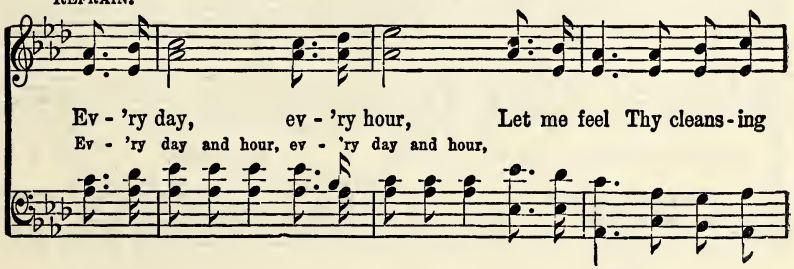


1. Sav-ior, more than life to me, I am cling-ing, cling-ing close to Thee;
2. Thro' this chang-ing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;

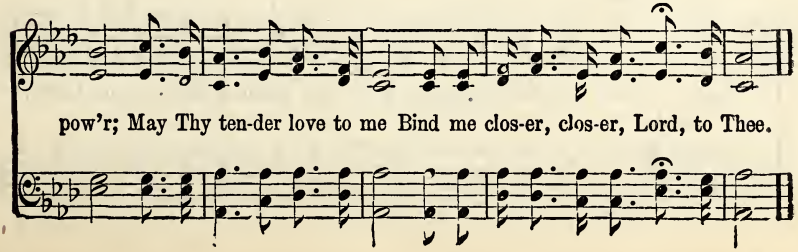


Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.
Trust-ing Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, bright-er world a-bove.

REFRAIN.



Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleans-ing
Ev-'ry day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,



pow'r; May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.

No. 223. There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR.
USED BY PER.

L. E. Jones.

1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit- er, much whit-er than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to cal - va - ry's tide,
pow'r in the blood; Sins stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, His prais - es to sing?

CHORUS.

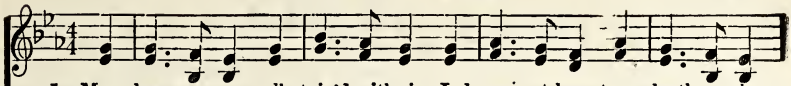
There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
there is pow'r,

Wonder - working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is
in the blood of the Lamb,

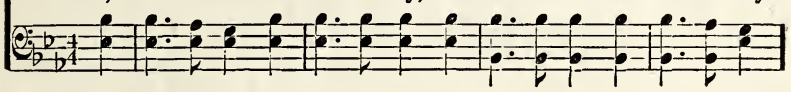
pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r, In the precious blood of the Lamb.
there is pow'r,

No. **I've Washed My Robes.**

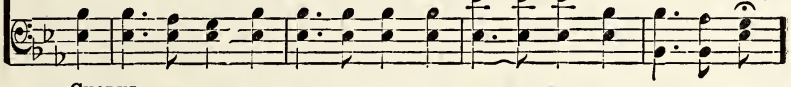
E. O. E. COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.



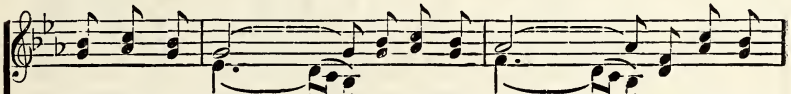
1. My robes were once all stain'd with sin, I knew not how to make them clean;
2. That prom-ise, "who-so - ev - er will," In - clud-ed me, in-cludes me still;
3. I do not doubt, nor do I say, "I hope the stains are wash'd a-way,"
4. Oh, who will come and wash to-day, 'Till all their stains are wash'd a-way.



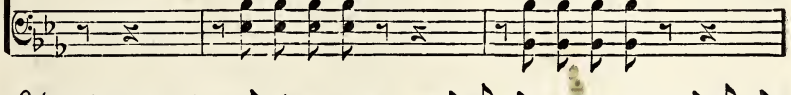
Un - til a voice said sweet and low, "Go wash, I'll make them white as snow."
I came and ev - er since I know, His blood it cleans-eth white as snow.
For in His Word I read it so; His blood it cleans-eth white as snow.
Un - til by faith they see and know Their robes are wash'd as white as snow.



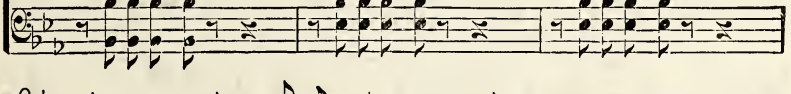
CHORUS.



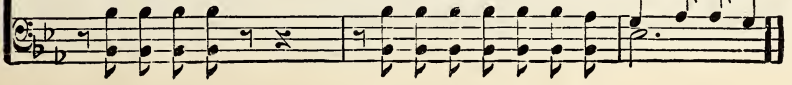
I've wash'd my robes ..... in Je - sus' blood,..... And He has
I've wash'd my robes in Je-sus' blood,



made ..... them white as snow; .... I've wash'd my robes .... in Je-sus'
And He has made them white as snow; I've wash'd my robes,



blood,..... And He has made ..... them white as snow.
in Je-sus' blood, And He has made them white as snow, white as snow.



No. 225. The Blood Has Never Lost Its Power.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. In the mist - y days of yore Je-sus' precious blood had pow'r E'en the
2. I was lost and steeped in guilt, But the blood for sin-ners spilt Washed a-
3. God in mer - cy asks you, why, broth-er sin-ner, will you die, When such
4. Bring your burdens, come to-day, turn from all your sins a - way, He can

thief up - on the cross to save; Like a bird his spir - it flies to its
way my sins and set me free; Now and ev - er-more the same, praise, O
full re-demp-tion He pro-vides? You have but to look and live, life e-
full - y save and sanc - ti - fy; From the wrath to come now flee, let your

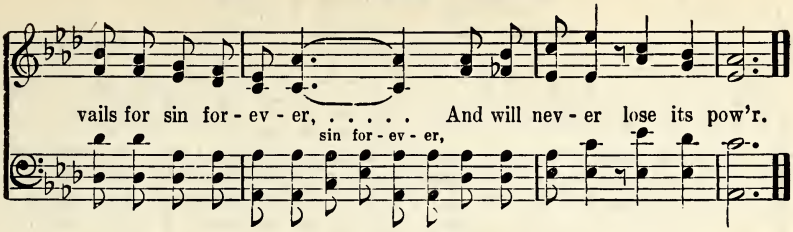
home in Par - a - dise, Thro' the pow'r of Cal-v'ry's crim-son wave.
praise His ho - ly name! Will the cleans-ing stream a - vail - ing be.
ter - nal He will give, For the pow'r of Cal - v'ry still a - bides.
name re - cord - ed be With the blood-washed and re-deemed on high.

CHORUS.

And the blood has nev - er lost its pow'r, No,
And the pre-cious blood has nev - er, nev - er lost its pow'r.

nev - er, ... no, nev - er; . . . . . Je - sus' blood a-
Nev - er lost its pow'r, nev - er lost its pow'r; Je - sus' blood a-

The Blood Has Never Lost Its Power.

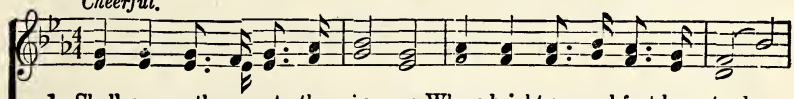


No. 226. Beautiful River.

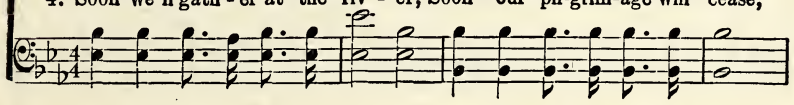
COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
USED BY PER.

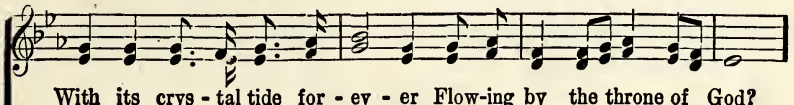
R. L. Rev. Robert Lowry.

Cheerful.

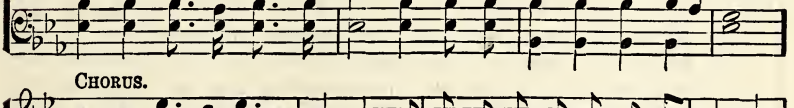


1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright an - gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll gath - er at the riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;

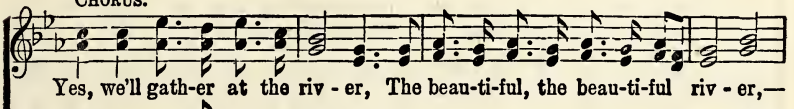




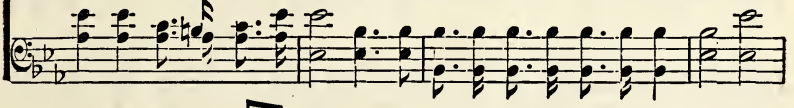
With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

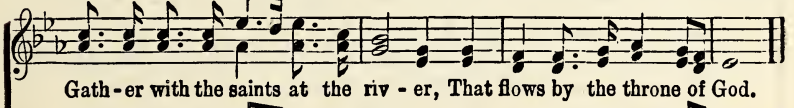


CHORUS.

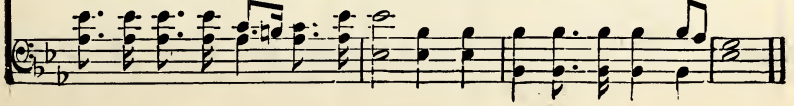


Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er,—





Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er, That flows by the throne of God.



No. 227. Nothing But the Blood.

R. L. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PER. R. Lowry.

FINE.

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth ing but the blood of Je - sus;
   What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my par - don this I see—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
   For my cleans ing, this my plea—Noth ing but the blood of Je - sus;

D. S.—*Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Oh, precious is the flow That makes me white as snow; No other Fount I know,

3 Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

No. 228. Deeper Yet.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

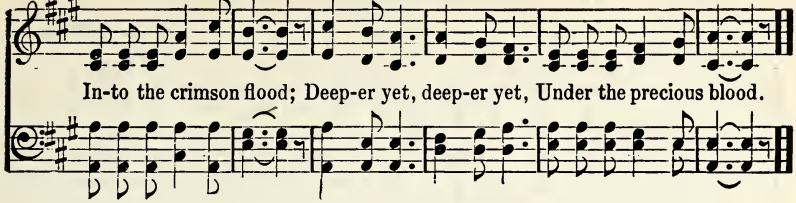
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. In the blood from the cross I have been washed from sin; But to be
2. Day by day, hour by hour, Blessings are sent to me; But for more
3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol-low-ing Him each day; What I ask
4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray

CHORUS.

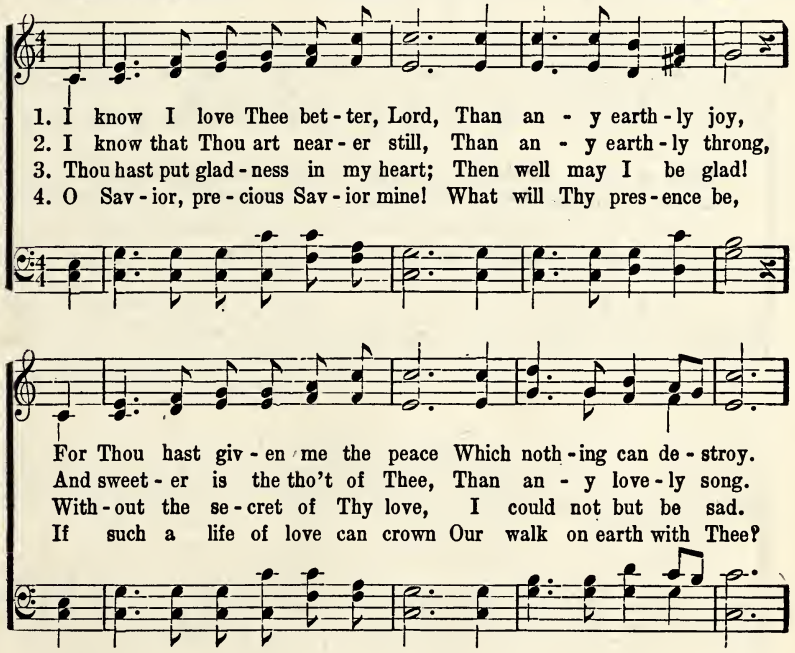
free from dross Still I would en - ter in.
of His pow'r Ev - er my prayer would be. Deep - er yet, deep - er yet,
He will give, So then with faith I pray.
I'll not cease Till I am pure with - in.

Deeper Yet.

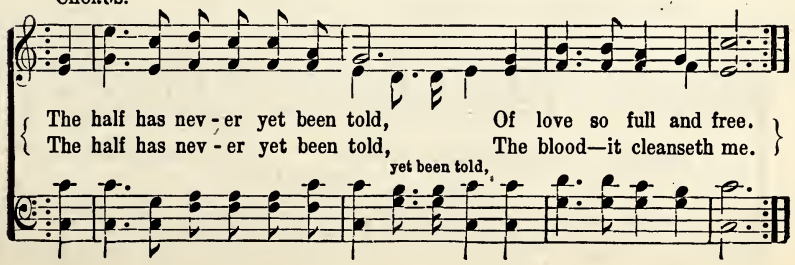


No. 229. The Half Has Never Been Told.

Frances R. Havergal. COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY R. E. HUDSON. USED BY PER. R. E. Hudson.

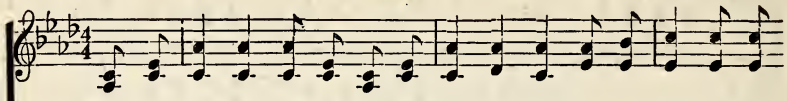


CHORUS.

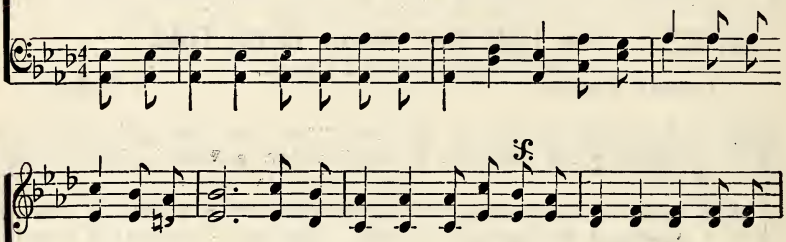


No. 230. Are You Washed in the Blood?

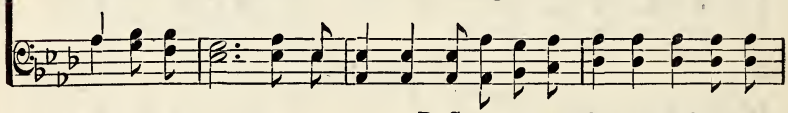
E. A. H. BY PERMISSION. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.



1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walk-ing dai - ly by the Sav-ior's side? Are you washed in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and white in the
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the

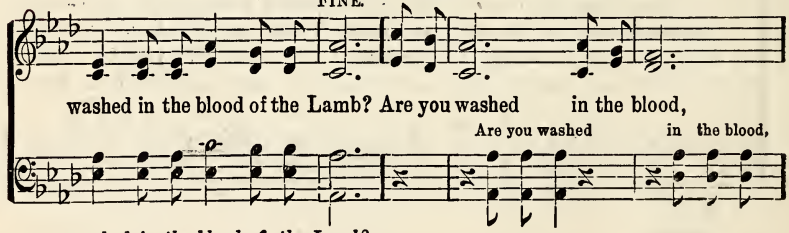


blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in His grace this hour? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci-fied? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright? And be
blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flow-ing for the soul unclean, Oh, be



D. S.—*Are they white as snow? Are you*

FINE. CHORUS.

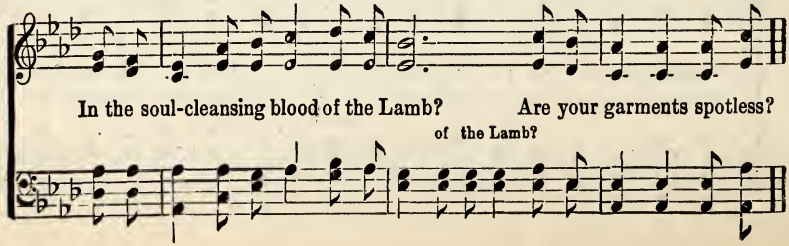


washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the blood,

Are you washed in the blood,

washed in the blood of the Lamb?

D. S.



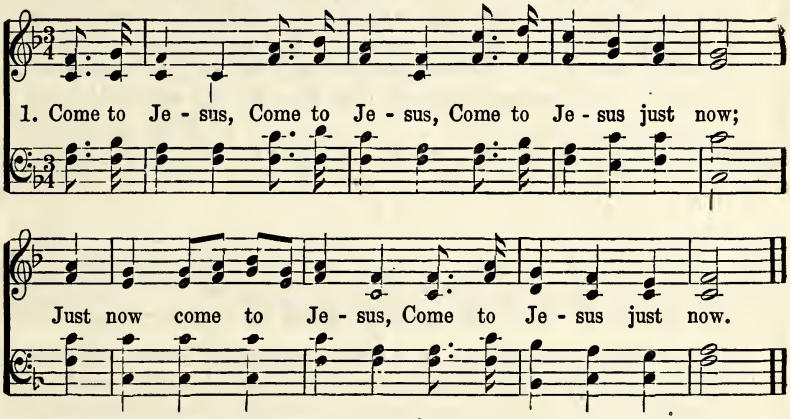
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments spotless?

of the Lamb?

Invitation.

No. 231. Come to Jesus.

"Behold, now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. vi. 2.



1. Come to Jesus, just now, etc.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—*Matt.* 11:28.

2. He will save you, just now, etc.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—*Acts* 16:31.

3. O believe Him, just now, etc.

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—*John* 3:16.

4. He is able.

"He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."—*Heb.* 7:25.

5. He is willing.

"The Lord is long suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."—2 *Pet.* 3:9.

6. He'll receive you.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—*John* 6:37.

7. Then flee to Jesus.

"Flee from the wrath to come."—*Matt.* 3:7.

8. Call unto Him.

"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."—*Acts* 2:21.

9. "Mercy on me."

"Jesus thou son of David, have mercy on me."—*Mark* 10:47.

10. He will hear you.

"And Jesus said unto him, go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole."—*Mark* 10:52.

11. He'll forgive you.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."—1 *John* 1:9.

12. He will cleanse you.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."—1 *John* 1:7.

13. He'll renew you.

"Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."—2 *Cor.* 5:17.

14. He will clothe you.

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment."—*Rev.* 3:5.

15. Jesus loves you.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."—*John* 15:13.

16. Don't reject Him.

"He is despised and rejected of men.—*Isa.* 53:3.

17. Only trust Him.

"He that hath the Son hath life."—1 *John* 5:12.

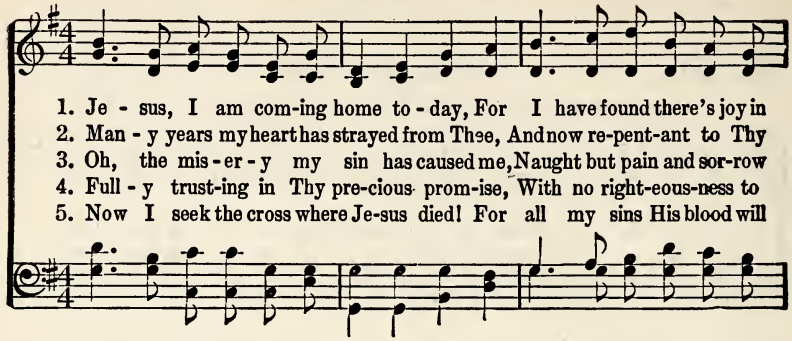
E. P. H.

No. 232.

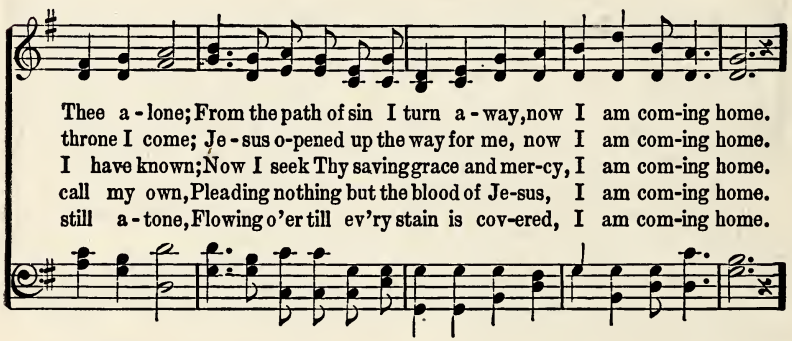
I am Coming Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO.
HOMER RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Rev. A. H Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

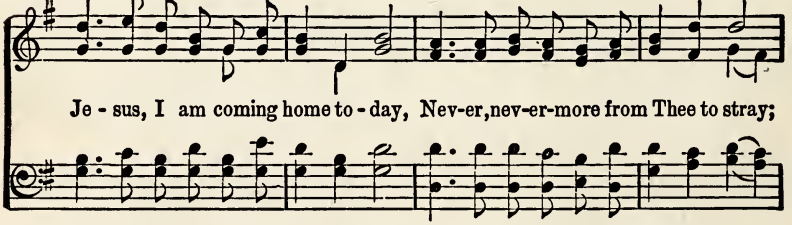


1. Je - sus, I am com-ing home to - day, For I have found there's joy in
2. Man - y years my heart has strayed from Thee, And now re-pent-ant to Thy
3. Oh, the mis - er - y my sin has caused me, Naught but pain and sor-row
4. Full - y trust-ing in Thy pre-cious prom-ise, With no right-eous-ness to
5. Now I seek the cross where Je-sus died! For all my sins His blood will

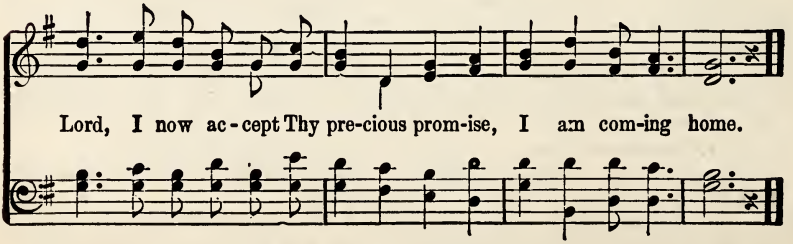


Thee a - lone; From the path of sin I turn a - way, now I am com-ing home.
throne I come; Je - sus o-pened up the way for me, now I am com-ing home.
I have known; Now I seek Thy saving grace and mer-cy, I am com-ing home.
call my own, Pleading nothing but the blood of Je-sus, I am com-ing home.
still a - tone, Flowing o'er till ev'ry stain is cov-ered, I am com-ing home.

CHORUS.



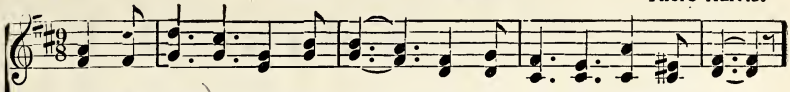
Je - sus, I am coming home to - day, Nev-er, nev-er-more from Thee to stray;



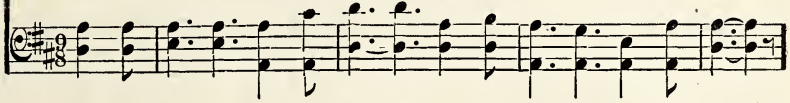
Lord, I now ac - cept Thy pre-cious prom-ise, I am com-ing home.

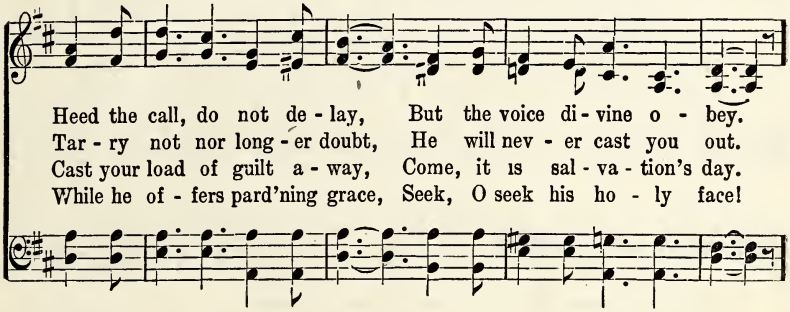
No. 233. God's Day of Grace.

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY W. ELMER BAILEY. Thoro Harris.



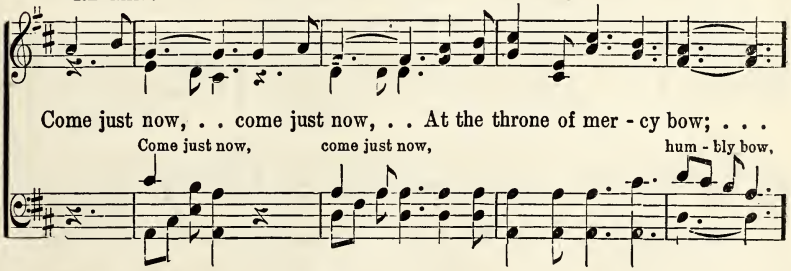
1. 'Tis God's day of pard-'ning grace, 'Tis the time to seek his face;
2. Far from God why will you roam, When the Fa - ther calls you home?
3. Come,'tis Je - sus' ear - nest call, Yield to him your heart, your all;
4. While the Spir - it lin - gers near, While the Sav - ior waits to hear,



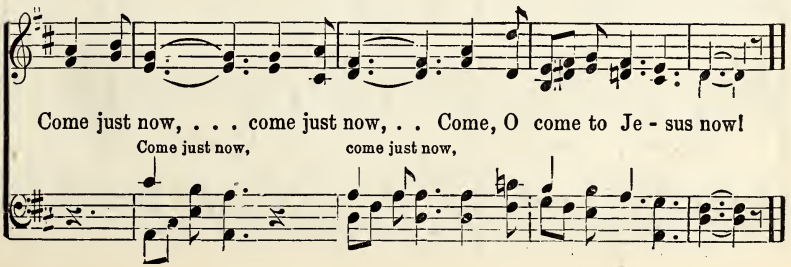


Heed the call, do not de - lay, But the voice di - vine o - bey.
Tar - ry not nor long - er doubt, He will nev - er cast you out.
Cast your load of guilt a - way, Come, it is sal - va - tion's day.
While he of - fers pard'ning grace, Seek, O seek his ho - ly face!

REFRAIN.



Come just now, . . come just now, . . At the throne of mer - cy bow; . . .
Come just now, come just now, hum - bly bow,



Come just now, . . . come just now, . . Come, O come to Je - sus now!
Come just now, come just now,

No. 234. The Swelling of Jordan.

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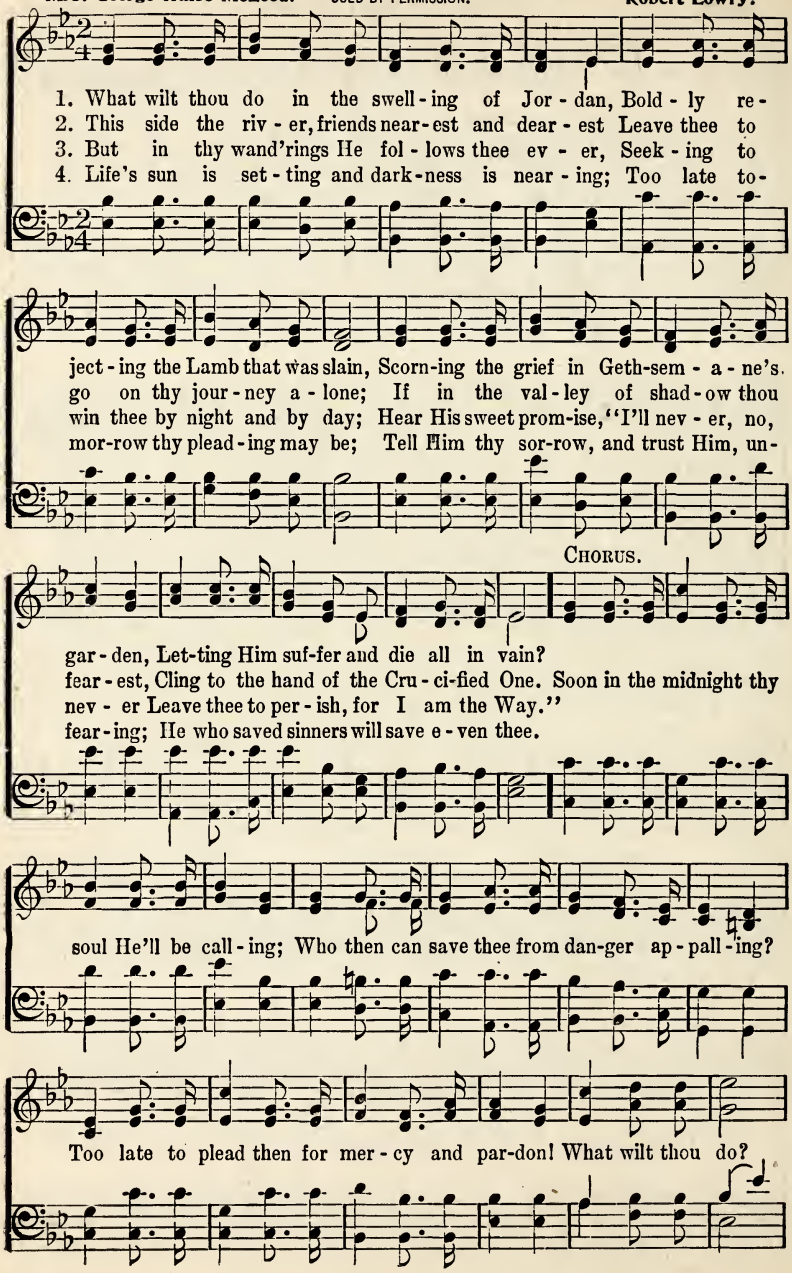
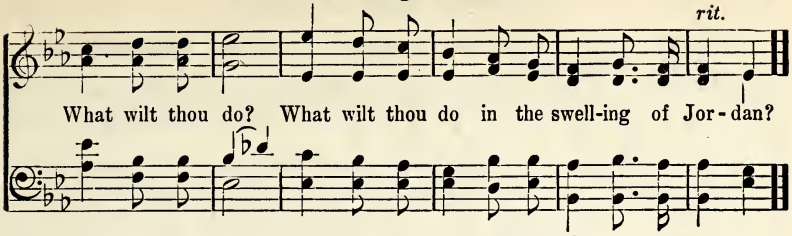
Mrs. George Hulse McLeod. Robert Lowry.



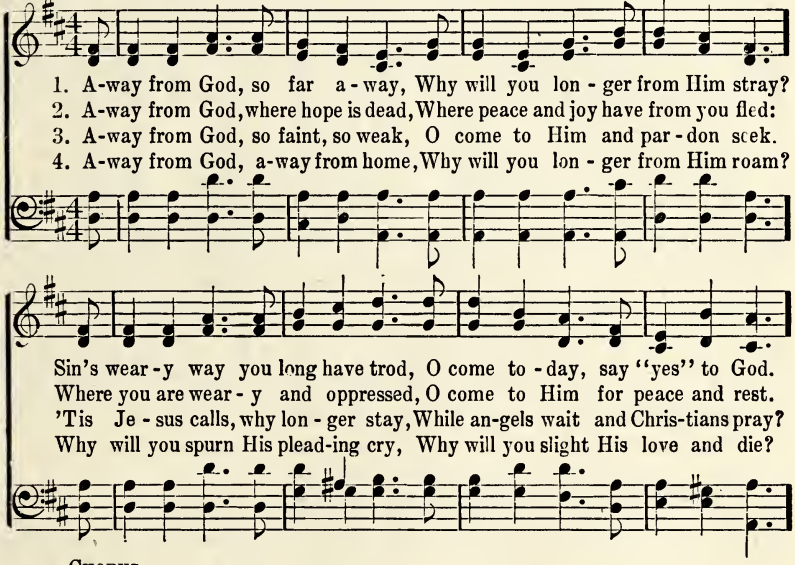
The Swelling of Jordan.

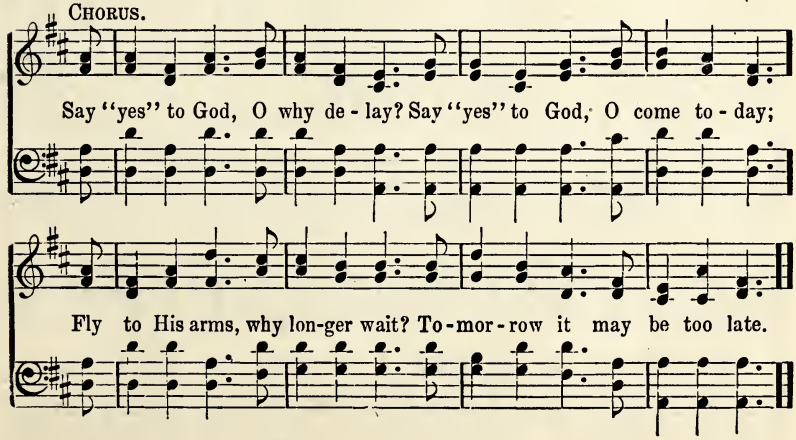


No. 235. Say "Yes" to God.

David H. Hine. W. H. Doane.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, W. H. DOANE.





No. 236. Sweet Will of God.

C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY H. L. GILMOUR. USED BY PER. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

Duet. With feeling.

1. My stub - born will at last hath yield - ed; I would be
2. I'm tired of sin, foot - sore and wea - ry, The dark - some
3. Thy pre - cious will, O con-qu'ring Sav - iour, Doth now em-
4. Shut in with Thee, O Lord, for - ev - er, My way - ward

Thine, and Thine a - lone; And this the pray'r my lips are
path hath drear - y grown, But now a light has ris'n to
brace and com - pass me; All dis - cords hushed my peace a
feet no more to roam; What pow'r from Thee my soul can

rit. CHORUS.

bring-ing, Lord, let in me Thy will be done.
cheer me; I find in Thee my Star, my Sun. Sweet will of God, still
riv - er, My soul, a pris-on'd bird, set free.
sev - er? The cen - tre of God's will my home.

fold me clos-er, Till I am whol-ly lost in Thee; Sweet will of

God, still fold me clos-er, Till I am whol - ly lost in Thee.

No. 237. Ye Must Be Born Again.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL.

W. T. Sleeper. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. A ruler once came to Je - sus by night, To ask Him the way of sal - va-tion and light; The Mas-ter made an-swer in words true and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain." a-gain.
2. Ye chil-dren of men, at-tend to the word So sol-emn-ly ut-tered by Je - sus, the Lord, And let not this mes-sage to you be in vain, "Ye must be born a-gain." a-gain.
3. Oh, ye who would en ter that glo-ri-ous rest, And sing with the ransomed the song of the blest; The life ev-er-last-ing if ye would ob-tain, "Ye must be born a-gain." a-gain.
4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At the beau-ti-ful gate may be watch-ing for thee; Then list to the note of this sol-emn re-frain, "Ye must be born a-gain." a-gain.

CHORUS.

"Ye must be born a-gain." a-gain. "Ye must be born a-gain," "Ye must be born a - gain," I ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly, say un - to thee, "Ye must be born a-gain." a-gain.

a - gain, a-gain,

No. 238. No Hope in Jesus.

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USED BY PERMISSION

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav - ior! No Rock, no Ref - uge nigh!
2. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav - ior, How lone - ly life must be!
3. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav - ior, No hand to clasp thine own!
4. Now, we pray thee, come to Je - sus, His par-d'ning love re - ceive;

When the dark days round thee gath-er, When the storms sweep o'er the sky!
Like a sail - or, lost and driv - en, On a wide and shore - less sea.
Thro' the dark, dark vale of shad-ows, Thou must press thy way a - lone.
For the Sav - ior now is call - ing, And He bids thee turn and live.

CHORUS.

Oh, to have no hope in Je - sus! No Friend, no Light in Je - sus!
4. v. Come to Je - sus, He will save you, He is the Friend of sin - ners;

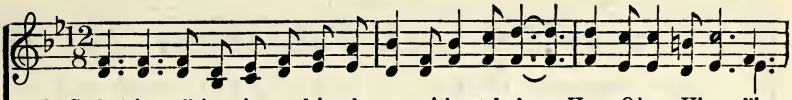
Oh, to have no hope in Je - sus, How dark this world must be!
Then, when thou hast found the Sav - ior, How bright this world will be!

No. 239. Calling the Prodigal.

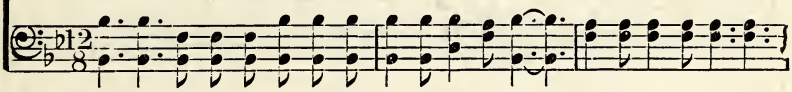
C. H. G.

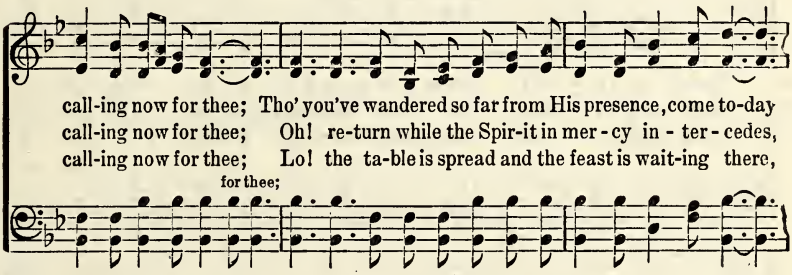
COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



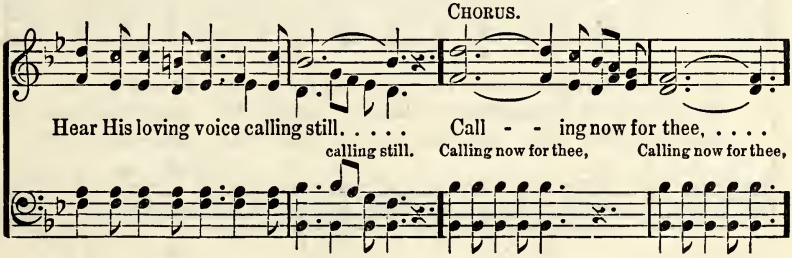
1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal, come without de-lay, Hear, O hear Him calling,
2. Pa - tient, lov-ing and ten-der-ly still the Fa-ther pleads, Hear, O hear Him calling,
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare, Hear, O hear Him calling,



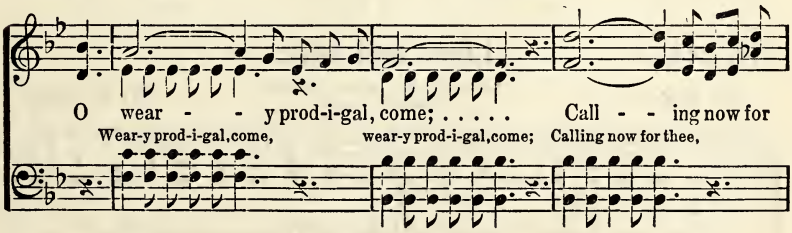


call-ing now for thee; Tho' you've wandered so far from His presence, come to-day
call-ing now for thee; Oh! re-turn while the Spir-it in mer-cy in - ter - cedes,
call-ing now for thee; Lo! the ta-ble is spread and the feast is wait-ing there,
for thee;

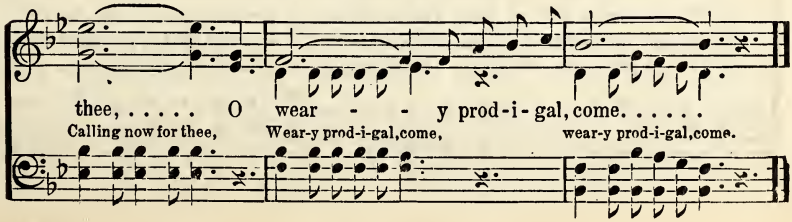
CHORUS.



Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . . Call - - ing now for thee, ...
calling still. Calling now for thee, Calling now for thee,



O wear - - y prod-i-gal, come; . . . . . Call - - ing now for
Wear-y prod-i-gal, come, wear-y prod-i-gal, come; Calling now for thee,



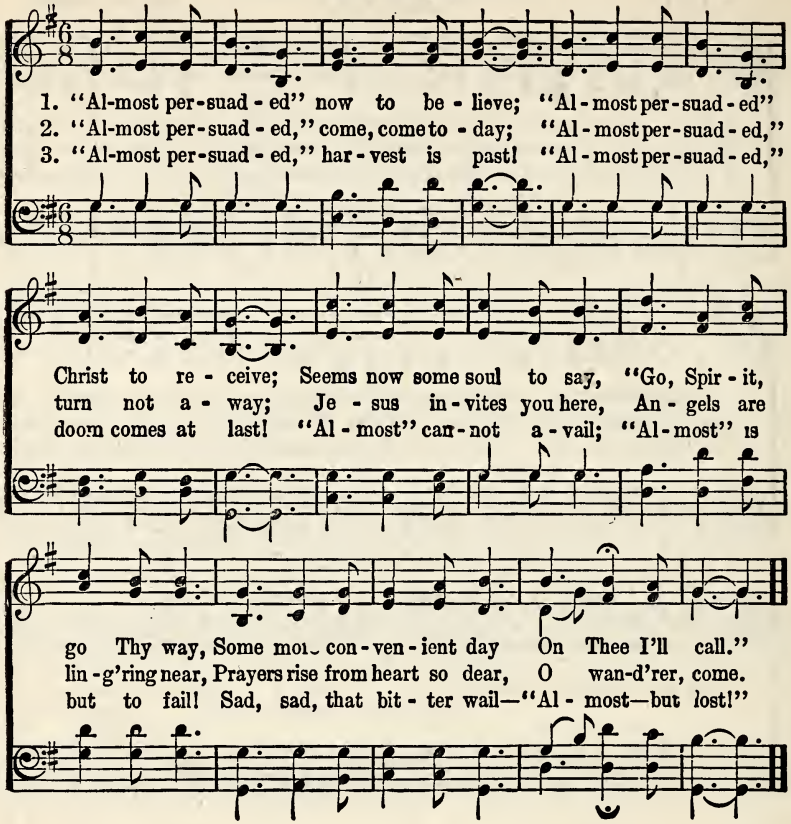
thee, ... O wear - - y prod-i-gal, come. . . . . .
Calling now for thee, Wear-y prod-i-gal, come, wear-y prod-i-gal, come.

No. 240. "Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. Bliss.

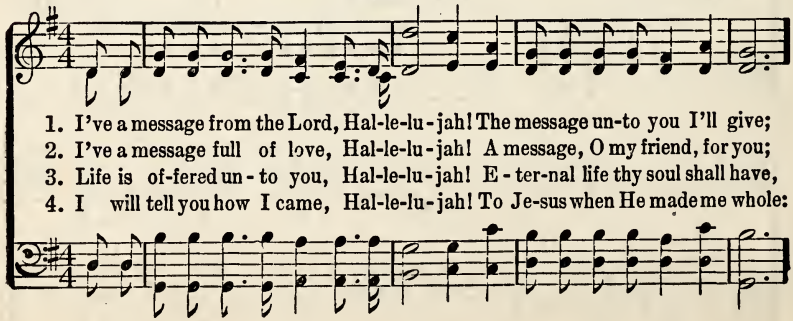


No. 241. Look and Live.

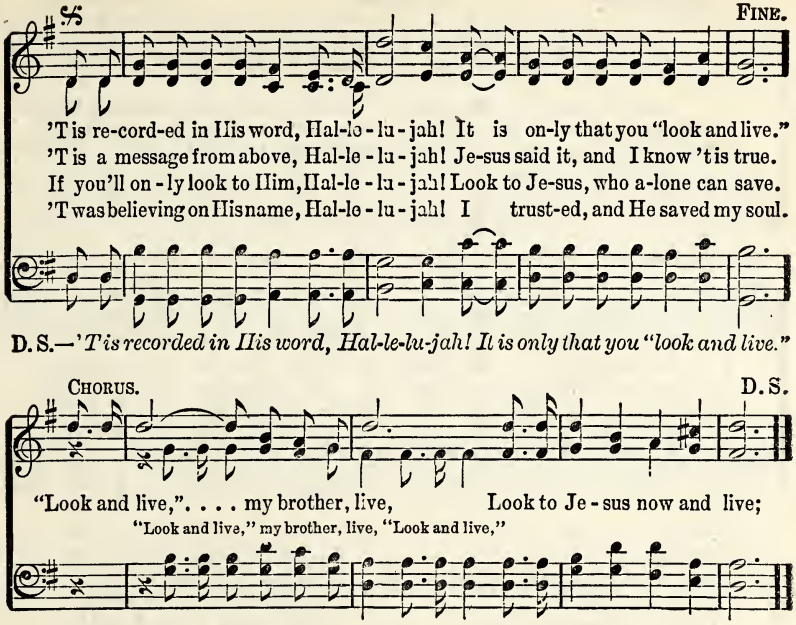
W. A. O.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

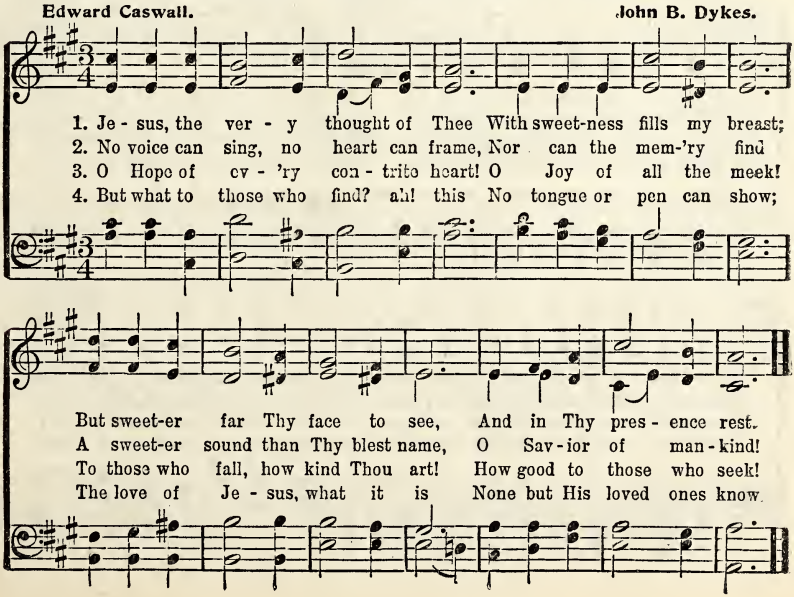
W. A. Ogden.



Look and Live.



No. 242. Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.



No. 243. I Am Trusting Lord in Thee.

Wm. McDonald. BY PERMISSION. W. G. Fischer.

1. I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with-in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time and earth - ly store;

CHO. *I am trust - ing, Lord in Thee; Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;*

I am count-ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,—"I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be, Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - more.

Humb-ly at Thy cross I bow, Save me Je - sus, save me now.

4 In Thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

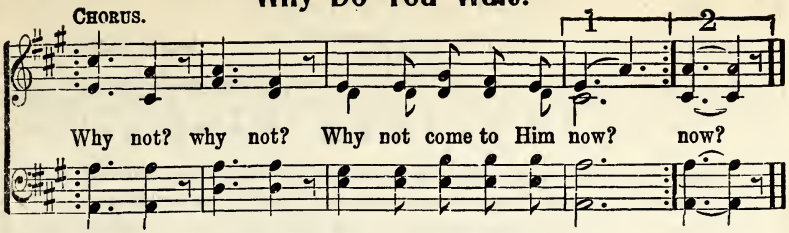
No. 244. Why do You Wait?

G. F. R. COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PER. Geo. F. Root.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth - er, To gain by a fur - ther de - lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth - er, His spir - it now striv - ing with in?
4. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, The har- vest is pass - ing a - way,

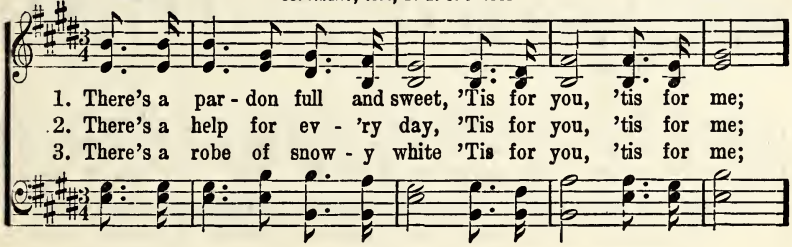
Your Sav - ior is wait - ing to give you A place in His sanc - ti - fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
Oh, why not ac - cept His sal va - tion, And throw off thy burd - en of sin?
Your Sav - ior is long - ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de - lay?

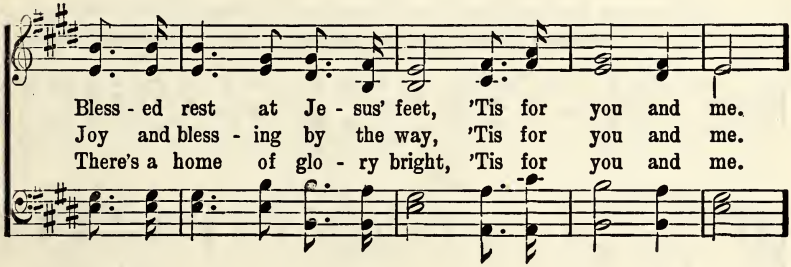
Why Do You Wait?

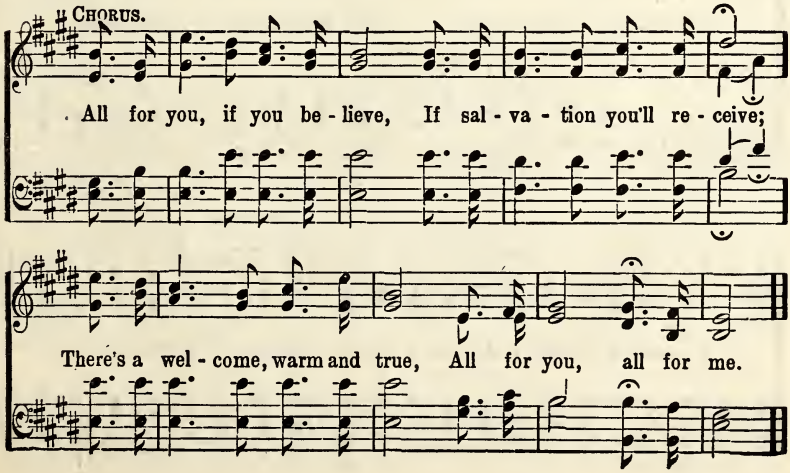


No. 245. 'Tis For You and Me.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL E. O. Excell.





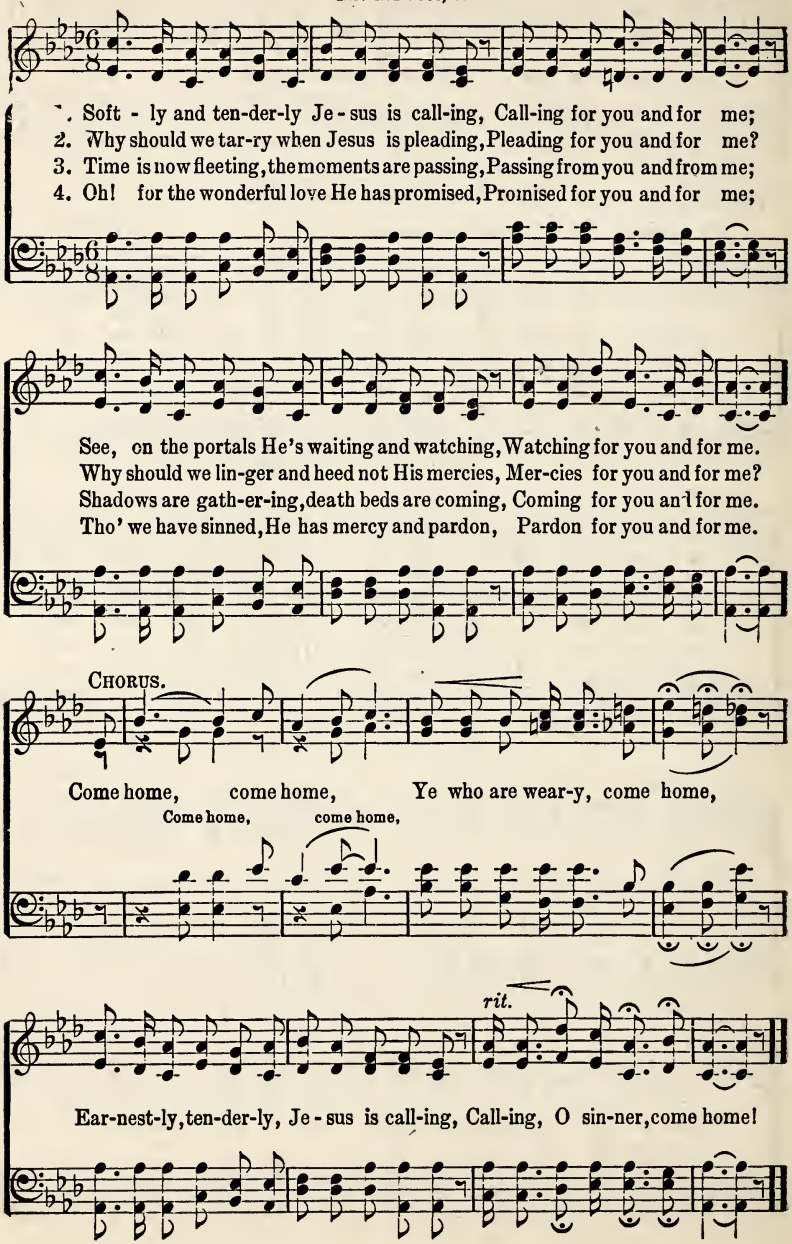


No. 246. Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

USED BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON ESTATE, EAST LIVERPOOL, O.

Will L. Thompson.



No. 247. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY H. L. GILMOUR.
USED BY PER.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; Fountains for cleans ing are flow - ing near by,
3. If there's a tem - pest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the man sions of rest,

CHORUS.

Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.

No. 248. Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.

1. There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His lov-ing voice? Let Him in;
4. Now ad-mit the heav'n-ly Guest, Let Him in;

Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;

He has been there oft be-fore, Let Him in;
If you wait He will de-part, Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;

Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;

Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho-ly One,
Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de-fend,
He is stand-ing at your door, Joy to you He will re-store,
He will speak your sins for-giv'n, And when earth-ties all are riv'n,

Je-sus Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.
And His name you will a-dore, Let Him in.
He will take you home to heav'n, Let Him in.

Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in.

Consecration.

No. 249. All for Jesus.

Rev. J. B. Atchison. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

1. All, yes all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
2. All, yes all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
3. All, yes all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
4. All, yes all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;

All my heart I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
All my voice I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
All my love I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
All my life I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;

Ev - er-more to be His dwell-ing, Ev - er-more His prais-es swell-ing,
Pleading for the young and hoar - y, Tell - ing of His pow'r and glo - ry,
Lov - ing Him for love un - ceas-ing, For His mer - cy e'er in - creas-ing,
Hour by hour I'll live for Je - sus, Day by day I'll work for Je - sus,

Ev - er-more His good - ness tell - ing, It be-longs to Him.
Sing - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, It be-longs to Him.
For His watch-care nev - er ceas - ing, It be-longs to Him.
Ev - er-more I'll hon - or Je - sus, It be-longs to Him.

No. 250. Reconciled.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. To rec - on - cile the world God gave His Son To bear the
2. Am - bas - sa - dors for Christ we now pro-claim Sal - va - tion
3. The gift that com - eth from a venge - ful heart, Tho' laid up -
4. Re - joice that we are now the heirs of God, Re-deemed and

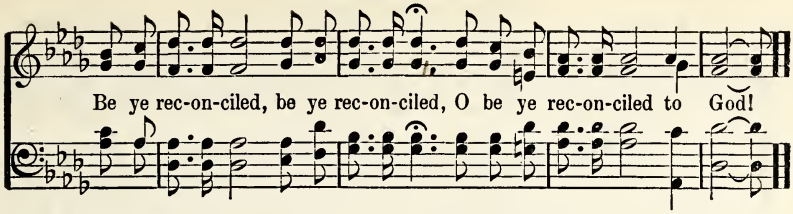
sor - rows of Geth-sem - a - ne, To feel the scourge and wear the
un - to all who will be - lieve; Re - turn to God! O be ye
on the al - tar, is in vain; Go, seek thy broth - er— be at
rec - on - ciled by love and grace; Sing prais-es! laud and bless His

crown of thorns, And die up - on the cross of Cal - va - ry.
rec - on - ciled, And by His death e - ter - nal life re - ceive.
peace with him, And glo - ri - fy the King for sin - ners slain.
ho - ly name, Un - til we meet and praise Him face to face.

CHORUS.

O be ye rec-on-ciled, be ye rec-on-ciled, Washed in the cleans-ing blood!

Reconciled.

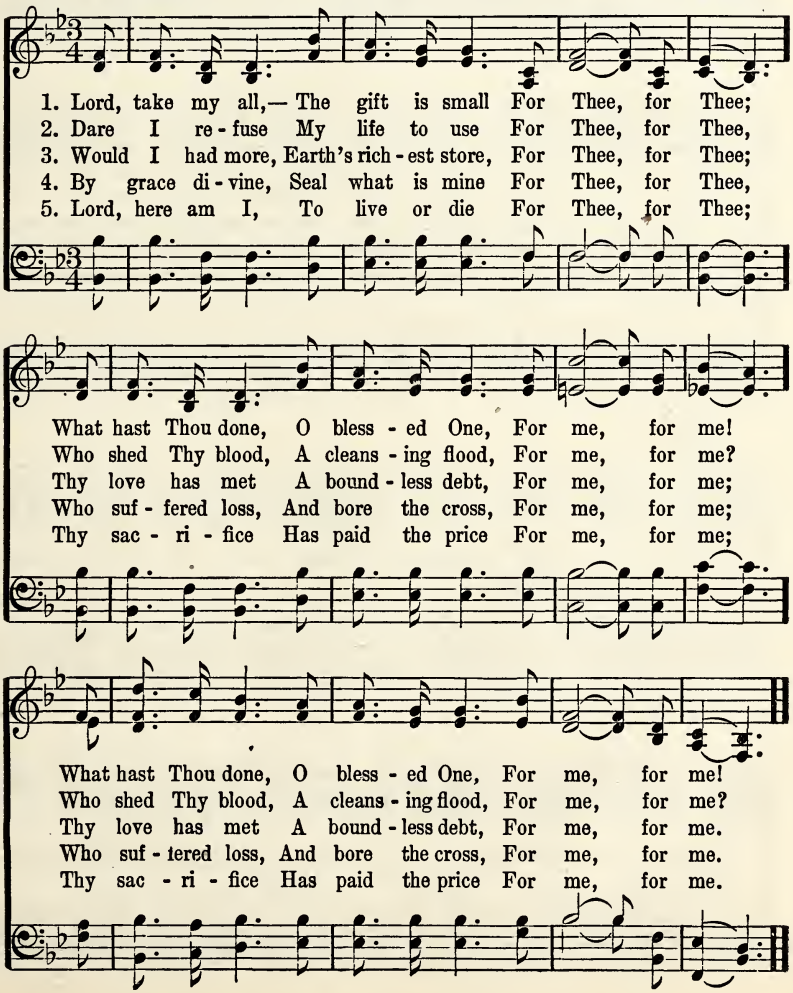


No. 251. The Offering.

John J. McLaurin.

COPYRIGHT, 1909. BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

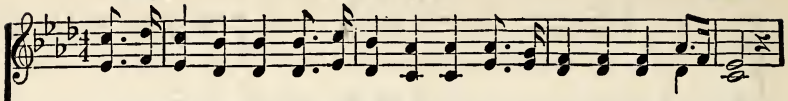
E. O. Excell.



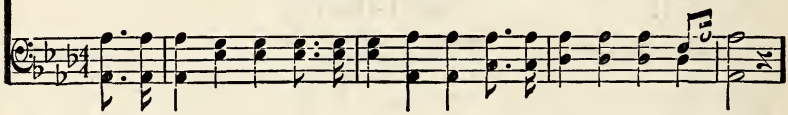
No. 252 I am Thine, O Lord.

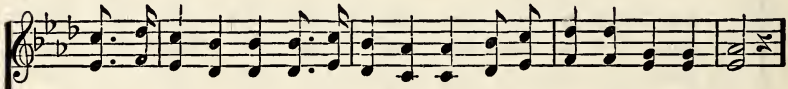
COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL.
USED BY PERMISSION.

F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

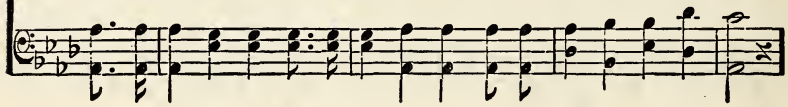


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin - gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the nar - row sea,





But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee my God, I commune as friend with friend
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.



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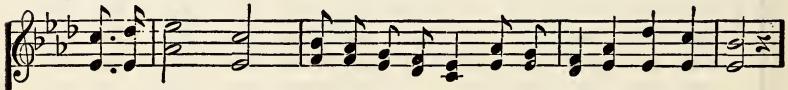
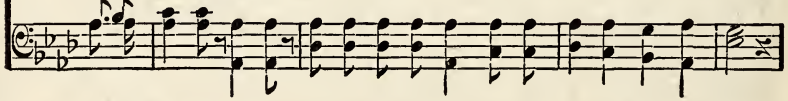
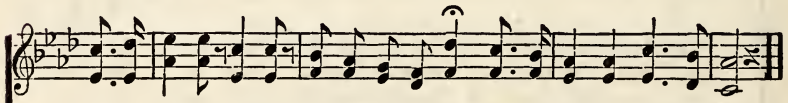
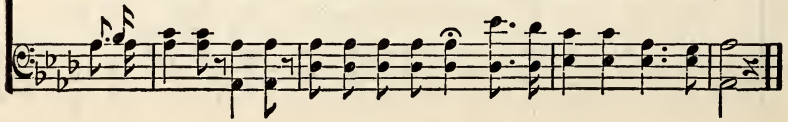


Draw we near - er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
near-er, near-er,





Draw me near-er, near-er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.



No. 253. All Thine Own.

COPYRIGHT. 1914, BY W. ELMER BAILEY.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The gift is small I bring to Thee, My lit - tle all on bend - ed knee;
2. My soul's great need Thy love has met; Thy blood has can-celed all my debt;
3. My lim - i - ta - tions I con - fess; Take ev - 'ry pow - er I pos-sess;
4. Had I a thou-sand hearts to give, Had I a thou-sand lives to live,

For time and for e - ter - ni - ty, All Thine own, all Thine own.
In safe - ty keep, lest I for - get, All Thine own, all Thine own.
My tal - ents mul - ti - ply and bless, All Thine own, all Thine own.
The best of all Thou shouldst receive, All Thine own, all Thine own.

CHORUS.

Cleanse Thou the tem - ple of my heart, To be Thy dwell-ing set a - part,

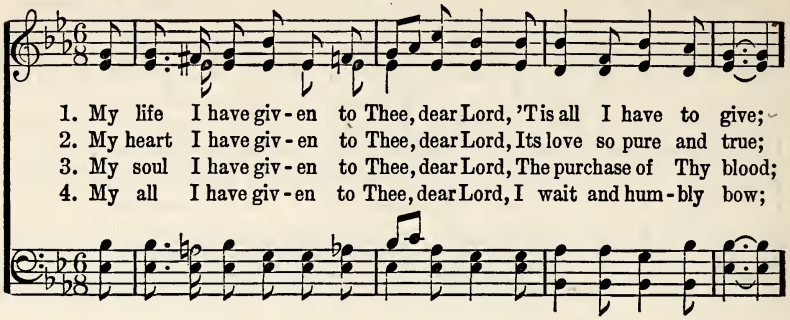
Where Thou shalt reign su-preme, a - lone, All Thine own, all Thine own.

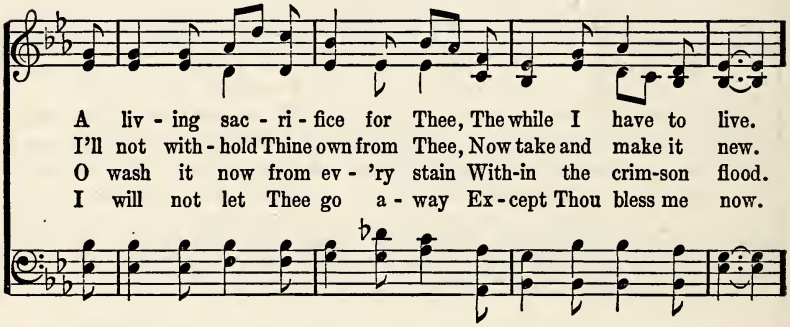
No. 254. Entire Consecration.

C. M. D.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. M. Davis.





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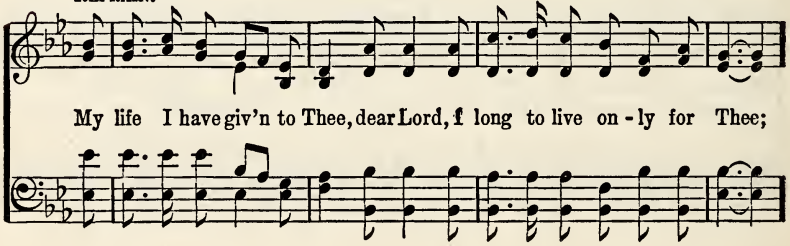
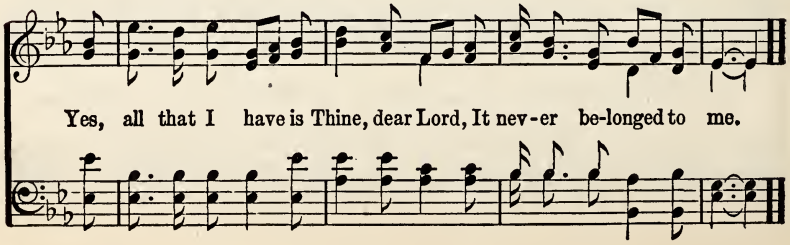
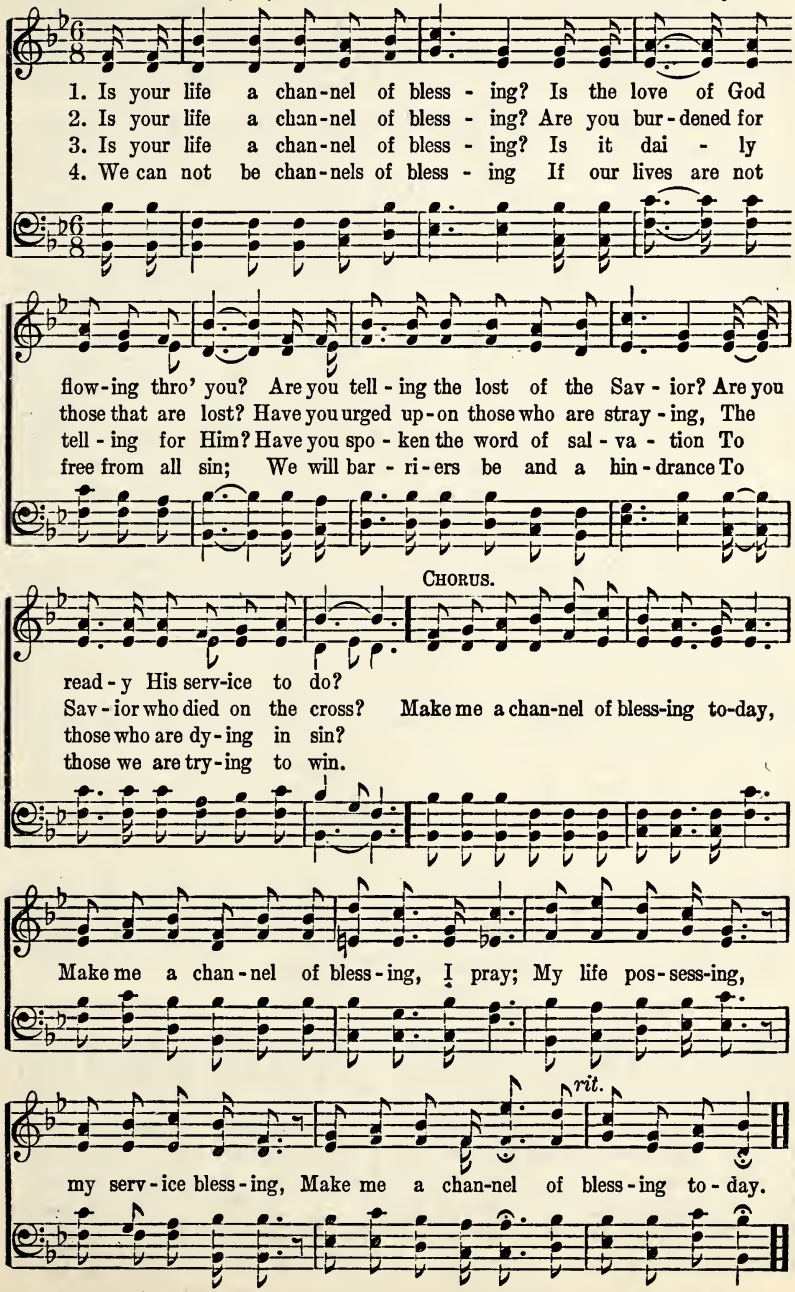




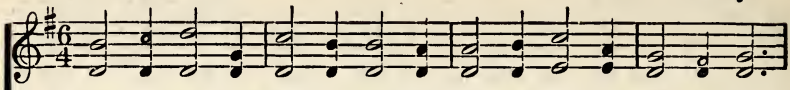
No. 255. Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

H. G. S. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY H. G. SMYTH. OWNED BY R. A. TORREY. H. G. Smyth.

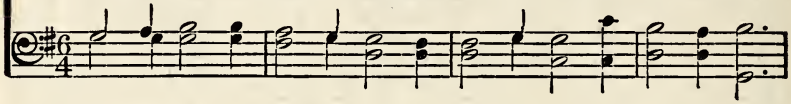


No. 256. Even Me, Even Me.

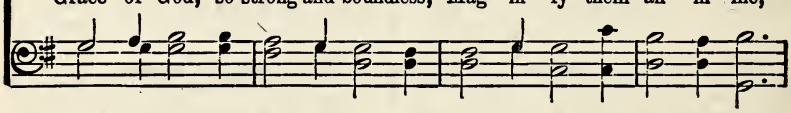
Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.



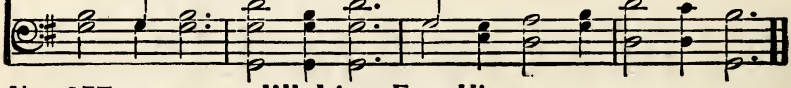
1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free;
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa-ther, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O gra-cious Sav-ior, Let me live and cling to Thee;
4. Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich and free,



Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me;
Thou mightst leave me, but the rath-er Let Thy mer-cy light on me;
I am long-ing for Thy fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless, Mag-ni-fy them all in me;



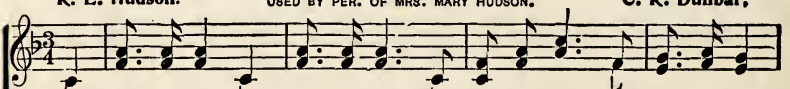
E-ven me, e-ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
E-ven me, e-ven me, Let Thy mer-cy light on me.
E-ven me, e-ven me, Whilst Thou'rt call-ing, O call me.
E-ven me, e-ven me, Mag-ni-fy them all in me.



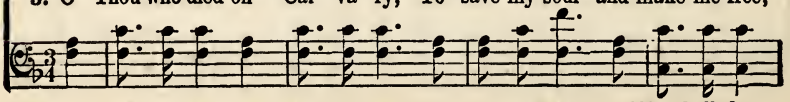
No. 257. I'll Live For Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY R. E. HUDSON,
USED BY PER. OF MRS. MARY HUDSON.

R. E. Hudson. C. R. Dunbar.



1. My life, my love, I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal-va-ry, To save my soul and make me free;



CHO.—*I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be.*

I'll Live for Him.

D. C. for Cho.

O may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I con - se crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

No. 258. My Body, Soul, and Spirit.

BY PER. OF MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

Mrs. Mary D. James. Mrs. Jos, F. Knapp.

1. My bod - y, soul, and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to thee, A con - se-
2. O Je - sus, might-y Sav - ior, I trust in Thy great name, I look for
3. Oh, let the fire, de scend - ing Just now up - on my soul, Consume my
4. I'm Thine, O bless-ed Je - sus, Wash'd by Thy pre-cious blood, Now seal me

REFRAIN.

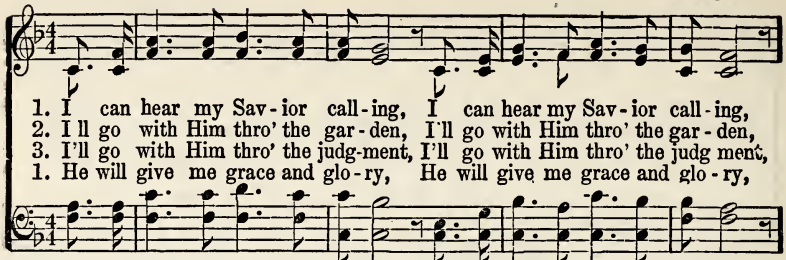
crat-ed of-f'ring, Thine ev - er - more to be.
Thy sal - va - tion, Thy promise now I claim. My all is on the al - tar, I'm
humble off'ring And cleanse and make me whole.
by Thy Spir - it, A sac - ri - fice to God.

Rit.

wait-ing for the fire; Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.

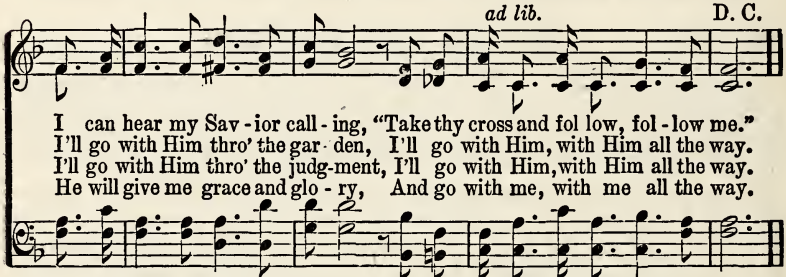
No. 259. The Way of the Cross.

E. W. Blandly. Arranged.



1. I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg ment,
1. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

D. C.–*Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,*

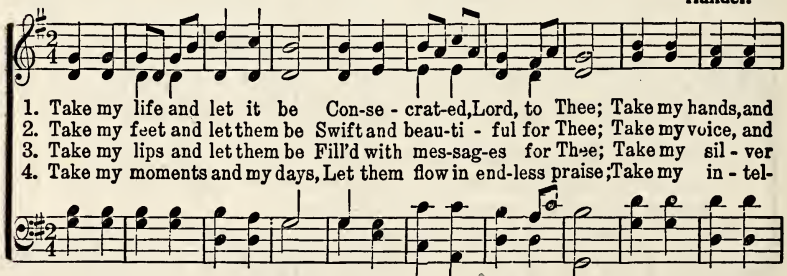


I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol low, fol-low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

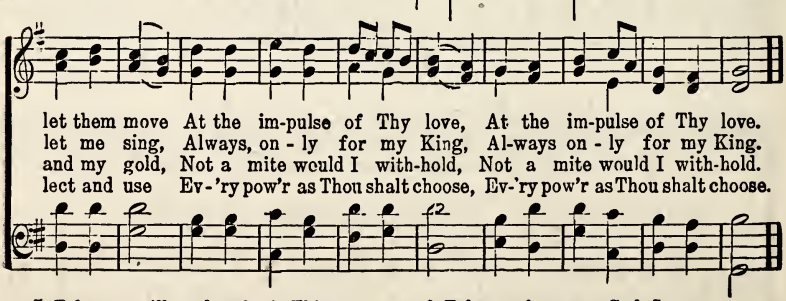
Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 260. Take My Life and Let It Be.

Handel.



1. Take my life and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love, At the im-pulse of Thy love.
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee; Take my voice, and let me sing, Always, on-ly for my King, Al-ways on-ly for my King.
3. Take my lips and let them be Fill'd with mes-sag-es for Thee; Take my sil-ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold, Not a mite would I with-hold.
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in end-less praise; Take my in-tel-lect and use Ev-'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose, Ev-'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.



5 Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my God, I pour
At Thy feet its treasured store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

No. 261. His Way With Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J.
USED BY PER.

C. S. N. Rev. Cyrus S. Nusbaum.

1. Would you live for Je - sus and be always pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have Him make you free, and follow at His call? Would you know the
3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove Him

Him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your bur-den,
peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that
true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor

CHORUS.

car - ry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
you need nev - er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you
al - ways at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.

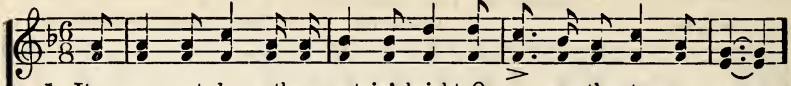
what you ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can

Rit.

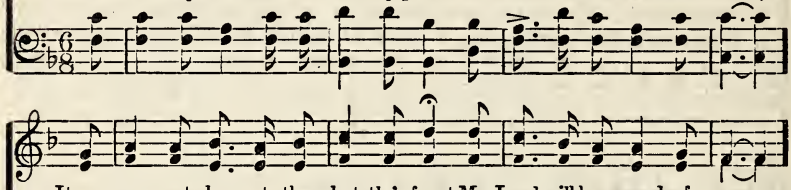
fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

No. 262. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

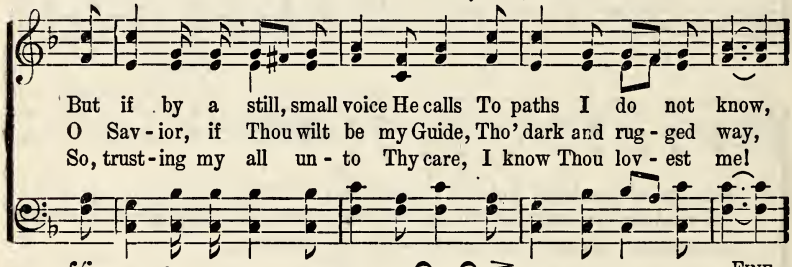
Mary Brown. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL. USED BY PER. Carrie E. Rounsefell.



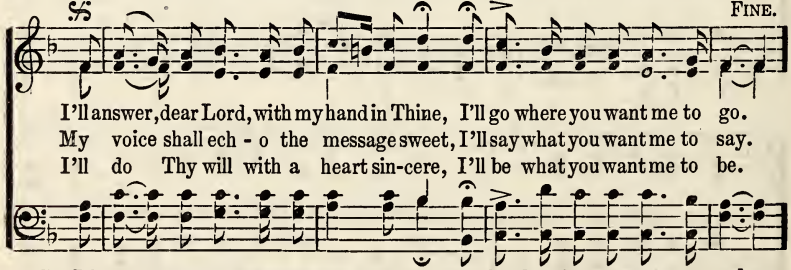
1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per - haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,



It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.



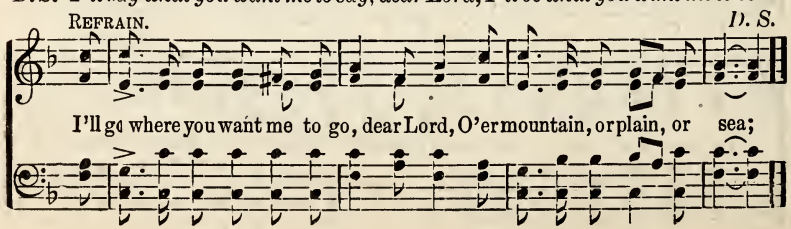
But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged way,
So, trust - ing my all un - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!



I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D. S.–*I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.*

REFRAIN. *D. S.*



I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

No. 263. It Was for This He Died.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

A. A. P. May Whittle Moody.

1. O wan-d'ring one, why lon - ger roam, And seek from God to hide?
2. O prod - i - gal, re - turn to - day! Thou wilt not be de - nied!
3. O tempt-ed child, He sees and hears When thou art sore-ly tried,
4. O wear - y heart, the morn-ing breaks For which thou long hast sighed;

Thy Sav - ior waits to lead thee Home, It was for this He died.
He nev - er casts His own a - way—It was for this He died.
And as thine Ad - vo - cate ap-pears—It was for this He died.
The King de-scends! His throne He takes! It was for this He died.

REFRAIN.

Thy scar - let sins like snow shall be, Thro' Christ, the Cru - ci - fied;

Be - hold the cross of Cal - va - ry! It was for this He died.

No. 264. Savior, Wash Me in the Blood.

William Cowper. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

1. { There is a fount - ain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
And sin - ners plung'd be-neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains. }

CHORUS.

Sav-ior, wash . . . . . me in the blood, Sav-ior, wash . . . . . me in the blood; O And I shall be whit-er than the snow.

Sav-ior, wash me in the blood, in the bbood, the blood of the Lamb, Savior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb; O

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 265. There is a Fountain.

E. O. E. Arr.

1. { There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man-uel's veins,
And sin - ners plung'd be-neath that flood,
D. C.—And sin - ners plung'd be-neath that flood, }

No. 266. Glorious Fountain.

W. Cowper. T. C. O'Kane.

1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood,
And sin-ners plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, be-neath that flood,
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see,
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he,

There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
And sin-ners plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.

CHORUS.

Oh, glo-ri-ous fount-ain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev-er

Wash my sins a-way.

3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

There is a Fountain.

2 FINE. D. C.

Lose all their guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;
Lose all their guilty stains.

No. 267. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PER.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;

FINE.

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

D. S.— *O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er more to roam;

3 I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord,
Now I'm coming home;
I'll trust Thy love, believe Thy word,
Lord, I'm coming home.

4 My soul is sick, my heart is sore,
Now I'm coming home;
My strength renew, my hope restore,
Lord, I'm coming home.

5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood, I know,
Now I m coming home;
Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord. I'm coming home.

No. 268. I Believe Jesus Saves.

Tune: Sweet Bye and Bye. No. 316.

1 I am coming to Jesus for rest,
Rest, such as the purified know;
My soul is athirst to be blest,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

CHORUS.

I believe Jesus saves,
And His blood washes whiter than snow.
I believe Jesus saves,
And His blood washes whiter than snow.

2 In coming, my sin I deplore,
My weakness and poverty show;
I long to be saved evermore.
To be washed and made whiter than snow

3 To Jesus, I give up my all,
Every treasure and Idol I know;
For His fullness of blessing I call,
Till His blood washes whiter than snow.

4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,
Trusting now His salvation to know;
And His blood doth so fully atone,
I am washed and make whiter than snow.

5 My heart is in raptures of love,
Love such as the ransomed ones know;
I am strengthened with might from above
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

REV. WM. MCDONALD. Sec.

No. 269. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. USED BY PER. OF J. J. HOOD. Arr. by J. H. Stockton.

FINE.

1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus,
He speaks the droop ing heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus.

2. Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus,
Go on your way in peace to heav'n And wear a crown with Je - sus.

D. S.—*Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus bless - ed Je - sus.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweet - est name on mor - tal tongue;

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

No. 270. I Do Believe.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (BELIEVE.) Unknown.

1. Father, I stretch my hand to Thee, No oth-er help I know; If Thou withdraw Thy-
2. What did Thine only Son en-dure Be - fore I drew my breath; What pain, what la-bor
3. O Je-sus, could I this be-lieve I now should feel Thy pow'r; And all my wants Thou

CHO.—*I do be-lieve, I now believe, That Je-sus died for me! And thro' His blood, His*

Cho. D. C.

self from me, Ah, whither shall I go?
to se-cure My soul from end - less death!
wouldst relieve, In this ac-cept - ed hour.

precious blood, I am from sin set free.

4 Author of faith, to Thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O let me now receive that gift;
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely Thou canst not let me die;
Oh, speak, and I shall live,
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till Thou Thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see Thy face;
Now let me hear Thy quick'ning voice,
And taste Thy pard'ning grace.

No. 271. Pass Me Not.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF W. H. DOANE.
USED BY PER.

Fanny J. Crosby, W. H. Doane.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me, at Thy throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - its, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou, the spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me—

While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
Heal my wound ed, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

FINE.

D. S.—*While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.*

D. S.

REFRAIN.

Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;

No. 272. There are Angels Hovering Round.

1. There are an - gels hov-'ring round, There are an - gels hov'ring round, There are an - gels, an - gels, hov - 'ring round.

2 To carry the tidings home.
3 To the New Jerusalem.
4 Poor sinners are coming home.
5 And Jesus bids them come.
6 Let him that heareth come.
7 We're on our journey home.

No, 273. Just as I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
Fight-ing and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

No. 274. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

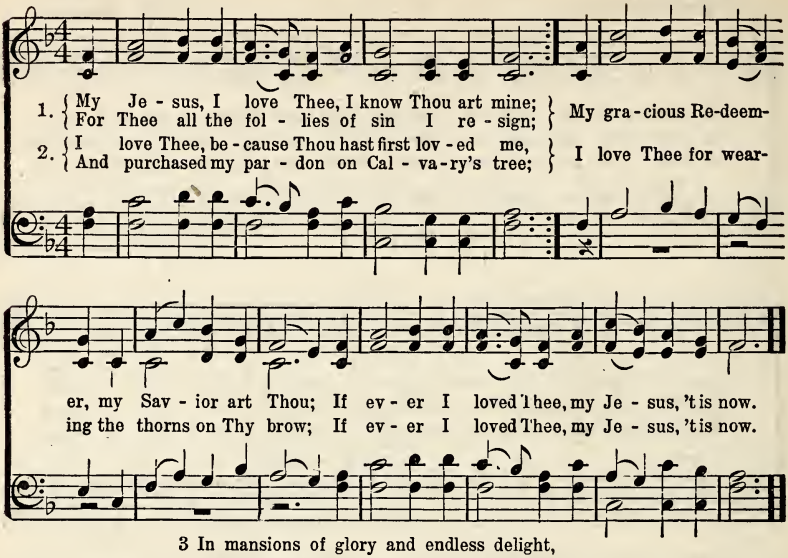
Thos. Shepherd. Geo. N. Allen.

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con-se-crat-ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free,
3. Up-on the crys-tal pave-ment, down At Je-sus' pierc-ed feet,
4. O pre-cious cross! O glo-rious crown! O res-ur-rec-tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev-'ry one, And there's a cross for me!
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me!
With joy I'll cast my gold-en crown, And His dear name re-peat.
Ye an-gels from the stars come down, And bear my soul a-way!

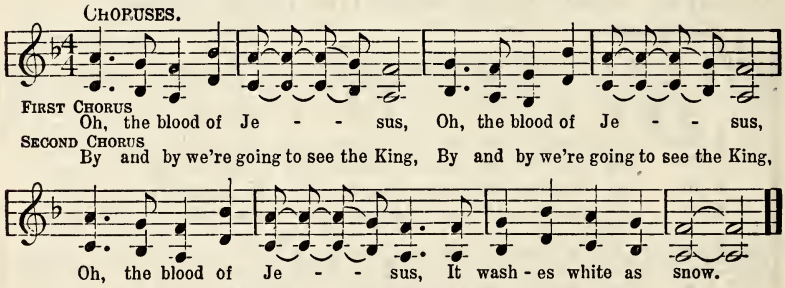
No. 275. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon.

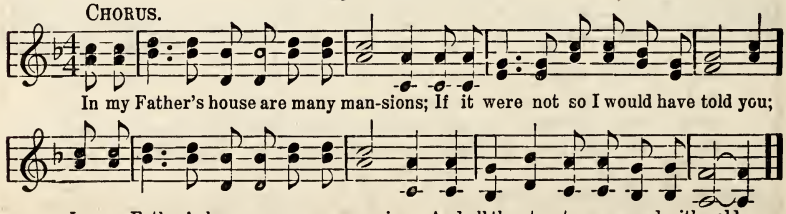


3 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

No. 276. Oh, the Blood of Jesus.



No. 277. Many Mansions.

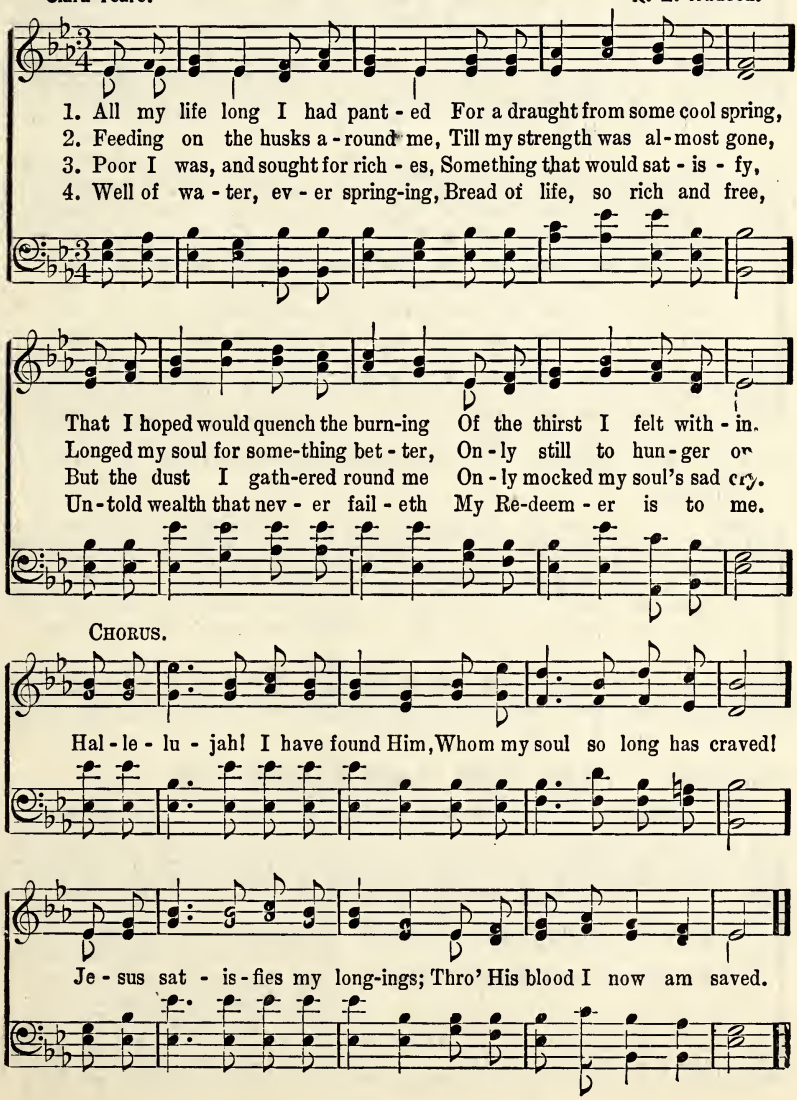


Praise.

No. 278. Satisfied.

USED BY PERMISSION OF R. E. HUDSON, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Clara Teare. R. E. Hudson.



No. 279. Take Me As I am.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.

1. Je - sus my Lord, to Thee I cry: Un - less Thou help me, I must die;
2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood for me was spilt:
3. No prep - a - ra - tion can I make, My best re-solves I on - ly break;
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;

FINE.

Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am.
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am.
But since to Thee I can - not move, Oh, take me as I am.

D. S.—*Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.*

CHORUS.

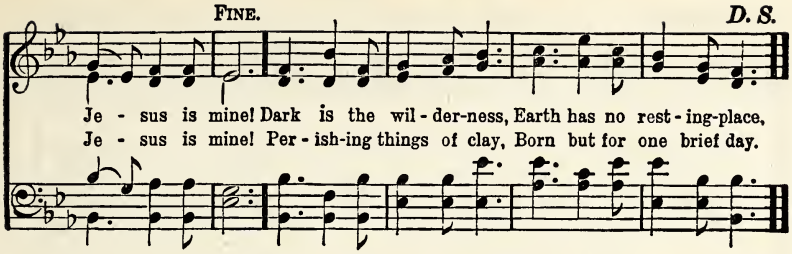
Take me as I am, . . . Take me as I am; . . .
Take me, take me as I am, Take me take me as I am;

No. 280. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar. USED BY PERMISSION. JOHN R. CLEMENTE, OWNER. T. E. Perkins.

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie,
D. S.— Je - sus a - lone can bless,
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay,
D. S.—Pass from my heart a - way,

Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

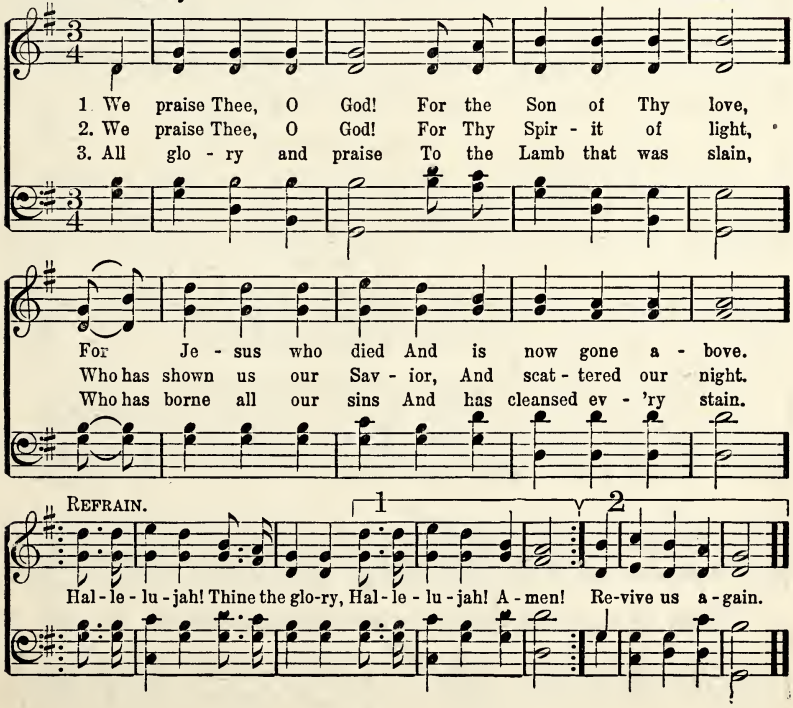


3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning light,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Savior's breast,
Jesus is mine!

No. 281. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.



No. 282. Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PERMISSION OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to the King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For, when the Lord is near,
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,

Than glows in an - y earth-ly skies, For Je - sus is my light,
And Je - sus, lis - ten - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For bless - ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.

REFRAIN.

O there's sun - - shine, bless-ed sun - shine,
O there's sun - shine in the soul, bless - ed sun - shine in the soul,

When the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll;
hap - py mo - ments roll;

When Je - sus shows His smil-ing face, There is sun-shine in the soul.

No. 283. The Haven of Rest.

H. L. Gilmour. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY JOHN J. HOOD. USED BY PER. George D. Moore.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So burdened with sin and distrest, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing, "make me your choice."
2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And, faith tak-ing hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I an - chored my soul;
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who-so - ev - er will have
4. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient - ly waits, To save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, anchor your soul in the hav - en of rest,

D. S.—*The temp-est may sweep o'er the wild storm - y deep,*

FINE. CHORUS.

And I en - tered the ha - ven of rest.
The ha - ven of rest is my Lord. I've an - chored my soul
A home in the ha - ven of rest.
And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."

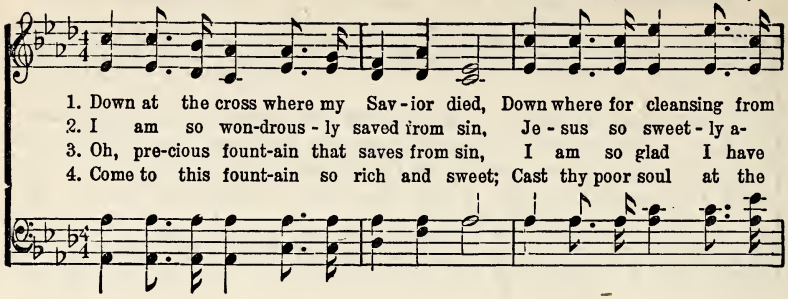
In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

D. S.

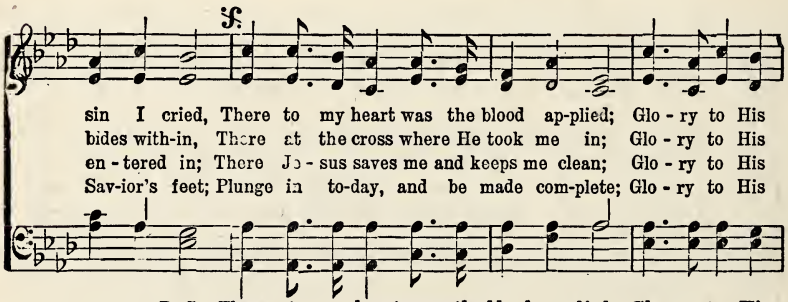
in the hav - en of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

No. 284. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.



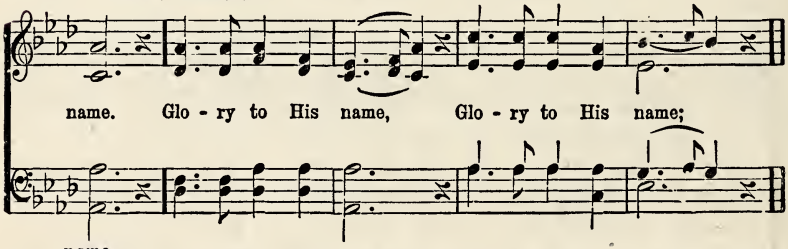
1. Down at the cross where my Sav-ior died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je-sus so sweet-ly a-
3. Oh, pre-cious fount-ain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fount-ain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the



sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His
bides with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His
en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to His
Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete; Glo-ry to His

D. S.—*There to my heart was the blood ap-plied, Glo-ry to His*

FINE. CHORUS.

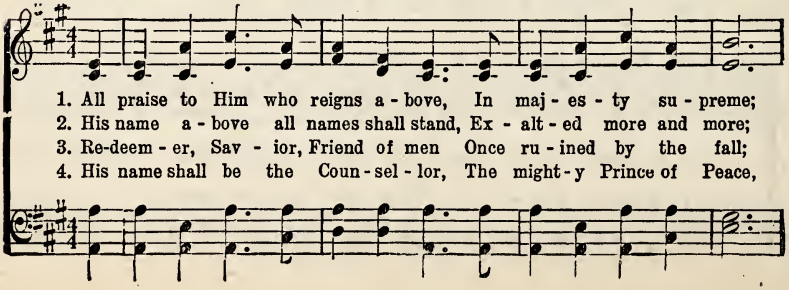


name. Glo-ry to His name, Glo-ry to His name;

name.

No. 285. Blessed Be the Name.

W. H. Clark. COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Arr. by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick



1. All praise to Him who reigns a-bove, In maj-es-ty su-preme;
2. His name a-bove all names shall stand, Ex-alt-ed more and more;
3. Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, Friend of men Once ru-ined by the fall;
4. His name shall be the Coun-sel-lor, The might-y Prince of Peace,

Blessed Be the Name.

Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re-deem.
At God the Fa-ther's own right hand, Where an-gel hosts a-dore.
Thou hast de-vised sal-va-tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
Of all earth's kingdoms, Con-quer-or, Whose reign shall nev-er cease.

CHORUS.

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord; of the Lord.

No. 286. Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. E. M. Hall. John T. Grape.

1. I hear the Sav-ior say, "Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weak-ness,
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy power, and Thine a-lone, Can change the
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim— I'll wash my

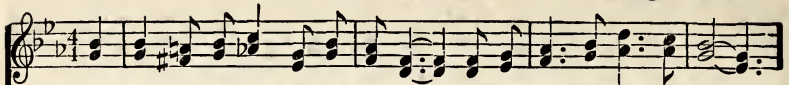
CHORUS.

watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."
lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je-sus paid it all,
gar-ments white In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.

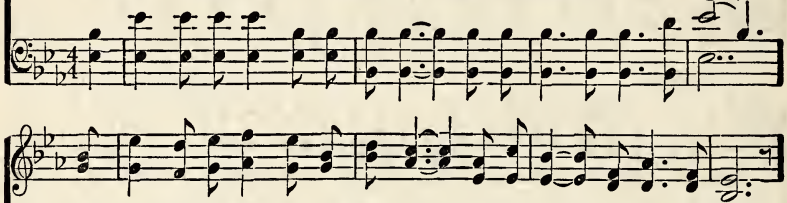
All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

No. 287. The Cross is Not Greater.

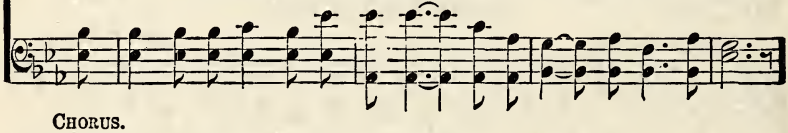
B. B. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF BALLINGTON BOOTH. Ballington Booth.



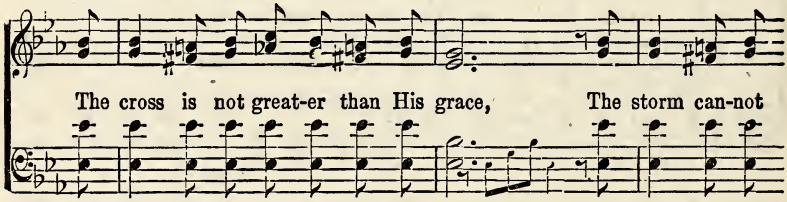
1. The cross that He gave may be heav-y, But it ne'er outweighs His grace;
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His crown for me;
3. The light of His love shineth bright-er, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful - fill-ing, As I'm walk-ing in His sight,



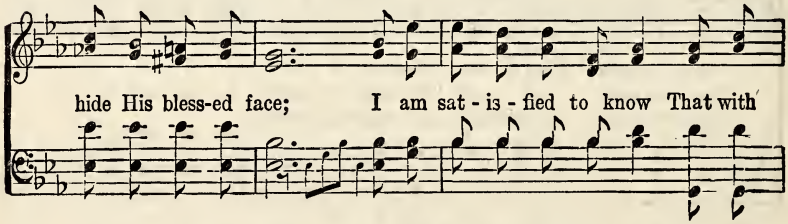
The storm that I fear'd may surround me, But it ne'er ex-cludes His face.
The cup that I drink not more bit - ter Than He drank in Geth-sem-a-ne.
The toil of my work groweth light - er, As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bring - ing, It a - lone can keep me right.



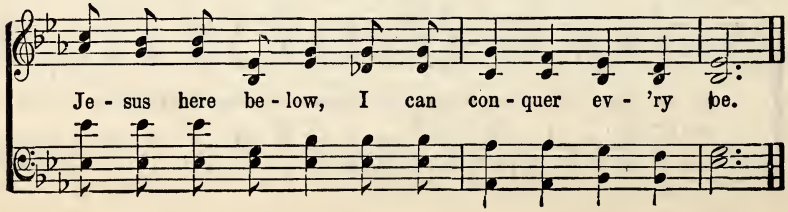
CHORUS.



The cross is not great-er than His grace, The storm can-not



hide His bless-ed face; I am sat - is - fied to know That with



Je - sus here be - low, I can con - quer ev - 'ry foe.

Missionary.

No. 288. The Whole Wide World for Jesus.

1. { The whole wide world for Je - sus! Once more be - fore we part,
Ring out the joy - ful watch - word (*Omit.*). . . . . }

From ev - 'ry grateful heart; The whole wide world for Je - sus! Be this our

bat - tle cry; The Cru - ci - fied shall con - quer, And vic - to - ry is nigh.

2 The whole wide world for Jesus!
From out the Golden Gate,
Through all the South Sea Islands,
To China's princely state;
From India's vales and mountains,
Through Persia's land of bloom,
To storied Palestina,
And Afric's desert gloom.

3 The whole wide world for Jesus!
Its hearts and homes and thrones;
Ring out again the watchword
In loud and joyous tones:
The whole wide world for Jesus!
With prayer the song we'll wing,
And spend the prayer with labor,
Till earth shall crown Him King.

No. 289. [*Tune above.*] Heber.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown:
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

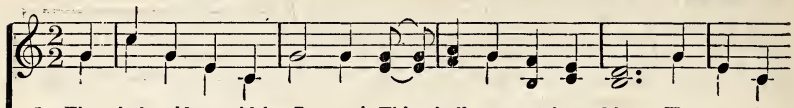
3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft—waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

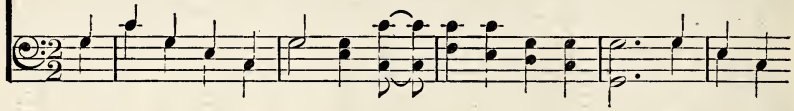
No. 290. The Whole Wide World.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, IN RENEWAL.

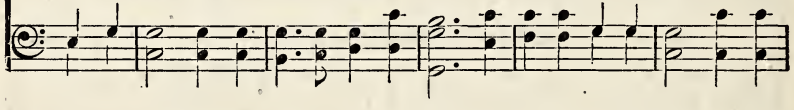
J. Demster Hammond. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



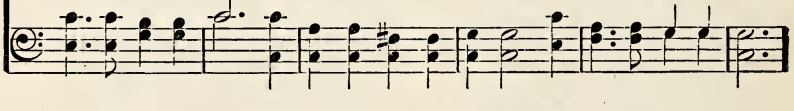
1. The whole wide world for Je - sus! This shall our watchword be, Up - on the
2. The whole wide world for Je - sus, In - spires us with the thought That ev -'ry
3. The whole wide world for Je - sus! The marching or - der sound; Go ye and
4. The whole wide world for Je - sus! In the Father's home a - bove Are man - y



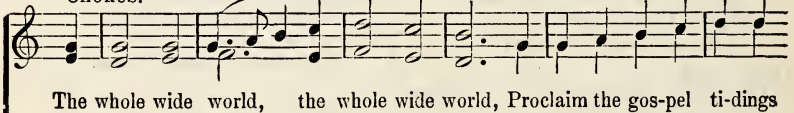
high-est mountain, Down by the wid-est sea: The whole wide world for Je-sus! To
son of Ad-am Hath by the blood been bo't: The whole wide world for Je-sus! O
preach the gos-pel Wher-ev - er man is found: The whole wide world for Je-sus! Our
wondrous mansions, Mansions of light and love: The whole wide world for Je-sus! Ride



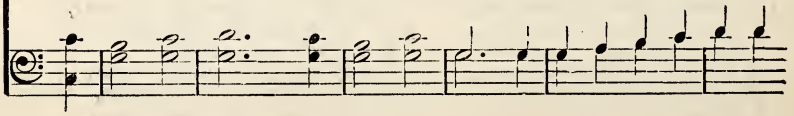
Him all men shall bow, In cit - y or in prai-rie, The world for Je-sus now.
faint not by the way! The cross shall surely con-quer, In this our glorious day.
ban - ner is un-furled, We bat - tle now for Je-sus, And faith demands the world.
forth, O conqu'ring King, Thro' all the mighty na-tions; The world to glo-ry bring.



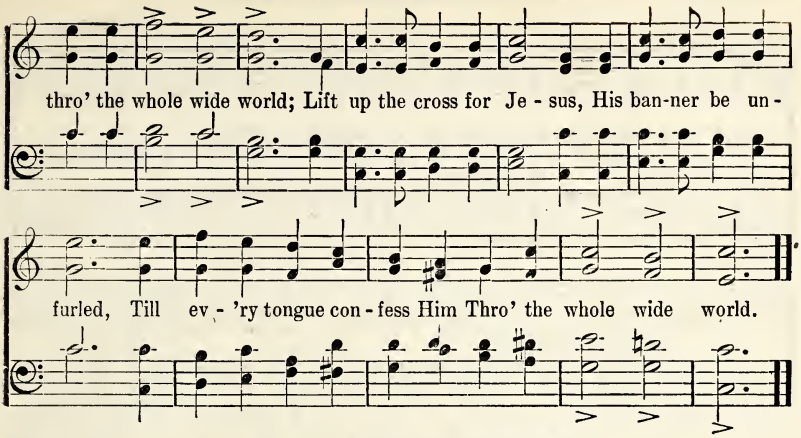
CHORUS.



The whole wide world, the whole wide world, Proclaim the gos-pel ti-dings

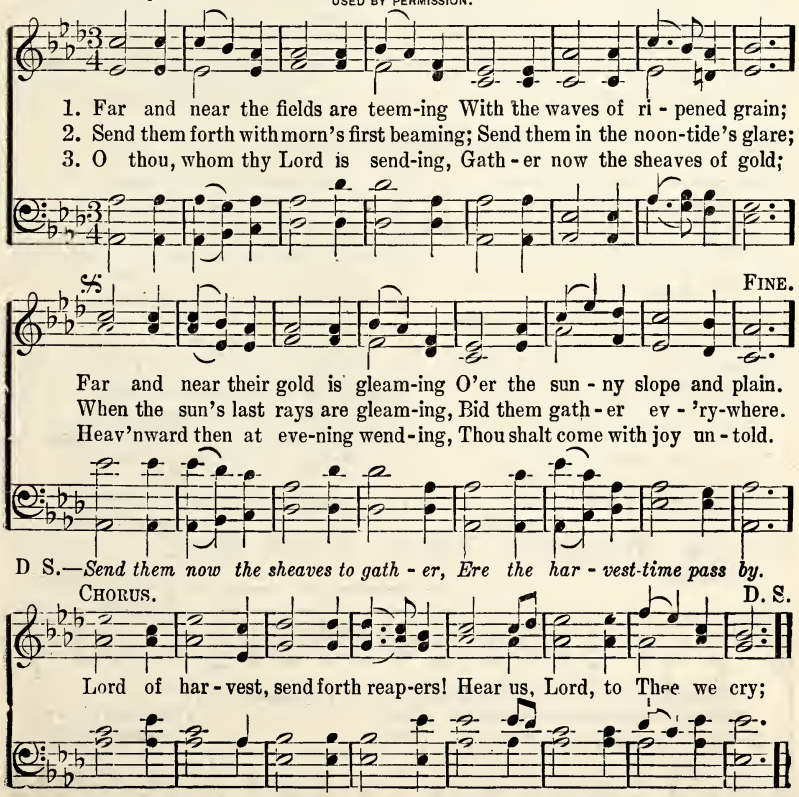


The Whole Wide World.



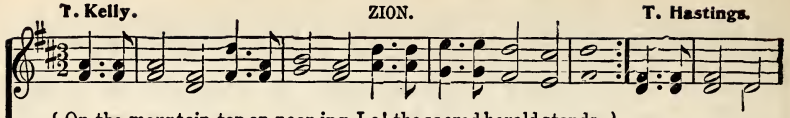
No. 291. The Call for Reapers.

J. O. Thompson. COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY PHILLIPS & HUNT. USED BY PERMISSION. J. B. O. Clemm.

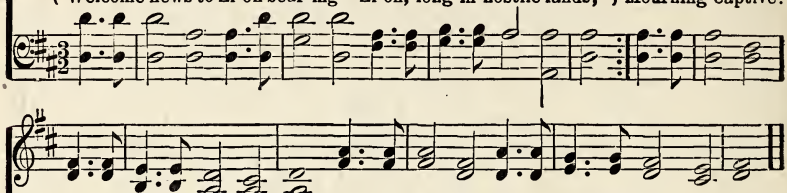


No. 292. On The Mountain Top.

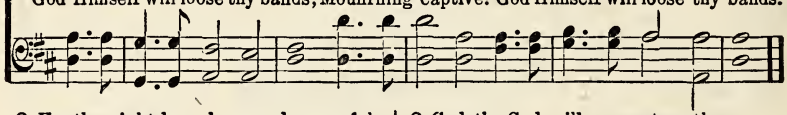
T. Kelly. ZION. T. Hastings.



1. { On the mountain-top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sacred herald stands, } Mourning captive!
{ Welcome news to Zi-on bear-ing—Zi-on, long in hostile lands; }



God Himself will loose thy bands; Mounrning captive? God Himself will loose thy bands.



2. Has thy night been long and mournful,
All thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

2. God, thy God, will now restore thee,
He Himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King will quickly send.

No. 293. My Native Land.

1. Yes my native land! I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Home and friends that smile around me,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2. Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I—can I say, "Farewell?"
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3. Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well,
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

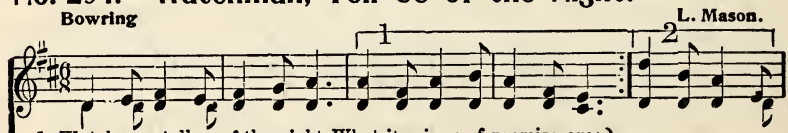
4. In the desert let me labor,
On the mountain let me tell
How He died, the blessed Savior,
To redeem a world from hell.
Let me hasten
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5. Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvas swell;
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I leave thee,
Native land, farewell! farewell!

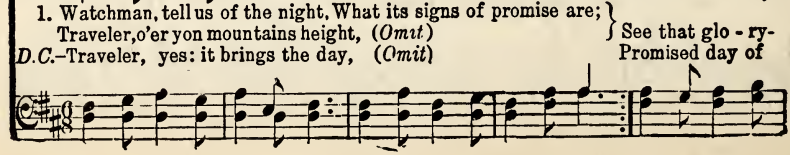
Rev. Samuel F, Smith.

No. 294. Watchman, Tell Us of the Night.

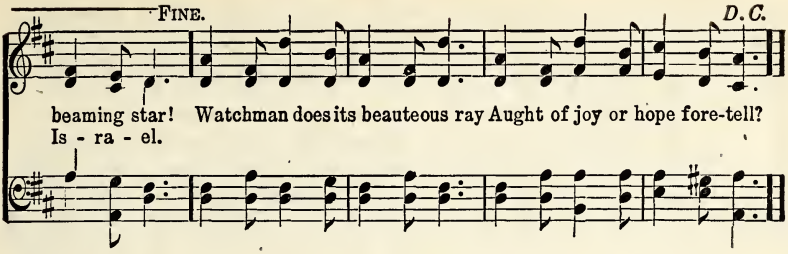
Bowring L. Mason.



1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are; } See that glo - ry-
Traveler, o'er yon mountains height, (*Omit*)
D.C.–Traveler, yes: it brings the day, (*Omit*) Promised day of



Watchman, Tell Us of the Night.

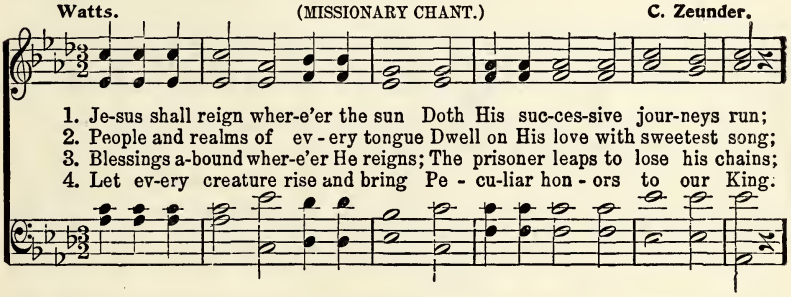


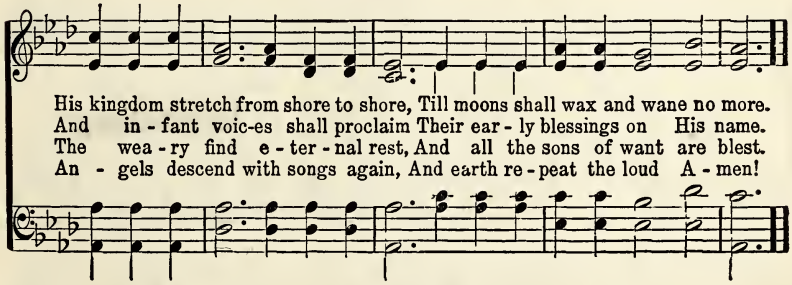
2. Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends;
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own:
See! it bursts o'er all the earth!

3. Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn;
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quit home:
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

No. 295. Jesus Shall Reign.

Watts. (MISSIONARY CHANT.) C. Zeunder.





No. 296. Ye Christian Herald!

1. Ye Christian heralds! go proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

3. And when our labors all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more—
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus—Lord of all!

No. 297. Go Tell the Story.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Go tell the sto - ry to the world Of Him who once was slain;
2. Go tell the sto - ry to the world, En - list for God to - day;
3. Go tell the sto - ry to the world, The wel - come ti - dings bear

Who lay with - in the si - lent tomb, And rose to life a - gain;
The sac - ri - fice He made for you, You nev - er can re - pay;
To ev - 'ry crea - ture, in His name. At home and ev - 'ry - where;

Re - peat the won - ders of His love To lands be - yond the sea;
Go forth to con - quer for the Lord, The en - e - my de - fy;
Go tell the sto - ry to the world Our God and King ex - tol,

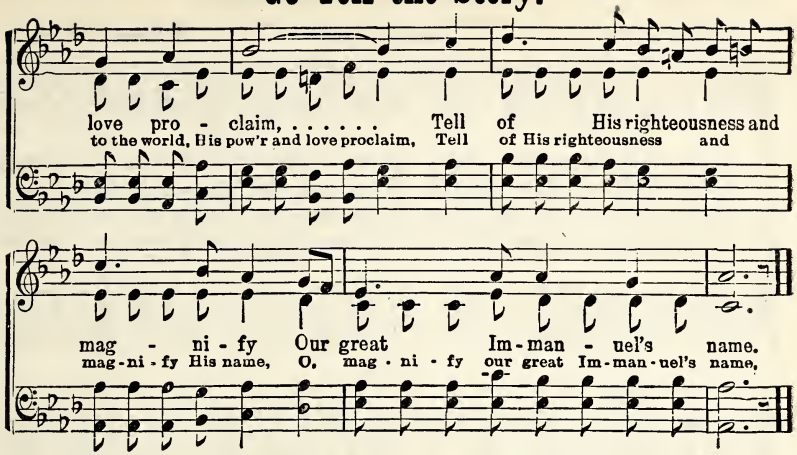
Tell how He left His home a - bove To die for you and me.
All pow'r is thine thro' Him a - lone Who lives and can - not die.
"Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all."

CHORUS.

Go tell the sto-ry to the world, ... His pow'r and
Go tell the sto-ry, tell the sto - ry to the world, Go tell the sto - ry

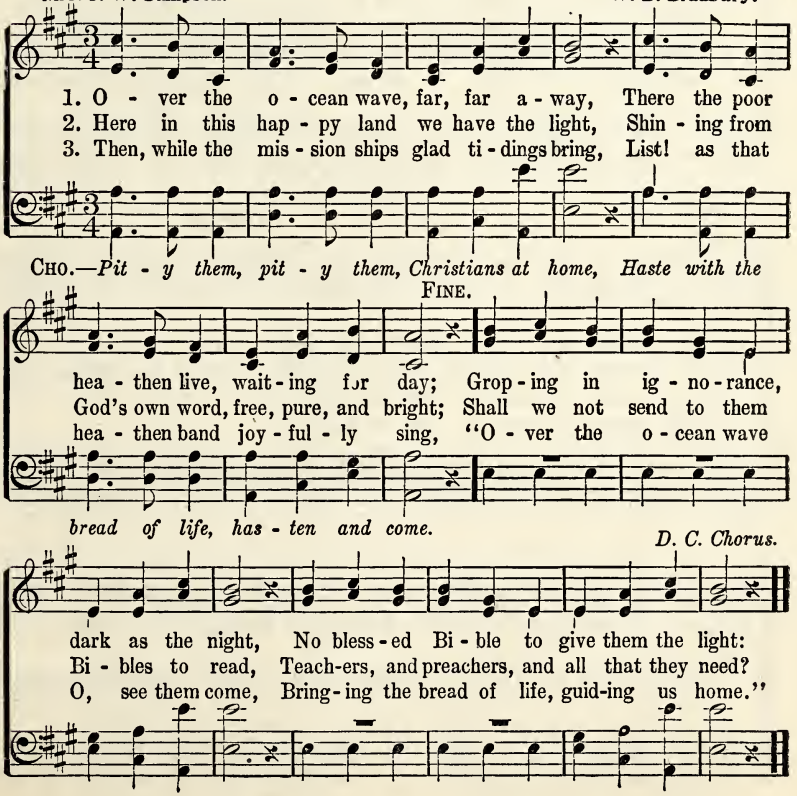
Copyright, 1904, by Chas. H Gabriel.

Go Tell the Story.



No. 298. Over the Ocean Wave.

Mrs. J. W. Sampson. W. B. Bradbury.



No. 299. Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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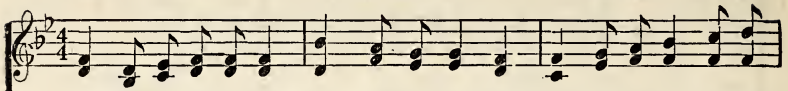
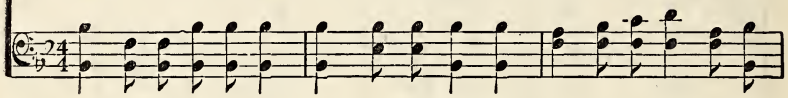
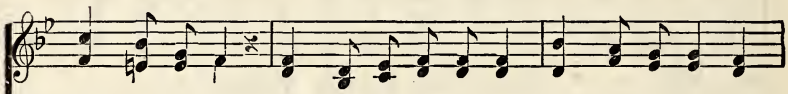
William H. Doane.

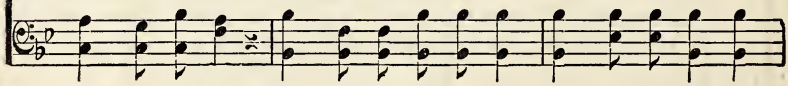


1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crush'd by the tempt-er, Feel-ings lie bu - ried that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the

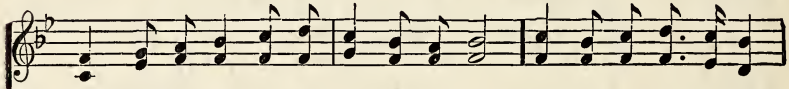




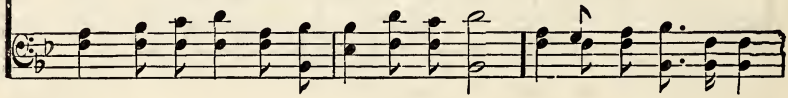
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en,
child to re-ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly:
grace can re-store; Touch'd by a lov-ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro-vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient-ly win them;

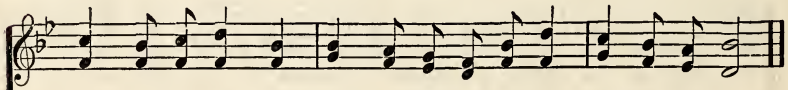


CHORUS.

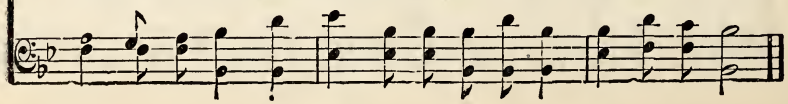


Tell them of Je - sus the might-y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
Chords that are bro - ken will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - ior has died.



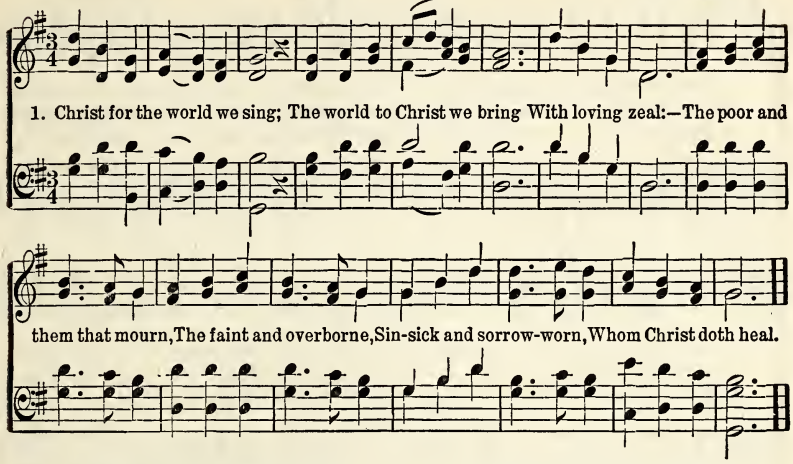


Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.



No. 300. Christ for the World We Sing.

S. Wolcott. (ITALIAN HYMN.) Felice Giardini.

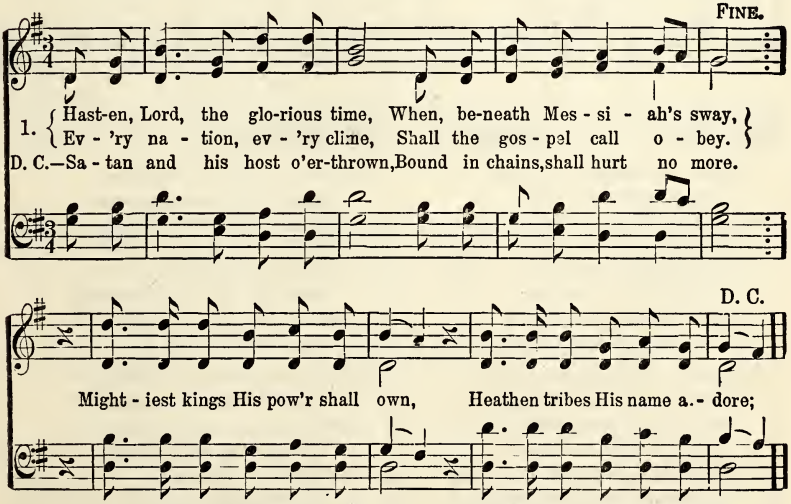


2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With fervent prayer:—
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passion tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord—
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

No. 301. Hasten, Lord, the Glorious Time.

Harriet Auber. (ELTHAM.) Lowell Mason.



2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise His glorious name;
All His mighty acts record,
All His wondrous love proclaim.

No. 302. The Morning Light is Breaking.

S. F. Smith. G. J. Webb.

1. The morn-ing light is break - ing, The darkness dis-ap - pears; The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far, Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Prepared for Zi - on's war.
2. See hea-then na-tions bend - ing Be - fore the God of love, And thousand hearts as- cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove; While sinners, now con - fess - ing, The gos - pel's call o - bey, And seek a Sav-ior's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day.
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur-sue thine onward way; Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich-ness stay; Stay not till all the low - ly Tri- umphant reach their home; Stay not till all the ho - ly Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

No. 303. Stand Up for Jesus.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

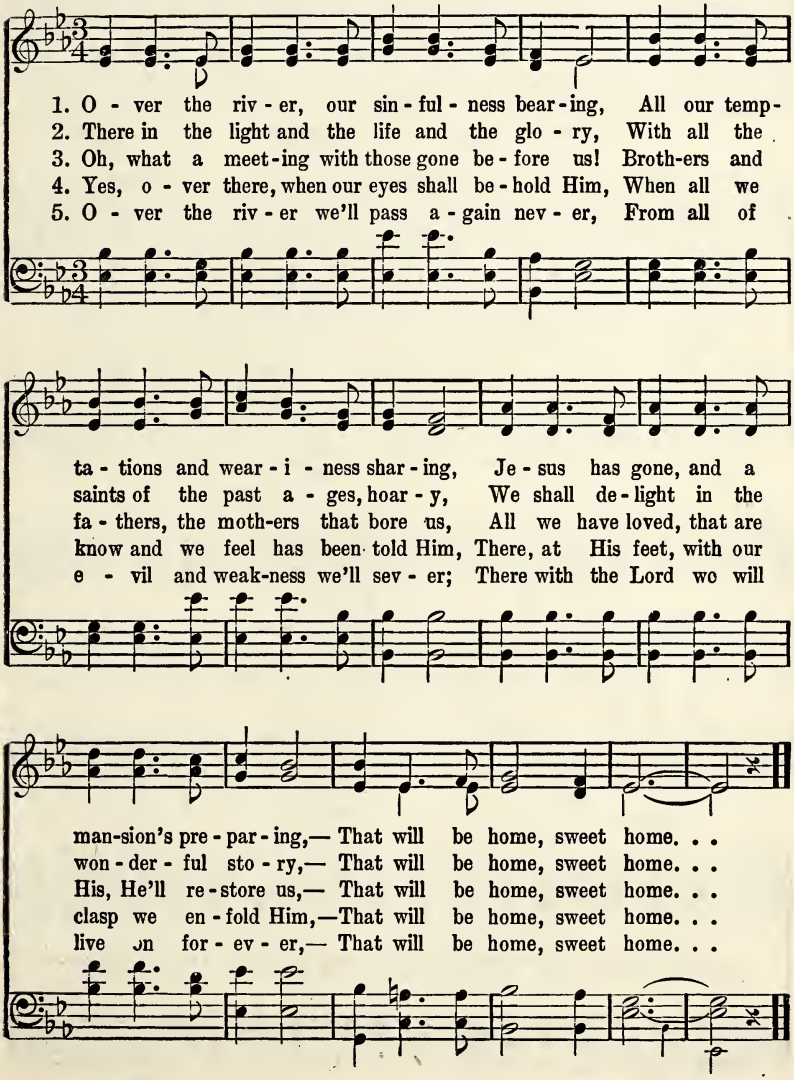
4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

—*George Duffield.*

Heaven.

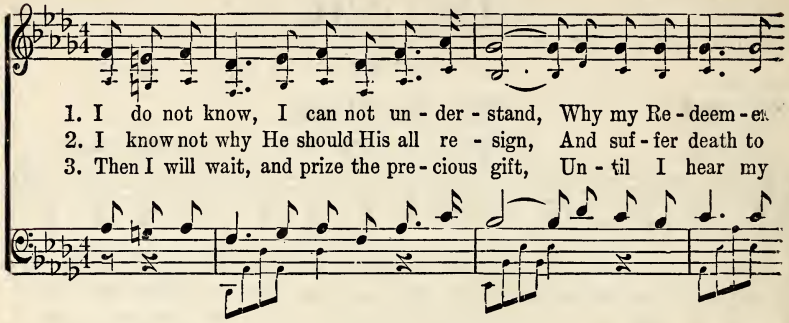
No. 304. Over the River.

R. K. C. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY R. KELSO CARTER. R. Kelso Carter.

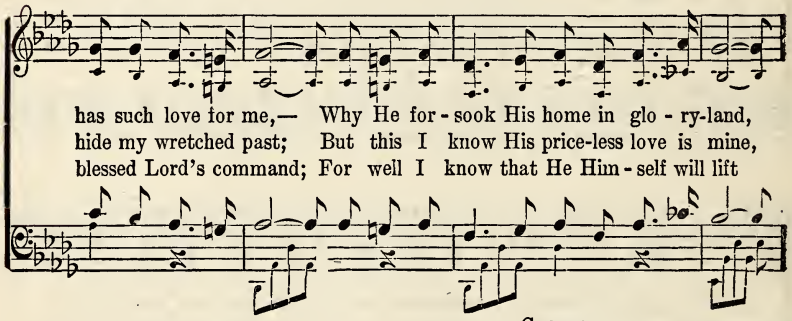


No. 305. Then I Shall Understand.

James Rowe. WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. Ira B. Wilson.

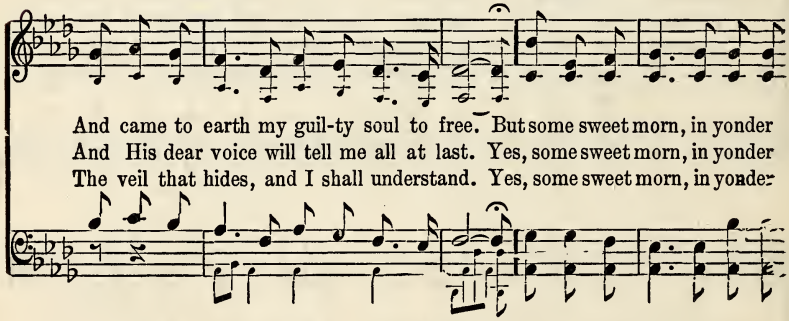


1. I do not know, I can not un - der - stand, Why my Re - deem - er
2. I know not why He should His all re - sign, And suf - fer death to
3. Then I will wait, and prize the pre - cious gift, Un - til I hear my

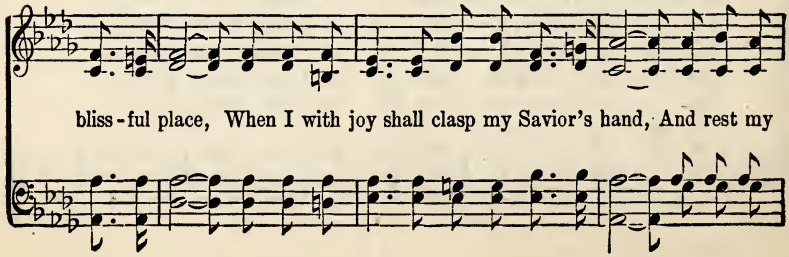


has such love for me,— Why He for - sook His home in glo - ry-land,
hide my wretched past; But this I know His price-less love is mine,
blessed Lord's command; For well I know that He Him - self will lift

CHORUS.

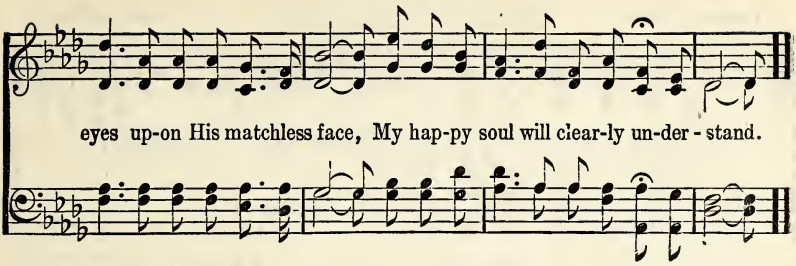


And came to earth my guil-ty soul to free. But some sweet morn, in yonder
And His dear voice will tell me all at last. Yes, some sweet morn, in yonder
The veil that hides, and I shall understand. Yes, some sweet morn, in yonder



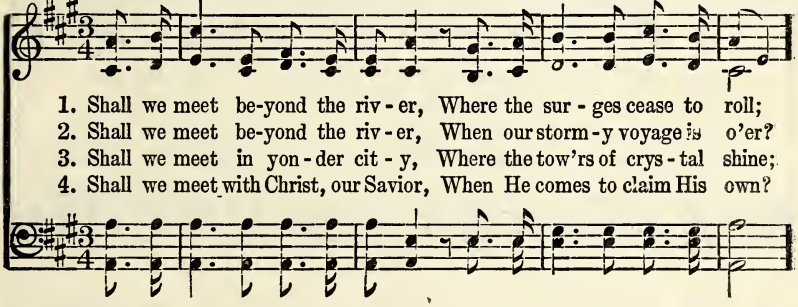
bliss - ful place, When I with joy shall clasp my Savior's hand, And rest my

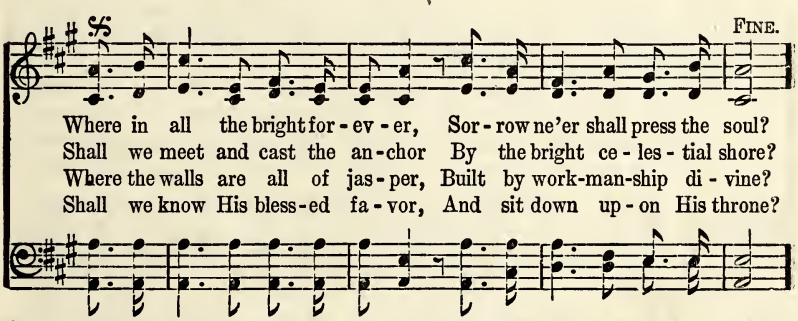
Then I Shall Understand.



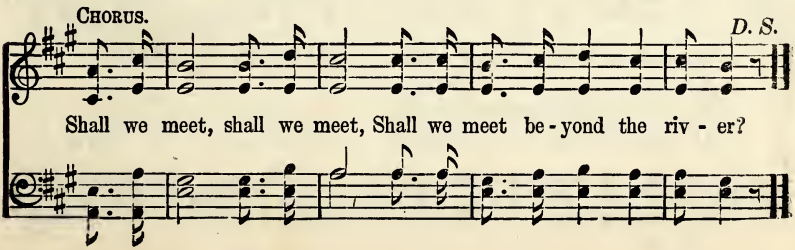
No. 306. Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings. USED BY PERMISSION. Elihu S. Rice.





D.S.—*Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?*



No. 307. God Shall Wipe All Tears Away.

Lotta B. White.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY A. B. MORTON.
C. F. ALLEN AND C. H. MARSH, OWNERS.

A. B. Morton.

1. God shall wipe all tears a - way, By and by, by and by,
2. God shall wipe all tears a - way,
3. God shall wipe all tears a - way,
4. God shall wipe all tears a - way, By and by by and by,

When earth's night has passed a-way, By and by, by and by;
In that res - ur - rec - tion day,
All earth's sor-rows will re - pay,
We shall sing His praise for aye, By and by, by and by;

In that land that knows no night, But where Je - sus is the light,
In that land so bright and fair, With our loved ones we shall share
No more part-ings, no more tears, No more sigh - ing, no more fears,
We shall nev - er know a care, Nor a grief nor bur - den bear,

rit. e dim.

We shall walk in robes of white, By and by, by and by.
All the glo - ries o - ver there,
Spend with Christ the hap-py years,
Al - ways hap - py o - ver there, By and by, by and by.

No. 308. Till We Get Home.

E. O. S. E. O. Sellers.

1. Thro' toil and sor-row, thro' pain and strife, Thro' days of bless-ing
2. Tho' oft the jour-ney seem dark and drear, And rough the path-way
3. He will not suf - fer us to be tried More than we're a - ble
4. All thro' the jour-ney of life be - low, His bless - ed Spir - it

and all thro' life, His Word is faith - ful, wher-e'er we roam,
we trav - el here, Still He is lead - ing wher-e'er we roam,
and will pro - vide A way more bless - ed, for us who roam,
He will be - stow, And won-drous glo - ry is yet to come

Chorus.

He will be with us, till we get home. 1,2,3. Till we get home,
His pow'r will keep us, till we get home.
His pres-ence with us, till we get home.
Aft - er the strug - gle, when we get home. 4. When we get home,

till we get home, He will be with us, till we get home.
when we get home, And won-drous glo - ry when we get home.
get home.

Words and music copyright, 1907, by E. O. Sellers.

No. 309. Land of the Unsetting Sun.

W. C. Martin.

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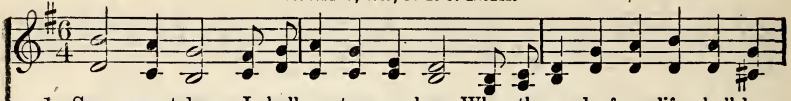
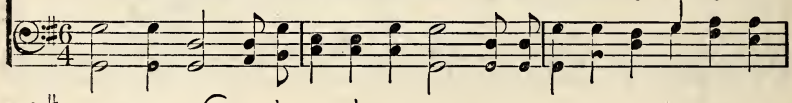
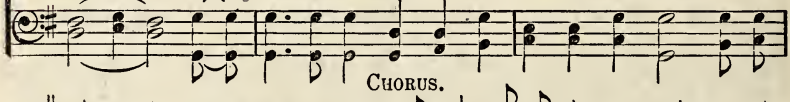
Chas. H. Gabriel.



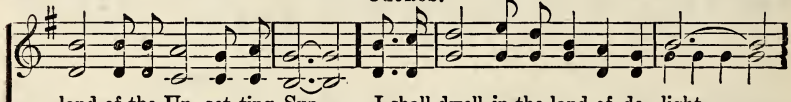
1. Some sweet day I shall en-ter a place, When the work of my life shall be
2. Yes, the bur-dens of life can be borne, When I think of the prize to be
3. I can peace-ful-ly welcome the night When the hours of my life shall be
4. O what joy! mor-tal tongue cannot tell, With e-ter-ni-ty on-ly be-



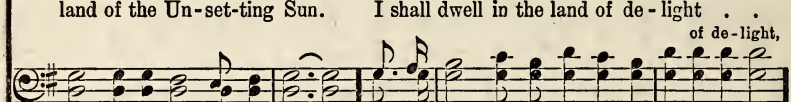
done; . . A place that is filled with His mar-vel-ous grace, In the
won; . . Of the beau-ti-ful robe and the crown to be worn, In the
run; . . . It will bring me no grief, but su-per-nal de-light, In the
gun; . . One an-oth-er to meet, with the Sav-ior to dwell, In the



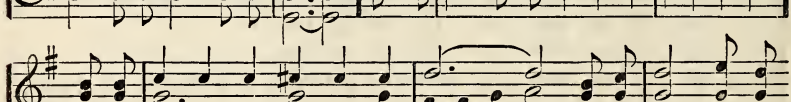
CHORUS.



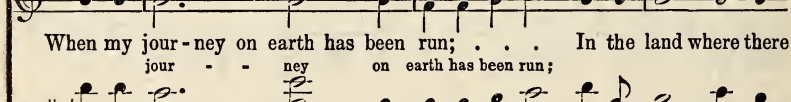
land of the Un-set-ting Sun. I shall dwell in the land of de-light . .
of de-light,



When my jour-ney on earth has been run; . . . In the land where there
jour - - ney on earth has been run;



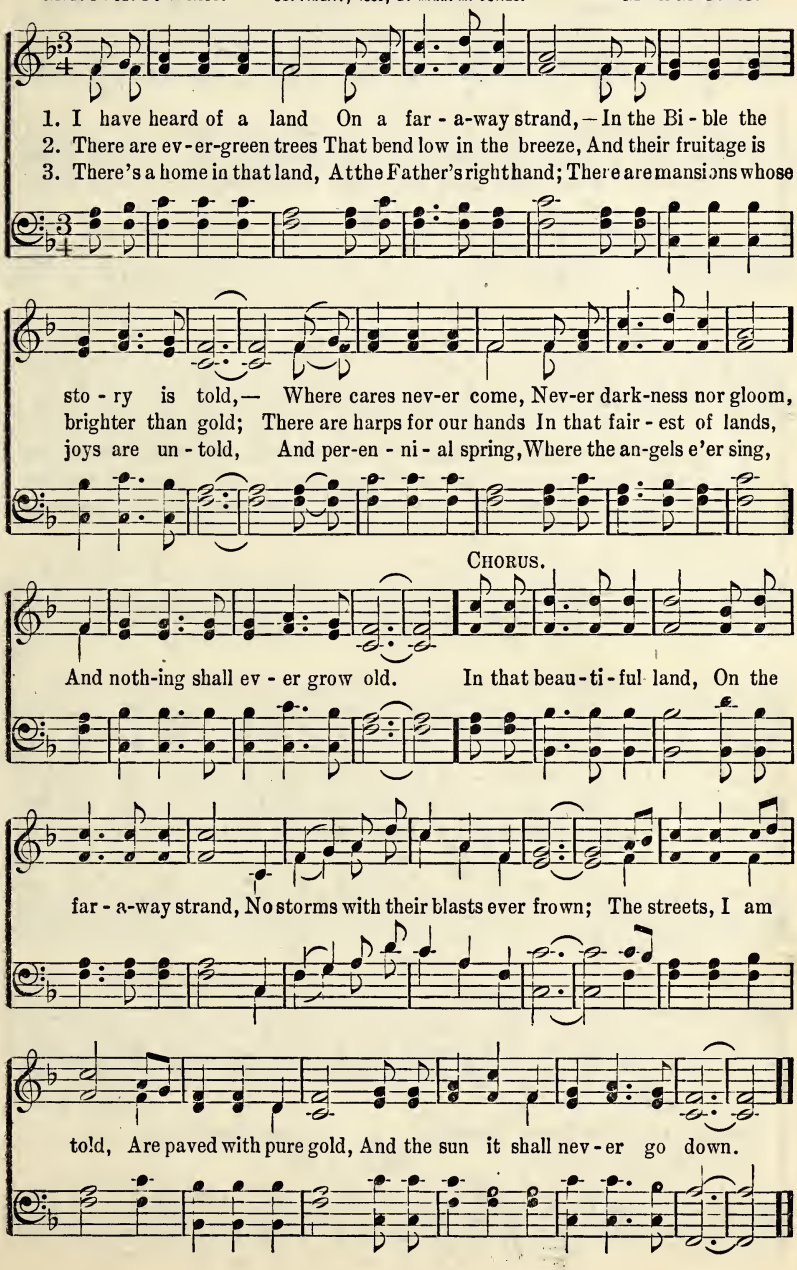
com-eth no sor-row, no night, In the land of the Un-set-ting Sun.



No. 310. That Beautiful Land.

(*To my friend, Miss Emma C. Vogelgasang.*)

Mrs. F. A. F. White. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY MARK M. JONES. Mark M. Jones.



No. 311. Some Day.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY THE WINONA PUBLISHING CO.
OWNED BY R. A. TORREY.

Dr. Victor M. Staley. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Some day 'twill all be o - ver— The toil and cares of life; Some
2. Some day I'll see the man - sions Of heav-en's cit - y fair; Some
3. Some day I'll see the Sav - ior, And know Him, face to face; Some

day the world be vanquish'd With all this mortal strife; Some day, the journey
day I'll greet with pleasure, The dear ones waiting there; Some day I'll hear the
day re - ceive, un-meas-ured The blessings of His grace; Some day He'll smile up -

end - ed, I'll lay my bur - den down; Some day, in realms su - per - nal Re -
voic - es Of God's an - gel - ic throng; Some day I'll join the cho - rus In
on me from that white throne a - bove; Some day I ll know the full - ness Of

CHORUS.

ceive, at last, my crown. [some hap-py day,
heav'n's im-mor-tal song. Some day, ... some happy day, ...
His un - dy - ing love. some hap-py day,

Some Day,

The Lord will wipe all tears a - way, ... And I shall go to dwell with

all tears a-way,

Him, ... To dwell with Him . . . . . some hap-py day.

to dwell with Him, To dwell with Him, hap - py day.

No. 312. Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.

Joseph Hart. Anon.

FINE.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore; Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r. }

2. { Now, ye need - y, come and welcome, God's free bount - y glo - ri - fy; True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh. }

3. { Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Or of fit - ness fond - ly dream; All the fit - ness He re - quir-eth, Is to feel your need of Him. }

4. { Come, ye wea ry, heav - y la - den, Bruised and man - gled by the fall, If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all. }

D.C.—*Glo-ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion, Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.*

CHORUS. D.C.

Turn to the Lord and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;

No. 313. When I Go Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Jennie Ree. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A lit - tle while and then the sum - mer Day, When I go Home;
2. Work ceas-es not in sun-shine or in show'r, Till I go Home;
3. All will be well, and all be hap - pi - ness, When I go Home;
4. I'll meet the loved ones I have lost a - while, When I go Home;

'T is lone-some win - ter now, but 't will be May, When I go Home; Be-
But in the still - ness of the twi - light hour, I dream of Home; And
The wan - der - ings all o'er, and lone - li - ness, When I go Home; There
And, best of all, I'll see my Sav - ior smile, When I go Home; Oh,

yond the gloom of moor and fen I see The wel - come warm of
when the night-wind moans a - cross the wold I feel no dread of
will be light at e - ven - tide for me, The light that nev - er
what a joy thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, To sing the praise of

those who wait for me, When I go Home, when I go Home.
dark, or chill of cold— I dream of Home, I dream of Home.
was on land or sea, When I go Home, when I go Home.
Him who died for me, When I go Home, when I go Home.

No. 314. We'll Understand It Better.

C. A. T.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY C. A TINDLEY.
USED BY PERMISSION.

C. A. Tindley.
Arr. by F. A. Clark.

1. We are oft - en tossed and driv'n on the rest - less sea of time,
2. We are oft - en des - ti - tute of the things that life de-mands,
3. Tri - als dark on ev - 'ry hand, and we can - not un - der-stand
4. Temp - ta - tions, hid - den snares, oft - en take us un - a - wares,

Som - ber skies and howl - ing tem-pests oft suc - ceed a bright sun-shine;
Want of food and want of shel - ter, thirst - y hills and bar - ren lands;
All the ways that God would lead us to the bless - ed Prom-ised Land;
And our hearts are made to bleed for man - y a thoughtless word or deed,

In that land of per - fect day, when the mists have rolled a - way, We will
We are trust-ing in the Lord, and, ac-cord - ing to His word, We will
But He guides us with His eye, and we'll fol - low till we die, For we'll
And we won-der why the test when we try to do our best; But we'll

D. S.—*how we've o - ver-come; For we'll*

FINE. CHORUS.

un - der-stand it bet-ter by and by. By and by, when the morning

un-der-stand it bet - ter by and by. (by and by.)

D. S.

comes, When the saints of God are gathered home, We'll tell the sto - ry,

No. 315. We'll Never Say Good-By.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY JOHN J. HOOD. USED BY PER J. H. Tenney.

1. With friends on earth we meet in gladness, While swift the mo - ments fly,
2. How joy - ful is the hope that lingers, When loved ones cross death's sea,
3. No part-ing words shall e'er be spok - en In yon - der home so fair,

Yet ev - er comes the tho't of sad-ness, That we must say, "Good-by.
That we, when all earth's toils are end - ed, With them shall ev - er be.
But songs of joy, and peace, and glad-ness, We'll sing for - ev - er there.

CHORUS.

We'll nev - er say good-by in heav'n, We'll nev - er say good - by, . . . good - by,

Repeat Chorus pp.

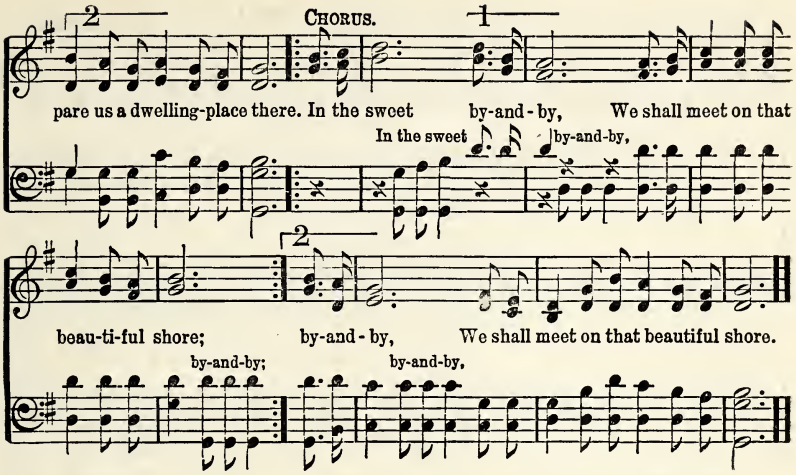
For in that land of joy and song We'll nev - er say good - by.

No. 316. Sweet By and By.

S. Fillmore Bennett. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY JOAN H. WEBSTER. USED BY PER. OF OLIVER DITSON CO., PUBLISHERS. Jos. P. Webster.

1. { There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pro- [*Omit*.....] }

Sweet By and By.

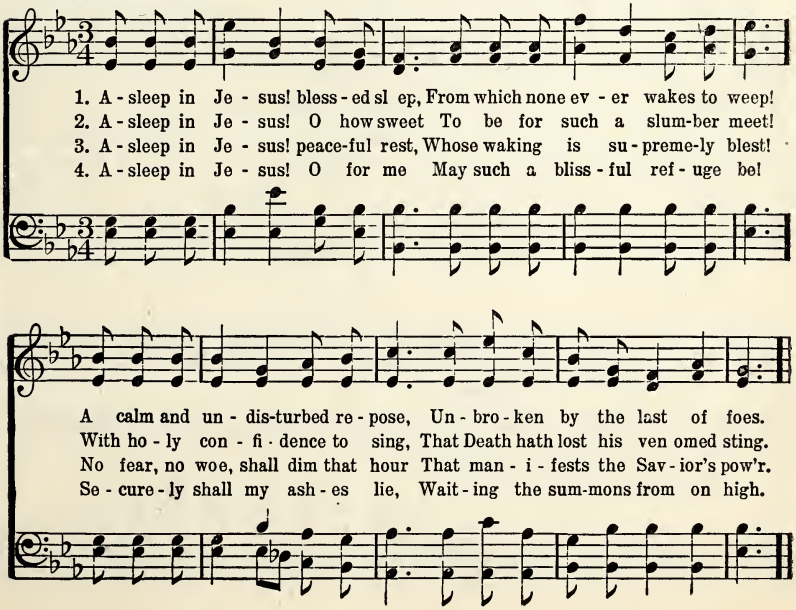


2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

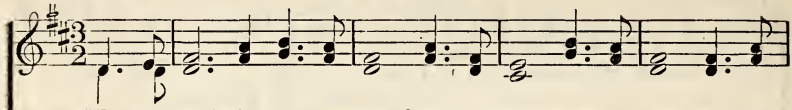
No. 317. Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. Wm. B. Bradbury.

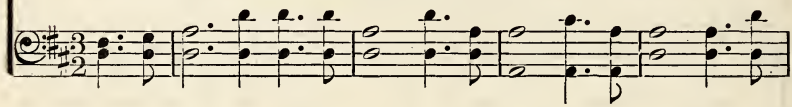


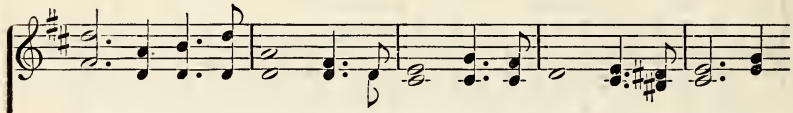
No. 318. Some Sweet Day, By and By.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. W. H. Doane.

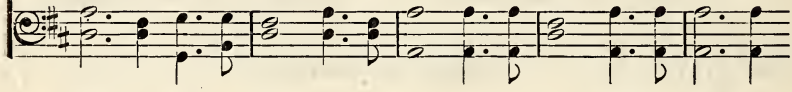


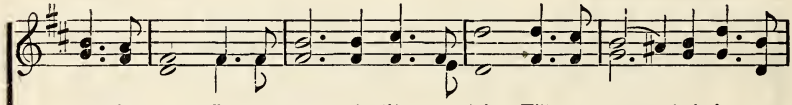
1. We shall reach the sum-mer-land, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall
2. At the crys - tal riv - er's brink, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall
3. Oh, these part - ing scenes will end, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall



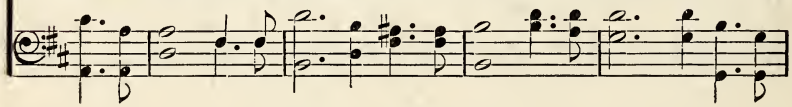


press the gold - en strand, Some sweet day, by and by; Oh, the loved ones
find each bro-ken link, Some sweet day, by and by; Then the star that,
gath - er friend with friend, Some sweet day, by and by; There be - fore our





watch-ing there, By the tree of life so fair, Till we come their joy to
fad - ing here, Left our hearts and homes so drear, We shall see more bright and
Father's throne, When the mists and clouds have flown, We shall know as we are



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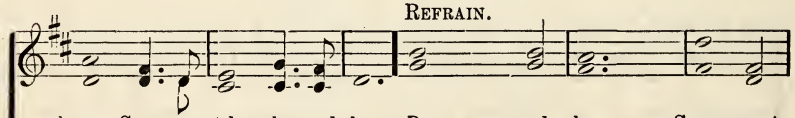
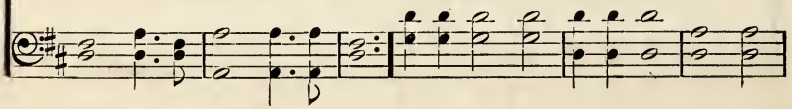
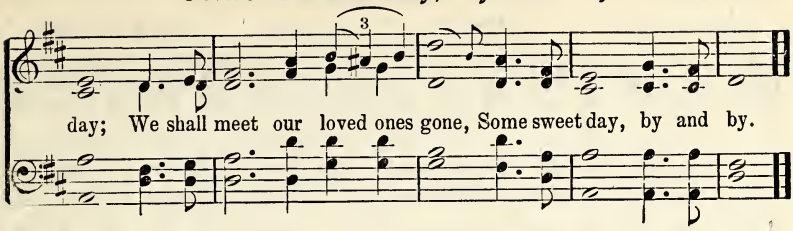


share, Some sweet day, by and by. By and by, Some sweet
clear, Some sweet day, by and by.
known, Some sweet day, by and by. By and by, yes, by and by,

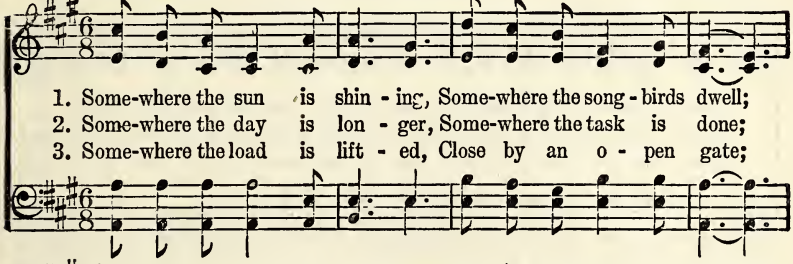


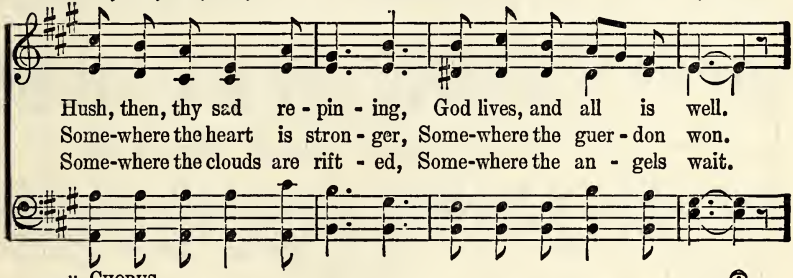
Some Sweet Day, By and By.

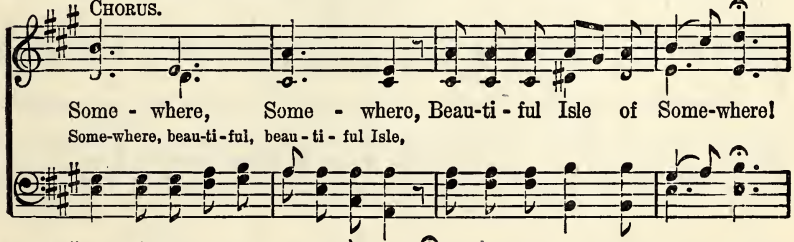


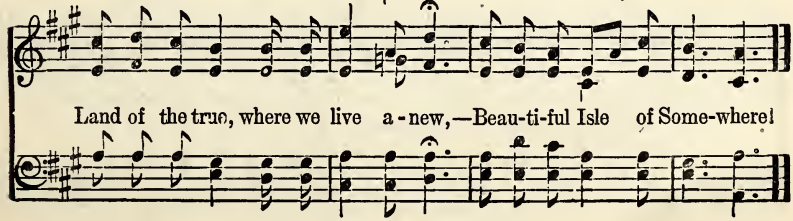
No. 319. Beautiful Isle.

Jessie B. Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. S. Fearis.



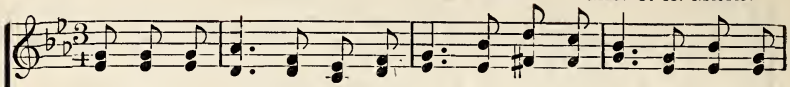




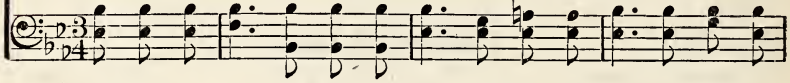


No. 320. Heaven.

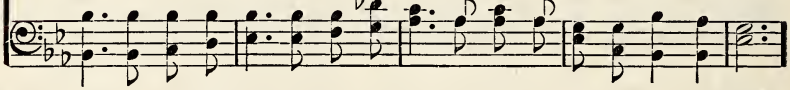
Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. ELMER BAILEY. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



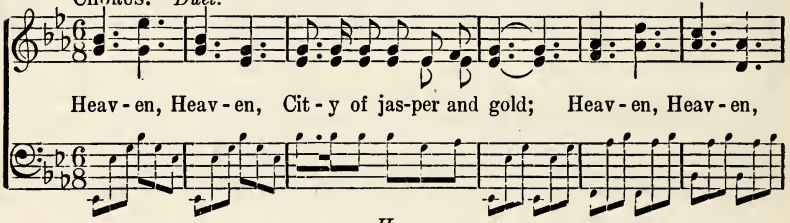
1. There is a Cit - y fair, we're told, With jas - per walls and streets of
2. This won-drous Cit - y four-square stands, Its man-sions fair not made with
3. The saved of earth are gath-'ring there, When Je - sus doth our place pre-



gold, And nev - er sick-ness, pain or sin, Its por-tals blest can en - ter in.
hands, And nev-er falls the gloom of night: God is Him-self the Cit - y's light.
pare, And in the bless-ed by and by, We'll live and reign with Him on high.

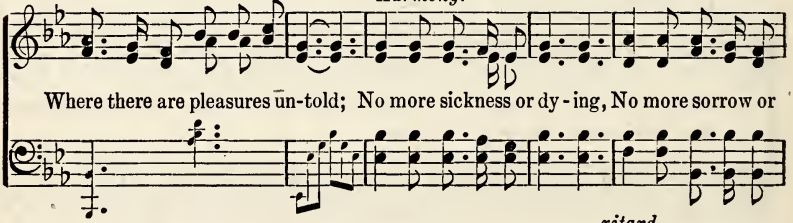


CHORUS. *Duet.*



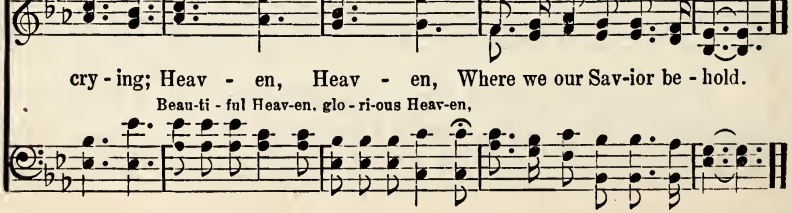
Heav - en, Heav - en, Cit - y of jas-per and gold; Heav - en, Heav - en,

Harmony.



Where there are pleasures un-told; No more sickness or dy - ing, No more sorrow or

ritard.



cry - ing; Heav - en, Heav - en, Where we our Sav-ior be - hold.

Beau-ti - ful Heav-en, glo - ri-ous Heav-en,

No. 321. God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

USED BY PERMISSION OF J. E. RANKIN, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up-
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se-cure - ly
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick con-
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner float-ing

hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you,
hide you, Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you,
found you, Put His arms un - fail - ing round you,
o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you,

CHORUS.

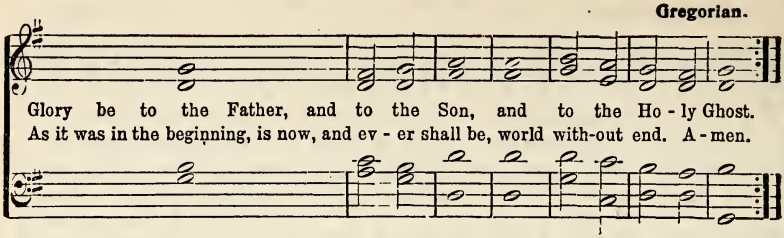
God be with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet, . . . till we
Till we meet, till we

meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we
meet, till we meet, till we meet;

meet, . . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

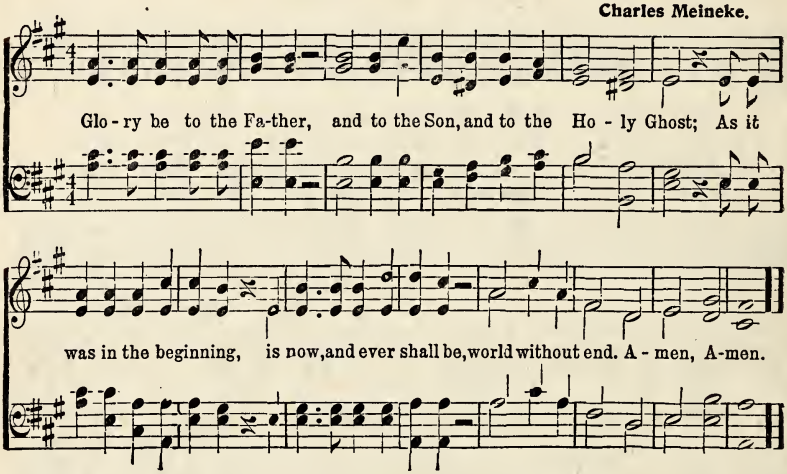
No. 322. Gloria Patri. No. I.

Gregorian.



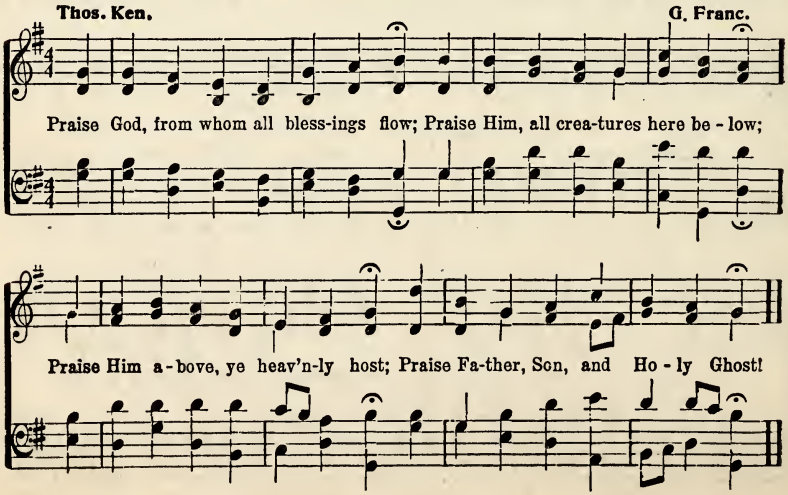
No. 323. Gloria Patri. No. 2.

Charles Meineke.



No. 324. Doxology.

Thos. Ken. G. Franc.



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